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THE REIGN OF LOUIS XV.

Histoire Philosophique du Règne de Louis XV. Par le COMTE DE TOCQUEVILLE.
Paris: 1847.

THE writer of this work is, as we understand, the father of the distinguished Deputy, and, for the present, Minister, whose literary reputation has been so widely spread in England by his philosophical examination of American democracy. It would be difficult to find two books that represent more creditably the respective opinions of the last and the present generations. The *Démocratie en Amérique* is remarkable for the wise candor and toleration with which its author confesses the defects of his favorite systems; and recognizes the points in which they might be improved by borrowing from monarchical or aristocratical examples. The *Histoire Philosophique du Règne de Louis Quinze* is equally free from most of the vices to which French literature seems now peculiarly exposed.

The historians of the modern French school have an incontestible excellence in their skillful arrangement and power of rapid analysis. But their tendency to acquiesce in the most unscrupulous policy, when suc-

cessful, goes to render them very unsafe guides in the search for political truth. This tendency is, indeed, more or less inevitable in citizens of a state whose history, for the last two generations, has fatigued us with little else than the coarse and flaring colors of a revolutionary crisis. It was the same in ancient times; both after that marvelous century in which the quick Athenian genius ran through all the stages of national development; and again, when the great Roman Revolution first seated the Imperial chiefs of the democracy on the Curule Chairs. The glories of such an epoch as that which began in 1790, and through which France is still laboring, are too undeniable to make it possible that the nation should ignore them—as has been attempted by the compilers of Catholic and Legitimist text-books for French schools: while, on the other hand, the blood and tears are still too recent for the children of proscribed parents to accept the Reign of Terror, as it is accepted and revered by

Barbés and Louis Blanc, or even as palliated by Lamartine. To reconcile, or rather to escape from committing themselves to, either of these extremes, their recent historians have mostly betaken themselves to a system that represents society as moving in an invariable current,—which the frailties and passions of individuals can no more affect, than a child can disarrange the order of the tide by throwing pebbles into the waves. With such writers the end, of course, is everything; though they do not so much seek to justify, as totally to omit all consideration of, the means. Actions and events are regarded, in the meantime, merely as necessary steps in a predestined sequence, in relation to which their *moral* character is a matter of no concern.

M. Mignet is exclusively possessed with the idea of a great dynasty giving laws from Versailles to its Prefects at Madrid and Naples; and is no more disturbed in his enjoyment of the exciting struggle which was decided by the testament of Charles II., than M. de Gremonville was disturbed when Lionne intoxicated him with the gratifying assurance, "*que sa Majesté vous trouve le plus effronté des Ministres!—et en cela il vous fait la plus grande louange possible.*"* M. Capefigue relates the elevation of the profligate Dubois to the Cardinalate; and contents himself, for all commentary, with jumbling together a few phrases about an invincible law of equality in the Catholic Church. M. Bignon is entitled to more than ordinary allowance in this respect, in consequence of the more than ordinary temptation to which he was exposed: "*je l'engage à écrire l'histoire de la diplomatie Française de 1792 à 1815,*" was among the bequests in the *Testament de Napoléon*. The same vice infects French writers, in their severest philosophy, and on topics most removed from the exciting accessories of the hour. M. Comte turns neither to right nor left, as the remorseless machinery of his system crushes every example of heroic individual exertion into its place in the world's preconstituted march. M. Cousin,† with his eyes fixed on the radiant and beneficent image of the Dictator Cæsar, has no sympathies for the brave tenderness of Caius Gracchus, nor for the melancholy and majestic self-devotion of the younger Brutus.

* "*Négociations relatives à la Succession d'Espagne sous Louis XIV.*" Par M. Mignet, vol. ii. p. 248.

† "*Cours de Philosophie*" (1828), par M. Victor Cousin, leç. xme.

We can see no merit, we must confess, in this cold abnegation of all moral sensibility; and feel, on the contrary, that history not only loses most of its utility, but at once lowers its dignity and deserts its duty, when it thus renounces its high Censorial functions; and declines to give judgment on the *merits* of those whose proceedings it is contented with recording. It is, accordingly, as an exception to this rule, that M. de Tocqueville's work seems to us most entitled to praise. To a rare power of historical arrangement, and to a still rarer one of historical compression, he adds a discriminating honesty, worthy (and we can cite no more honorable parallels) of Niebuhr and Hallam. To all appearance profoundly royalist in his convictions, he is never induced by his partisanship to extenuate the infamies of the Regency and the *parc aux cerfs*. He is still more free from the corrupting indifference with which M. Capefigue speaks of abominations—which have never been approached except by the foulest and basest of the Roman Cæsars,—if not in terms of actual approval, at least as the excusable concomitants of a high civilization and a brilliant court. And if at times M. de Tocqueville averts his eyes from this blind and enervated Royalty to the fiery baptism that awaited it, it is only to remind us that its crimes were *severely* (though not more severely than consistently) expiated in the Temple and on the Place de la Guillotine.

We have many works that detail the patient exertions by which separate departments of the great Bourbon Monarchy were elaborated to their culminating grandeur. But it is curious to observe how instinctively most French writers have shrunk from the unattractive turpitudes that prepared its decay. M. de Tocqueville, however, takes up the history of France from the moment when the Grand Monarque is laid in St. Denys, full of years and honors; and honestly as well as skillfully traces, till the very eve of their outbreak, the causes of dissolution which were already undermining the stately fabric he had erected. The cumbrous ceremonial of Versailles, and the sanctimonious exterior enforced by Madame de Maintenon, gave way at once to the wildest profligacy. The exaggerated tone of high-flown loyalty was succeeded by cynical ridicule and ostentatious heartlessness. Court and nation together sank lower and lower in corruption; till at last, on the tardy accession of a religious and conscientious Prince, he finds himself unable to rally

round his polluted Throne a single sentiment of respect or confidence.

Internally, the history of the long and inglorious reign of Louis XV. is a succession of tyrannical edicts and financial embarrassments. Its external history, which we are here principally to consider, may be divided into three periods—corresponding closely enough with similar periods in that of England. The first of these includes the compulsory peace which followed the War of the Spanish Succession (A. D. 1713—1732); and of this epoch the Regent Orleans and Sir Robert Walpole are the main representatives. The next period includes the War of the Austrian Succession (1742—1748); the chief agents in which are Marshal Belleisle and (perhaps we may add) Lord Carteret. The last commences with the Seven Years' War (1756—1763); in which the Duc de Choiseul and William Pitt wielded against each other the full energies of their respective nations. It is difficult to say during which of these periods France was most effectually discredited. But through them all there moves the living embodiment and representative of his day,—the worthless, frivolous, and brilliant Duc de Richelieu.

The first period we have named is characterized by the gradual modification of the Treaties of Utrecht. These treaties were, in the second and third decades of the eighteenth century, what the Treaties of Vienna have been to our own generation till within the last year,—the recognized basis of European international law. Concluded by Bolingbroke's Tory administration in the hour of extreme political need, they were yet wisely and honorably accepted by George I. and his Whig Cabinet. There has seldom been an instance in which a departure from that rule of international good faith, to which the new government conformed, would have been so nearly justifiable. The treaties in question had been purchased for the House of Bourbon by the violation of solemn alliances abroad; and at home by cabals, in which a knot of conspirators played on the prejudices of an imbecile Queen and an ignorant faction, till their reckless partisanship was scarcely distinguishable from treason. Nor had the tranquillity secured for Europe been such as to excuse the means by which it had been attained. Between Spain and Austria, the nominal principals in the War of the Succession, there existed only a precarious armistice. England and Holland still fancied themselves in danger from the formi-

dable alliance of the French and Spanish Cabinets. The aggrandizement permitted to the House of Savoy was a standing grievance to the Power in whose Italian preponderance we were then most deeply interested. The clumsy stipulations for which we had exchanged our hold on Dunkirk, were evaded by the extension of the neighboring fortifications at Mardyck. But the Whig government, we repeat, acted wisely in accepting the situation as their predecessors had left it. Through fifteen years they labored zealously to modify and improve it; and at length the policy, which, though it was once for a short time opposed by Walpole, is inseparably and most justly associated with his name, realized its crowning triumph at the Treaty of Vienna in 1731.

However France might be exhausted by the War of the Succession, it is scarcely possible that the continuance of peace would long have been compatible with the life of Louis XIV. Even during the reign of Queen Anne, his evasion of the treaties for which his English partisans had sacrificed their honor and all the promise of their future career, had been so glaring, as to extort even from Harley's government a decent and perfunctory protest. But at the accession of the House of Hanover, causes of irritation were daily multiplied. Bolingbroke and Ormond were welcomed at Versailles with splendid hospitality. The profession of high Jacobinism became fashionable even with men like St. Simon, the habitual *frondeurs* of the Court. Lord Stair, the English ambassador of King George, was scarcely received at half a dozen houses in Paris; while the titular honors of King James were effectually acknowledged at St. Germain. Active preparations were carried on in the French ports for a descent by the Pretender on the English coast. But we were saved from actual attack by the death of Louis XIV., and the Regency of the Duke of Orleans. That prince had long been disliked by all who adhered closely to his uncle's military and diplomatic policy. Lord Stair, therefore, bent upon employing the interval of peace in quietly reconstructing the great Protestant Alliance, warmly encouraged him to assume the sole Regency, and offered him the whole moral support of England.

From the marriage of Philip, the Regent's father, with Henrietta of England, in 1661, down to the *Fêtes* of the Palais Royal, in 1830, there attaches to the House of Orleans an unusual continuity of historical interest—

and especially in its bearing on the contemporary policy of England. We are told that Louis XV. was mainly guided in his choice of Versailles as the habitual residence of his Court, by the recollections which associated Paris with the stormy times of the Fronde, and the days when Anne-Marie de Montpensier, *la Grande Mademoiselle*, ordered the cannon of the Bastille to be fired on the royal troops. But this ostrich-like policy only served to blind the Kings of France to the influences they left at work behind them. In the Palais Royal there arose, by the side of Versailles and its Court, the gathering germs and mimic centre of a *Bourgeoise* Royalty—the parhelion to the sun of the elder Bourbons; and with it grew the House of Orleans, thriving on all the errors of the monarchy, and strengthening in its weakness. In that house, at all other seasons of difficulty, the population and society of Paris were familiarized with the focus of a chronic opposition; and through all their varieties of genius, the younger branch was sure to parade its antipathy to the prevailing tastes and most unpopular characteristics of Versailles. Louis XIV. never forgot the pretensions of his brother (Monsieur, as he was styled, in the fashion which expired with Charles X.) to infringe on certain customary etiquettes. When the cause of Philip V. was overcast in Spain, we find the future Regent intriguing with the English generals, and offering himself as the fittest representative of a compromise. Extravagantly licentious, in opposition to the formal hypocrisies of Madame de Maintenon; extravagantly Jansenist, in opposition to the Molinism of her successor, Madame de Chateauroux; *Anglomane* with a zealous Constitutionalism, before the meeting of the States-General; mercilessly propagating the first slanders against Marie-Antoinette; adored by the Manuels and Lafayettes of the Restoration—the House of Orleans was not more surely and steadily advanced toward power by its own ambition, than by the sleepless suspicions of the reigning branch. The whole testament of Louis XIV. was inspired by the conviction, that without openly annulling the last Spanish renunciations, and surrounding the cradle of Louis XV. with the elements of a European war, it was impossible to exclude the Duke of Orleans from the nominal regency; but that it was desirable to place the whole real power in the hands of the legitimated Princes, the Duc de Maine and the Comte de Toulouse, who alone were considered to represent

faithfully the maxims and principles of the Monarchy.

The Orleans Regency maintained to its close, and bequeathed to its immediate successors, a latitudinarian and compromising policy, very different in spirit from the resolute dynastic ambition of the preceding reign; and for this it has been condemned without measure by the ultra-royalists of its own day, and by the few French writers, who, in our own time, have permitted themselves to remember that France owes her most important and permanent acquisitions to the Bourbon family. Many of the Regent's most trusted supporters complained of his defection from the traditional alliances with Spain and Sweden. The expert staff of French diplomatists, retained in the school of Lionne, Pomponne, and Torcy—men to whom every court in Europe had been for half a century a post of observation, in standing hostility to the English and Imperial legations—had still strength to thwart by their indifference the new schemes which they were commissioned to execute. The Marshals of France, who had won distinction in the wars of the Reunion and of the Succession, all, with the single exception of the Duke of Berwick, threw their weight into the same scale. Villars even compiled a formal memorial, in which he urged on the Regent a moderate approximation to Spain. M. de Tocqueville acquiesces in this advice so far as relates to the possible extension of Spanish influence in Italy; and he also laments that the Regent missed the opportunity of at once securing, by an alliance with Turkey, in the year 1719, a position in the rear of Austria; and that he should not have developed the policy which combined Richelieu with Gustavus Adolphus, by substituting a Russian for a Swedish alliance. There can be no doubt, indeed, of the justice of these complaints against the foreign policy of the regency. But we are not the less convinced that Philip and his minister Dubois showed singular skill in the attitude they assumed; and that all their shortcomings are chargeable on the ferocious opposition which threatened the former, from the moment that he broke through the testament of Louis XIV., and assumed the sole Regency.

From that moment there could be no peace between Philip of Orleans and the adherents of the old Court. The new *régime* ushered in a true revolution—at once social, political, and religious. It was inaugurated by an exposure of the financial ruin to which

the expensive reign of Louis XIV. had brought the kingdom. It then at once attacked all the Princes of his family whom he had most delighted to honor; and their defence and reprisals were imbibed by all the acrimony of feminine malice, in the person of the Duchesse du Maine. Except for her, indeed, it is probable that her husband, an educated but retiring and unambitious man, would have quietly acquiesced in his deposition. But she was a daughter of the great Condé; and having once lowered herself by an alliance with a legitimated Prince, her whole subsequent life was a struggle to repair this humiliation. The history of faction—fertile in indignities—does not contain an instance of warfare so savage, so unprincipled, and unrelenting, as now broke forth against the Regent. The head-quarters of the conspiracy were fixed among the gardens and terraces of Sceaux; and there, amid the wits and savants, whom Madame du Maine, reviving the usages of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, had collected round her, were coined the libels which, enshrined in Duclos, in the terrible *Philippiques* of La Grange Chancel, and in Soulatié's *Memoirs* of Richelieu, have placed the Duke of Orleans, as a monster of lust and cruelty, on a parallel with Nero and the Borgias. We have now reason to believe their most frightful details to have been utterly untrue—to have been explained in some points by the Regent's notorious spirit of bravado, and refuted in others by the equally notorious gentleness of his nature. But these attacks made themselves a voice through all the ramifications of French society—in the Jesuit colleges—in the diplomatic circles all over Europe—in La Vendée and Languedoc—already the classic soil of Royalist counter-revolution.

While the Regent was thus incessantly harassed by an organization which was always ready to exchange its lampoons and epigrams for the poison-bowl and the secret dagger, and which, corrupted his own representatives, and defied him at his own council-board, Lord Stair was perpetually at his side, to remind him of the inextinguishable hatred of the ultra-Royalists, and to urge, in Bishop Atterbury's words, "that cracked titles must rest upon each other." The Triple alliance of 1715, by which George I. and the Regent gave a mutual guarantee for the succession prescribed by the Treaty of Utrecht, was thus a matter of sheer necessity. It was the same with the Regent's compulsory refusal to displease England by concluding a Russian and Turkish alliance.

The mere instinct of self-preservation at home committed him, in short, irredeemably, as the antagonist of the Catholic cause in Europe; and the Catholic cause (if we may use that expression to describe the party which peculiarly embraced the views of Louis XIV.) was still too formidable to enable him to dispense with the help so officiously proffered, even though it came from the habitual enemies of his race and country. At the head of the Catholic cause in Europe stood two of the most remarkable names in history—George Henry Goertz and Giulio Alberoni: And to appreciate properly the Regent's difficulties, we must glance for a moment at these, his two great antagonists.

The great coalition, against which Charles XII. passed his life in struggling, had originated in a dispute between the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp and the King of Denmark. The former had shared in the reverses which fell upon the Swedish cause after the battle of Pultowa; and the hurricane which blew from all the northern courts during Charles XII.'s Turkish exile, forced him to submit to Denmark, by the capitulations of Tonningen in 1714. His minister, Baron Goertz, then attached himself to the King of Sweden; and the chivalrous heart of the king was soon captivated by the fluency and boldness of his new adviser.

He was a thoroughly revolutionary Minister—of the school which followed Richelieu in effacing every centre of local government, and attacking every institution which in the least hampered the free and irresponsible action of the Monarchy. He struck, therefore, without flinching, at the Aristocracy; and he forced the Lutheran Church to furnish her part in the national expenditure. The selfish dislike which he thus incurred added to the unpopularity naturally attaching to his foreign birth: But one of the elements in the hatred which he excited is too curious to be passed over. Goertz was not free from the mania of his contemporaries, for regarding the debasement of the currency as a panacea for financial distress. However, instead of resorting either to a paper issue, or to an adulteration of the gold and silver, he attempted to give, by law, a high value to the copper currency; and he whimsically chose to distinguish these new coins by the names of classical divinities,—for instance, Jupiter, Saturn, and the like. This scholarly caprice was seized on as corroborating the imputation of impiety to which his attacks on the Church had exposed him;

and forthwith a howl arose from the whole peasant population, against "the gods of Baron Goertz!"

On his accession to office he found the whole of Northern Europe, Russia, Poland, Prussia, and Denmark, combined against Sweden. Upon the refusal of Charles XII. to agree to proposals known in diplomatic history as "the Concerts of the Hague," for the neutrality of the German territory, George I. of England, as Elector of Hanover, also joined the league against him. This assistance was to be rewarded by the cession of Bremen and Verden, of which a late campaign had put Denmark in possession; in return for which, it may be observed, that the latter crown ultimately received the English guarantee for Sleswig, though only against the claims of the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp. Goertz was bent on breaking up the coalition, and on gratifying his master's exasperation against George I. By ceding to Russia the provinces she had already conquered, he intended to purchase the help of his most formidable enemy; and then, by rousing the Catholic courts, in their favorite scheme of subverting the Protestant Succession in England, to divert the stream of Russian conquest to the South and West. In the meantime, Russia was ready for the change. Her German allies had begun to dread the presence of her armies; and the English government, true to the principle which makes it the interest of a maritime Power to prevent the total depression of any continental state, had refused to guarantee to the Czar those very Swedish conquests which Goertz now volunteered to cede. But, for the success of this scheme, it was necessary that France should separate from England, by the voluntary act, either of the Regent, or of the party whose success would follow his overthrow. We have seen how Peter the Great failed in accomplishing the former alternative. The hopes of the northern Allies were now turned to the younger branch of the Bourbons, at that time pining in reluctant submission to the Articles of Utrecht; which decreed their exclusion from Italy, and from the reversionary prospect of the French succession.

While Goertz was thus occupied in the North, the young King of Spain and his wife, Elizabeth of Parma, had reposed their absolute confidence in Alberoni. He was perhaps the last statesman whom the discipline of the Roman Church has trained for a political career, and whose claims to the very highest rank are undeniable. His

sweeping reforms arrayed against him the most inveterate prejudices of the native Spanish party; and the marvelous celerity of his downfall has attached to him a most undeserved reputation for temerity and shallowness. It is not too much to say, that the scale of the comprehensive improvements which he projected, and the practical character of their details, can nowhere be paralleled, except in the year of Cæsar's Dictatorship, or in the reorganization of the French Republic by Napoleon, which M. Thiers so strikingly depicts in the opening chapters of the *Histoire du Consulat*. But at Rome and at Paris the shock of an organic revolution had already cleared a free space for the exertions of statesmen; while the slow decay, which for a century had crippled the Spanish government, had only additionally cumbered the ground with the fragments of condemned institutions. Alberoni was hampered at every turn by the parasites of the abuses he attacked. All the sacrosanct etiquette of that formal Court, the rigid machinery of the Councils, the endless multiplication of subordinate officials, the privileges of exclusive access to the Royal person, were all of them available points of defence against such a reformer; and renewed, one after another, the promise of disheartening and exhausting him. But Alberoni had marked the vulnerable point of the Spanish government. Without waiting to take each stronghold in detail, or to corrupt their garrisons, he struck boldly at the heart of the official empire. The Throne was then, *as it is now*, the only Spanish institution strong enough to maintain itself amid the whirl of parties and the shipwreck of reputations. Till that support failed Alberoni, he could safely launch his edicts from the bedchamber of the Escorial, to the arsenals of Cadiz and Barcelona, to the manufactories of Guadalaxara, to the rich and almost virgin treasures of Mexico and Havannah. With an audacity which would have been rashness but for its success, he risked everything to maintain the Sovereign in individual and exclusive subjection to himself. He actually turned the Marquis de Villena, one of the haughtiest grandees in Spain, out of the King's apartment. He not only refused to receive M. de Louville, who was charged by the Regent with a private message to the King, but forbade his appearing in the streets of Madrid. He crushed even Father Daubenton, the King's Jesuit confessor, and absolutely prohibited his ever meddling with the negotiations pending be-

tween his master and the Roman court. But his position had, of course, the weakness, as well as the strength of favoritism. In all Spain there was no one, except perhaps Ripperda, the Dutch ambassador, to whom he trusted for co-operation; and he complained that, with all the weight of the empire on his shoulders, he was often reduced to do the work of a common clerk. "Give me five years of peace," he is said to have exclaimed, "and I will make Philip V. the most formidable King in Europe." But he dared not slight Elizabeth of Parma; her ambition forced him prematurely into a war; and at last, after defying the French and English courts, the grandees of Spain, and all the terrors of the Vatican, he fell before the vulgar craft of the Queen's nurse, Laura Pescatori!

Still the work that he actually accomplished was immense. It is no small praise for an Italian priest to have anticipated Chatham and Turgot in two of their most characteristic measures. As the former, when the Highlands were on the point of revolt, and the English armies were exhausted, "looked for merit and found it in the mountains of the North," so Alberoni had the noble courage to attach for the first time the disaffected Catalonian Miguelets, by enrolling them in the royal forces: And sixty years before Turgot's ministry, Alberoni gave the first impulse to the languid production of Spain, by removing the custom-houses that checked the communication between the inland provinces. Abruptly as his reign was terminated, he had already created a navy, recruited the army, and provided for its regular payment. He had centralized all the branches of official administration, and organized, for the first time since the reign of Philip II., the vast provinces of Spanish America. Reversing the fatal policy which had enriched the Protestant North with the expelled French and Spanish artisans, he invited Dutch and English families to establish woolen and linen manufactures in Spain. But the King and Queen of Spain, additionally displeased at the confirmation of the renunciations by the treaty of 1715, insisted on pressing their grievances against Austria to an armed decision, and Alberoni only saved himself by yielding. He answered the Triple Alliance, however, by a descent on Sardinia, at that time Austrian. He attempted, and with some success, to ally himself with the House of Savoy. But this double manœuvre only expedited the conclusion of the Quadruple Al-

liance, by which Savoy was compelled to exchange Sicily for the barren island of Sardinia. The great Powers were determined, at any risk, to prevent a general war. The English government was ready to support Austria; and the fleet which Alberoni had dispatched to conquer Sicily, was destroyed off Palermo by Admiral Byng. But Alberoni still held the threads that were to move the extensive organization projected between himself and Goertz. Faithful to his task of continuing the work of Louis XIV., he threw himself into the Russian and Turkish policy, which the Regent had not dared to adopt. He paralyzed the Austrian and Roman diplomatists by the ostentation of a high Catholic design; and actively co-operated with the existing cabals of the Duchesse du Maine and the French Royalists.

"Before you take your leave," he wrote to the Prince of Cellamara, his representative in Paris, "recollect to spring your mines." And the mines exploded in the most fantastic intrigue that even France has ever seen. The Fronde has been called the Comedy—Cellamara's conspiracy is the burlesque, of civil war. The Duchesse du Maine, searching for precedents through a pile of folios under the guidance of Boivin the antiquary, "*qui ne connaissait d'autre cour que celle de Semiramis*,"—Count Laval, in a coachman's livery, driving her to midnight interviews with the Spanish Ambassador,—Malezieu composing addresses from the King of Spain to the Parliament of Paris, and at his wit's end for terror at having mislaid the copy,—Mademoiselle de Launay holding a levee of any fortune-tellers and adventuresses who chose to profess themselves in possession of secret information,—all form a picture which resembles nothing but one of Scribe's involved and perplexing dramas. The musical conspiracies of *Gustave* or *Les-tocq* are not more inexhaustible in the *imbroglio*, more varied in incident, more successful in scenic attitude. The punishment of the detected criminals was in keeping with the gay make-believe of the plot. It is a bright silken thread shot across the gloomy web of the Chronicles of the Bastille. Waiting-maids, peers of France, *gardes-du-corps*, were all hurried under the frowning portals of Charles V. But when once there, they flirted, and amused themselves with *jeux-de-société*; Mademoiselle de Launay sang airs at the window from the opera of *Iphigénie*, and the Duc de Richelieu answered her from his neighboring dungeon, as *Oreste*! While Alberoni's support thus crumbled away in

France, and his hopes in the North were ruined by the fall of Charles XII. in the trenches before Friederichshamm, the ministers of France and England continued inflexible in their measures for restoring peace. Alberoni's dismissal was sternly exacted; and at that price the King of Spain was to have the terms originally offered him by the Quadruple Alliance. Alberoni was accordingly sacrificed; with the same odious disregard of humanity and justice which the Spanish Court had shown to Madame d'Orsini, his predecessor in the royal favor. The reversion of Tuscany and Parma, on the approaching extinction of the Houses of Medici and Farnese, was assured to Don Carlos, the eldest son of Philip V. by Elizabeth of Parma: And on this the King of Spain at last consented to renounce his claims to those portions of the old Spanish empire of which Austria was then in possession. A few minor points were reserved, preparatory to the conclusion of a general peace, for the Congress of Cambray.

Dubois died, three years afterward; vomiting blasphemies at his physicians, for their ignorance of the ceremonial which should have accompanied the administration of the last Sacraments to a Roman cardinal! The Duke of Orleans soon followed him; stricken with apoplexy in the very arms of the beautiful Duchesse de Phalaris. But the negotiations for a final pacification, commenced at Cambray, were not concluded till what is known as the Second Treaty of Vienna, in 1731. They had been interrupted in 1725, under the influence of Alberoni's vain and loquacious imitator, Ripperda, by an intrigue, which is still one of the darkest and most singular in the annals of diplomacy. For a moment, Europe seemed on the brink of a general war. Catholic and Protestant powers were again opposed to each other, with a novel distribution of the parts. The League of Hanover (or, as it is sometimes termed, of Herrenhausen) combined England, France, and Prussia, with the addition afterward of Sweden and Denmark, in opposition to Spain and Austria. It was surmised that the latter Powers contemplated a still closer union, which might have resulted in reconstructing the empire of Charles V. But compliance with the family affections either of Elizabeth of Parma, or of the Emperor Charles VI., was at that time an unfailing talisman for charming to repose the most alarming tempest. Don Carlos was confirmed in the inheritance of the Italian duchies; while England and the States-General guaranteed the

Pragmatic Sanction, which gave the undivided succession of the whole Austrian dominions to Maria Theresa, the emperor's eldest daughter. On these terms a general peace was at last signed; and thus ended the long controversy of the Spanish Succession, which for seventy years—ever since the marriage of Louis XIV. with Maria Theresa of Spain in 1660—had agitated Europe.

In spite of M. de Tocqueville's lamentation over the decline of French influence at this period, he has furnished in his narrative of Alberoni's fall, the best justification of the Regency: "*Il échoua, parce qu'il n'apprécia pas la tendance de son époque, toute dirigée vers le repos.*" Distasteful as the Treaty of Utrecht was to both France and England, it was simply impossible for either nation to renew the struggle to which it put an end. It was eminently impossible for France; drawn to the very verge of bankruptcy by the extravagant reign of Louis XIV., and additionally distressed by the famine which followed the War of the Succession, by the great Plague of Marseilles in 1720, the burning of Châlons and Rennes, and the gigantic swindling of Law and his System. But though France is represented as at this period habitually and criminally subservient to England, the English cabinet had, at the same time, to defend itself against similar imputations.

The popular idea of Walpole, as a Foreign Minister (and we repeat, that we use his name in speaking of this epoch because, though for a time in opposition, he so zealously espoused the policy of his predecessors on his return as to make it fairly his own), is, we believe, very nearly this: that he deliberately, and on principle, sacrificed our foreign relations to his party or personal interests. Many people may think that there was no great harm, if he did so. But it would be difficult to say which half of this opinion, combining, as it does, the cant of the *craftsman* with the recent cant of the representatives of the Anti-Corn-Law League, is most preposterously false. It is undeniably true that, in the face of an opposition, in which the Tories, smarting under the dread of perpetual exclusion from office, were reinforced by impracticable and disappointed Whigs, the Whig Government, led successively by Stanhope and by Walpole, did preserve us for five-and-twenty years from a European war. But it is also true that they succeeded in doing so, mainly by the proofs, everywhere presented, of their diplomatic ability; by the profound policy of

their combinations, and the readiness with which, when it was necessary to strike, they struck boldly and at once. For it is well observed by Professor Heeren, that the great merit of the English Government at this time, consisted not, indeed, in *evading* war, but in employing every means which negotiation or demonstrations could supply for avoiding it.* War, indeed, is, for the most part, but the vulgar resource of inexperienced workmen; and real statesmanship is best shown by neither abdicating a diplomatic position, nor yet breaking through it by force; but in making the voice of our country heard whenever European interests are in discussion, and by our just appreciation of new situations as they arise—presenting her, in her unbroken power, either as a mediator or an example. And it behoves the modern despisers of diplomacy to recollect that this is a part doubly suitable to a maritime and commercial nation; which cannot repair the inaction of one year by a successful campaign or the acquisition of a new province. In most cases, indeed, we can make ourselves felt only diplomatically, if we are to be felt at all; and must either so interpose as to appear to give law to the Continent, or be isolated from it. Such was the policy of our great Elizabeth; who never fired a single gun for thirty years; and yet it is from her reign that our continental influence is dated. Such, too, is the consummate policy which has guided us clear of the war which the most skillful observers pronounced inevitable in 1830; and such also was that of the English Government from 1715 to 1740.

Our understanding with the Regent, however, was then almost as unpopular in England, as it had been in France. If the Catholic party in the latter country saw in the Triple Alliance a desertion of the policy of Louis XIV., to many of the English Whigs it appeared an affront to the memory of William and Marlborough. The men who had just driven into exile the authors of the Utrecht Treaty, looked coldly on an alliance which not only confirmed that compromise, but put it forward as the chief security for European peace. Any approximation of England to France was, of course, disliked by the Austrian legation; and a letter of Count Gyllenborg's is given in the Historical Register, which seems to imply that the acquisition of Bremen and Verden, to which we have already referred, was an additional

ground of jealousy. It was represented as an attempt to balance the House of Austria by the creation of a second great Protestant power in the north of Germany: and the domestic enemies of the Hanoverian dynasty pounced at once on the bargain about those provinces, as a first instance in which England was sacrificed to the Electorate. We know that the elder Horace Walpole disapproved of the Triple Alliance; and shortly afterward his party in the Cabinet resigned on the cognate question of a subsidy against Sweden.

But putting aside the whole question of our relations with Northern Europe, where we repeatedly mediated fair terms of pacification which will well repay a separate examination; it can scarcely be denied that our diplomatic position through the first five and twenty years of the Hanoverian Dynasty, was rewarded by most solid advantages. First, and above all, the regular development of English commerce was unimpeded and progressive during those long years of peace. In the next place, we succeeded in correcting some of the most fatal errors of the Utrecht Treaty;—and this in face of its authors, who were not ashamed to taunt Walpole with subservience to the Prince whom they had themselves seated on the throne of Spain. The exchange of Sicily for Sardinia diminished the Italian influence of the House of Savoy,—an influence at that time invariably exercised against England. We separated, for a season, France from Spain. We destroyed the Spanish fleet, which Alberoni's genius had created. We provided by direct stipulation against the increase of the French navy. And, finally, as far as the faith of treaties could insure it, we insured the transmission to an ally, of the undivided Austrian dominions.

We are glad to find that M. de Tocqueville keeps clear of the common error of over-estimating the merits of Cardinal Fleury. Because his administration was something better than the intolerable misgovernment which preceded and followed it, it has become the fashion to extol him as a really wise and conscientious minister. But there are features in his personal career to us peculiarly revolting. He had all the patient subservience of a priest; at the same time that he acquiesced in moral wickedness with a readiness which could not be surpassed by the mature courtiership of the Duc de Richelieu. At an age when ambition is dying in the breasts of most men, after a life singularly free from its temptations, the one governing principle of his conduct was,

* Heeren's "Historical Essays" (Engl. ed.), p. 280.

a vigilant concern not to break in on the capital of his authority. To Fleury's anxiety to become at last the inevitable minister, France owed the two years for which she was delivered over to be pillaged and tormented by the Duc de Bourbon and Madame de Prie. To the same ignoble ambition we must trace the regular degrees by which Louis XV. was taught to lull his heart and conscience in progressive abasement, the incestuous horrors of the House of Mailly, the mean concession by which the Minister purchased Walpole's forbearance, the unprincipled facility with which, rather than part with his darling power, he joined in the conspiracy to despoil Maria Theresa. There is a painful difference between Fleury's behavior to his royal pupil, and the care with which Mazarin had educated Louis XIV. "Never," justly exclaims M. de Tocqueville, "never was that icy heart warmed with the ambition of creating a great king." As Louis XV. rose to man's estate, his reverend guardian was at the pains of forming the seraglio which was to consume the energies and promise of a reign. He selected for the first sultana a lady whose gentle nature precluded any apprehension of her becoming a rival to his influence; and when she was afterward supplanted by her own sister, Fleury did not scruple to recognize the new favorite, and to steady his hold of power by watching the oscillations of his master's caprices. Nor, we repeat, were the details of his administration at all vindicated by their result. The misery of the lower classes was constantly and frightfully on the increase. The Marquis d'Argenson, himself foreign minister at a later period of this reign, describes the advance of public distress, till it even invaded the magnificent privacy of Louis XV. The Bishop of Chartres, on one occasion, answered some official inquiries about the state of his diocese, by an assertion that men and women were "eating grass like sheep," and startled the court by predicting a pestilence, which, unlike the famine, would extend its ravages to all classes. In reply to all this, Fleury and his partisans were content to point to the undeniable improvement of the revenue; and to inveigh against individuals who exaggerated the general distress as an opportunity for a parade of charity. But, in spite of the sloth in which Louis XV. himself was buried, the sway of a minister, who from pure selfishness ran so violently counter to the nobler parts of the French character, was impatiently borne by the generation which had grown up under the Regency. It was im-

possible not to contrast the indolent monotony of Choisy, Madame de Mailly's favorite retreat, with the traditions of that gorgeous chivalry which had grouped itself round the young and martial figure of Louis XIV. This discontent grew gradually stronger, till it broke out on the death of the Emperor Charles VI. in 1740; and found an admirable representative in the brilliant adventurer Belleisle—who played a part of such importance as to justify us in going a little back into his genealogy.

There is not a more curious episode in French history than the career of Nicholas Fouquet, the superintendent of Finance, at the opening of Louis XIV.'s reign. From an humble post in connection with the local Parliaments of Brittany, he had risen to a power and opulence which placed him on a level with the proudest of the nobility. His arrogant love of display kept pace with his real authority. He had purchased from the family of De Retz the rocky island of Belleisle, off the coast of his native province; and there were not wanting voices to warn Louis against the danger of allowing an ambitious subject to retain a fortified port, the possession of which had been guarded by the Kings of France with peculiar jealousy. It was said, with great reason, that in another cause the superintendent had placed himself in competition with his master,—and even dared to raise his presumptuous eyes to the hand of La Vallière. At the instigation of Colbert, whose rigid honesty was scandalized by Fouquet's large-handed and prodigal corruption, Louis determined to curb these soaring aspirations. But his measures resembled those of a conspirator against an established government, rather than those of a King correcting the excesses of a too powerful subject. Fouquet was suddenly arrested; and after a trial, with which Madame de Savigné has made every body familiar, was imprisoned for life in the fortress of Pignerol. He died there in 1680; leaving four children, one of whom, the only daughter, married the Duc de Charost. The two eldest sons died without issue; a third fell in love with, and seduced, a daughter of the House of Lévis. The lady's father first married the offending pair, and then turned them out of doors. Of that marriage there were born two sons, respectively known as the Comte and the Chevalier de Belleisle. Till the death of the old Marquis de Lévis, they were never noticed by their mother's family; but notwithstanding the poverty of their early life, the elder of the two boys kept his eye always

fixed on the prospect of regaining something of the splendid position from which his grandfather, the superintendent, had fallen. In the Wars of the Spanish and Polish Successions, he distinguished himself, not only by his courage, but by his uniform desire to please, and his success in attaching those he was thrown amongst. He married a Mademoiselle de Bethune, the great niece of that Mademoiselle d'Arquien, who had followed Marie de Nevers into Poland, and herself afterward married King John Casimir Sobieski. By all these alliances, the Comte de Belleisle found himself, through an inferior position at Court, supported by perhaps the most extensive and powerful connection that any European subject could boast of. Apart from his kindred of the old French families, he was a blood relation of the Electors of Cologne and Bavaria; allied by marriage with some of the chief Polish nobility, and, through the Pretender's Queen, with the English Stuarts. His chances of rising higher were in a still greater degree owing to his own admirable discretion; to the skill with which he had steered through the troubled society of the Regency without making enemies or incurring dishonor, and to the loyalty with which the two brothers co-operated for the restoration of their House.

He now saw in the death of the Emperor Charles VI. a field for the military spirit we have spoken of,—a spirit which was no doubt encouraged by statesmen who had graver projects in view for reviving the designs of Richelieu and Louis XIV. Ever since the death of his infant heir in 1716, Charles VI. had occupied himself in bribing or frightening the European powers into a guarantee of the Pragmatic Sanction, which, as we have already said, named Maria Theresa as sole heiress of the Austrian dominions. He succeeded at last in every one of these applications. But the aged Eugene in vain reminded him that his only real guarantee would be found in 30,000 bayonets. Charles accordingly was no sooner dead than Frederic of Prussia, confident that the other powers would sooner or later yield to the temptations which had prevailed with himself, put in his claims to the province of Silesia. The House of Bavaria was soon ready with a forged will in support of its claims to Austria Proper. In Italy and Spain, too, the tide was rising on the position of Maria Theresa, with equal rapidity; and Belleisle lost no time in taking it at the flood. In an elaborate memorial which he presented to the French cabinet,

he won the ear of Louis XV. by combining a scheme of daring aggression with a complete and lucid exposition of the details which were to effect it. A commanding intervention of France at the approaching Electoral Diet, the elevation of the Bavarian family to the Throne of the Cæsars, the aggrandizement of Prussia in the North, the cession of Moravia to Saxony, and the political annihilation of Germany consequent on her being thus broken into four kingdoms of the second class,—such were the daring projects and brilliant results promised by Belleisle! Brilliant beyond precedent for the elevation of France into the permanent centre of the continent,—even should his plan have been curtailed of its expected complement for extending her geographical limits by the advance of her frontier to the Rhine, and the annexation of the Spiritual Electorates. To support his scheme, he asked only for 150,000 men; 100,000 of whom were to co-operate with Bavaria, on the Danube, while 50,000 were to form an army of observation at home. The disposition of Northern Germany was to be left to the King of Prussia.

If this plan had ever a chance of success, it depended on its being heartily and warmly prosecuted; but Fleury had still influence enough to cripple, though he lacked courage to oppose it. While Belleisle was glittering at Munich and Francfort, outdazzling sovereign princes with his sumptuous retinues and fascinating Frederic at Berlin by the hardihood and rapidity of his strategic plans, Fleury contrived that the army of the Danube should be reduced to 40,000 men, and that France should preserve appearances by refusing to declare war upon Austria in her own name, and by affecting to act merely as the ally of Bavaria. The various pretenders to the inheritance of Maria Theresa were, nevertheless, soon formed into one compact body; and, by the spring of 1741, the House of Austria found itself opposed to the hereditary alliance of the French and Spanish Bourbons, backed by the subordinate courts of Sardinia, Bavaria, Saxony, and Prussia.

The long peace had already been broken, in 1739, by the war between Spain and England. The Jacobites, obedient to the same instinct which taught Stanhope and Walpole that the tranquillity of Europe was necessary to secure our throne to the House of Hanover, had concentrated all the malignity of their opposition on the task of driving us into a war. A heterogeneous party had, accordingly, been formed in Parliament; strengthened alike by deserters whom Walpole's

twenty years of patronage had alienated, and by younger and more ardent politicians, who revolted from the sordid accompaniments of his government. They had gathered round a large nucleus of the agricultural and ecclesiastical faction, which had triumphed for a moment with Sacheverel; and these latter brought to the alliance a valuable contingent of the narrowest provincialism and the vulgarst nationality. Bolingbroke, excluded from the House of Lords, but wielding, out of doors, an influence in kind perhaps unexampled in our history, was the moving spring of the combination. Skillfully keeping mooted questions in abeyance, offering in his own genius and in Sir William Wyndham's parliamentary abilities, a full compensation for the incumbrance of the stupid and irritable party with which he was still connected, he steered them safely through the embarrassments necessarily produced by their discordant materials. Their only chance of national support lay in rousing the national antipathies in their favor: And at length, when Elizabeth of Parma (provoked, as it is said, by Walpole's refusal to interfere on the extinction of the House of Medici,) redoubled the severity with which the Spanish coast guard treated the contraband trade carried on with America in English vessels, the people, deceived and indignant, clamored loudly for war. Walpole yielded, against his judgment; and gained nothing by the tardy concession. The Opposition was determined not to trust him with the conduct of a war he had disapproved; nor, as it would seem, to leave a single chance of averting a general European conflagration. We find it actually charged against him as a high offence, that he still looked to the possibility of stopping the Spanish war, by Cardinal Fleury's mediation! But that resource was now withdrawn; and in 1741 (a year before Walpole's fall) England was engaged in a war with Spain on her own account; and was allied to the House of Austria, in opposition to Bavaria and France.

The campaign of 1741, like all in which France takes the leading part, opened brilliantly. The army of observation, under Marshal Maillebois, menaced the King of England's Electoral dominions; and speedily frightened the Government of Hanover into concluding a neutrality for itself. In the south, the grand army, under the nominal command of the King of Bavaria, rapidly passing through Austria, took Passau and Linz; forced Maria Theresa to retire with her court to Presburg, and, turning north-

ward into Bohemia, invested Prague. At Linz Charles Albert of Bavaria was proclaimed Archduke of Austria; on the 23d of November he was crowned King of Bohemia; and, in the following February, Emperor of Germany. But on the very day of the latter solemnity, Munich, his hereditary capital, was stormed and sacked by Mentzel, the famous partisan chief, at the head of a half-civilized horde from Hungary and the Tyrol; and all Bavaria then lay open to their ravages. In the meantime the French army was shut up in Prague, and kept in check by the Austrian forces. Maillebois, as the year 1742 advanced, descending from Hanover into Southern Germany, to relieve Belleisle, who had joined the invading army, was cramped by Fleury's positive injunctions not to risk a battle; and, at the close of the campaign, disgraced for having obeyed them. Finally, in the depth of winter, 1742-3, Belleisle left Prague, and accomplished a retreat which, we believe, holds a high place in military history; but it was accompanied by horrors which M. de Tocqueville compares to those of Napoleon's return from Moscow. On his arrival in Franconia, in the spring of 1743, the remnant of his army was broken up. Neither his former popularity, nor the skill with which he had extricated himself from his disastrous position, protected him from the fate of Maillebois. He was ordered to leave Versailles, and to assume the government of Metz. The Hanoverian and English troops, released from the army of observation, had also marched south, and, in May of the same year, defeated a third French army at Dettingen. The reverses of the French arms were followed by the defection of their allies: and the first example was set by Prussia and Sardinia.

There is a singular analogy between the history of these two states. It originates in their position; and has been continued in the points which most nearly redeem the errors of their rulers. Prussia and the Sardinian States, alike without natural or defensible frontiers, have been almost necessarily forced, by the instinct of self-preservation, into a policy of craft and violence. Alike pressed upon by France and Austria, they have scarcely ever taken a step permanently backward. Ever since Albert of Brandenburg declared his independence, the history of Prussia is a record of provinces forcibly torn from Poland, from Austria, and Sweden. The history of the House of Savoy again, has found its exponent in the Piedmontese proverb, that Lombardy is like an artichoke, and

must be eaten leaf by leaf. But, however this selfish policy may have been embraced, it is due to these states to recollect how with each of them it has been subordinated to an honorable sense of German and of Italian nationality. Always ready to purchase fresh provinces by supporting intruders, neither Prussia nor Sardinia have ever failed to arrest their progress, as soon as there seemed a danger of foreign influence overlaying the institutions and crushing the spirit of their common country. And this analogy has been again very curiously illustrated in the course of the last twelvemonth, when almost the same day brought intelligence of the bold grasp which, amid the crash of thrones and the abortion of constitutions, Prussia and Sardinia respectively made, at the chieftainship of the German and the Italian races. Alas for Prussia, should the resemblance in working out this last experiment also coincide!

In Italy the Spanish Bourbons had reluctantly acknowledged the Austrian supremacy; and it was still doubtful, whether the expulsion of the barbarians would convert Lombardy into a French Prefecture under Don Philip, or merge it into the Sardinian States and place Charles Emmanuel at its head as King of Upper Italy. Maria Theresa was plainly interested in allowing full scope for the development of these divergent interests; and it has been surmised that, in hopes of frightening the King of Sardinia into a peace, Admiral Haddock, who commanded the Mediterranean fleet, was ordered not to oppose the landing of the Spanish troops in the Bay of Spezzia. The result turned out as had been expected. The house of Savoy being already inclosed by Bourbon Princes, in France, in Naples, and in Parma, its eastern frontier was now to be menaced by a fourth establishment in Lombardy. Charles Emmanuel hastened to make peace at Turin; and in September, 1743, concluded the Treaty of Worms, by which he engaged to assist in defending Lombardy, in return for several additions to his northern and eastern frontier.

In the meantime Frederic had also broken off from his allies. Dazzled as he was by Belleisle's genius, he had never agreed to the scheme of erecting Louis XV. into the Lord Paramount of Germany. Silesia once secured, he co-operated lazily with the French armies in Bohemia; and at last, under Lord Hyndfort's mediation, concluded the Peace of Breslau—an arrangement by which England afterward guaranteed his peaceful possession of Silesia.

His allies thus falling off, and France stunned by her reverses, Charles Albert of Bavaria was prepared to acquiesce in the ruin of his brilliant expectations. In 1744, conferences were opened at Hanau, when he offered to renounce all his claims to the Austrian inheritance, in return for being acknowledged as emperor, and allowed a monthly subsidy from England. The English ministry, and especially Lord Carteret, were severely blamed for letting slip this opportunity of terminating the war: But Maria Theresa was inflexible. Her own spirit, and that of her Hungarian and Bohemian mountaineers, had communicated itself to her councils; and now, when the formidable coalition which had driven her from town to town was breaking up, she would not hear of peace, unless Bavaria united its forces to the Austrians, and joined her in a vigorous effort to wrest back Alsace and Lorraine from France. She reckoned on the failing courage and visible hesitation that now ruled the French Court. But France was on the eve of a crisis, tantamount to a change of ministry, which revived the half-extinguished embers of the quarrel.

Fleury, distrusted, like Walpole, by the promoters of a war in which he had reluctantly engaged, had sunk beneath the mortifications and anxiety consequent on Belleisle's retreat from Prague. He died in January, 1743; and with his last breath, forgetting how effectually he had crushed every generous impulse in his pupil's mind, he implored Louis XV. to have no more first ministers, but in future to govern for himself. Louis followed half his advice; and the sway of a first minister only gave place to that of a mistress. For the next thirty years, Madame de Chateauroux, Madame de Pompadour, and Madame du Barri, were the real prime ministers of France. Not only did these ladies enjoy the intimate confidence of the monarch, not only were their whims ostentatiously gratified, and their patronage assiduously sought, but they were formally recognized as constitutional authorities—if the word is not a misnomer, when applied to any functionaries in an oriental despotism. To them the secretaries of state addressed regular reports, and under their inspection conducted public business. At first, indeed, the change was rather for the better; the few months during which Louis XV. showed some regard for public duty were due to Madame de Chateauroux. But there is a tragic solemnity in her dazzling rise and appalling end, which transports us from the gaudy antechambers

of Versailles, to the broad shadows and lurid atmosphere of an old Greek legend.

Her story is given at length in the commonest French Histories; still it is difficult for any one not familiarized with the brutal calousness of the cotemporary memoirs, to credit or conceive it in the fullness of its splendid infamy. Henry, Marquis de Nesle, the head of an ancient House whose honors dated from the Crusades, was the father of five daughters—all of them the mistresses of Louis XV.! Louise, the eldest, in whom observers loved afterward to trace something of the gentle-heartedness and humility which had often redeemed the parallel frailties of La Vallière, was married at the age of sixteen to her cousin, M. de Mailly, and placed as a lady in waiting at the court of Queen Maria Leckzinska. Selected by Cardinal Fleury to be the King's mistress, she bore her scandalous honors so meekly, as to retain her position for several years, without exciting envy or dislike. But she seems to have been an exception to the genius of her kindred. One of her sisters,—the future Madame de Vintimille, had formed in her convent of Port Royal, the daring vision of governing France as Madame de Maintenon had governed it before her. The French annals afforded inexhaustible precedents for ambition of this kind; and after Fleury, as we said above, had stooped to arbitrate in these quarrels, which revolt us in the mere allusion, we find Agnes Sorel presented as the chosen model of Madame Chateauroux, the third daughter of this family. There is a terrible, Semiramis-like grandeur in what we read of her; treading public opinion under her audacious feet, negotiating on equal terms with the King, sweeping aside in her stately march all the weaker, and at least less insolently guilty, appendages of the court. Incredible as it appears, it is certain that she demanded the public disgrace of her sister, Madame de Mailly, and her own recognized installation as *Maitresse en titre*. But it was her boast that she had not yielded to Louis, only to the King of France. She was bent on accompanying, like Madame de Montespan, her royal lover to the scenes of his victories; and on rousing into some show of energy the life which he had dragged on till the age of thirty-four, in aimless, tedious apathy.

The dissolving coalition soon felt her influence. A league with Spain had already been concluded at Fontainebleau in 1743, which was, in fact, an approach to the family compact of 1761. Providing ostensibly for the mutual guarantee of the Bourbon Houses, it in fact enrolled their younger

branches as subordinate members of a great French Empire. The king now announced his intention of taking the field in person; and Fleury's financial successors were severely tasked to provide for the due splendor of the campaign. The Pretender was brought from Rome; and, to the disgust of the Protestant states of Germany, preparations were set on foot for the Scotch expedition of 1745. Again the eyes of the French ministers were turned to Frederic of Prussia,—faithless as they knew him, and publicly discredited by his last desertion of their cause. It was remarked, that the Treaty of Breslau, by which he held Silesia, was the only recent convention not ratified by the late Treaty of Worms, between Maria Theresa and Charles Emmanuel of Savoy. On this occasion the French ministers made their well-known choice of Voltaire for ambassador to Berlin. As a professional diplomatist, his failure was of course inevitable; but it is not clear that the choice was absolutely unwise or fruitless. Voltaire's enmity was never to be despised; and his appointment was an easy salve for the affront he had just received in being rejected at the Academy, through the influence of Maurepas. On the other hand, if any conceivable bribe could have induced Frederic to forget his sole and paramount idea of self-aggrandizement, it would have been his public recognition as the royal patron of French literature and infidelity. Voltaire, however, returned from Berlin in six weeks; and could only report at Versailles that Frederic made a declaration of war by France against England a necessary condition of his alliance. But early in the next year, through another and a more secret agent, the King of Prussia offered, by a descent on Bohemia, to divert the Austrians from the defence of the Low Countries. Chavigny was at once dispatched to the Diet on a mission similar to that of Belleisle in 1741, to represent the French cause as a guarantee of German liberty; and early in 1744, by a treaty known as the Union of Francfort, Prussia and Bavaria were again united with France against Austria.

The personal presence of a King of France never failed to swell the royal army with the strength of the provincial gentry, in addition to the courtly and official aristocracy. Escorting Madame de Chateauroux, Louis XV. set out at the head of a train as brilliant as that which had followed the great Condé in forcing the Rhine under the eyes of Louis XIV., or that more devoted *noblesse* which numbered no less than eight future Marshals of France, in supporting Villars at the des-

perate struggle of Malplaquet. The fortresses on the Belgian frontier, which the Barrier Treaties authorized the Dutch to garrison, yielded to the advancing troops; when the news that Prince Charles of Lorraine had invaded Alsace, checked the King's progress, and concentrated all the forces then in France on the town of Metz. That well-known illness of Louis XV. followed; and called out the last hearty enthusiasm France ever showed for her old Bourbon kings. The thrill of panic and sympathy which crowded the French churches and the very streets of Paris, with a throng as anxious for reports from Metz as their descendants were for the tremendous tidings of Jemappes or Waterloo, must have seemed to the next generation a singular instance of epidemic madness; and even to us, authentic and full as are the details that make up the picture, it has the look of some strange scene, erroneously transported into real history from a romance. While the King's danger lasted, Madame de Chateauroux fulfilled the severest duties, as she had most publicly usurped the privileges, of a Queen of France. But the imminence of a new reign combined all the waiters upon Providence with the graver circle, which, in sorrow and indignation at the abasement of royalty, had adhered to Maria Leckzinska and the Dauphin. The latter (father to Louis XVI.) had been studiously kept at a distance from the reveling and triumphant profligacies of the King's march. But he was now joined at Metz by the Duc de Chartres, grandson of the Regent, and son to the Jansenist Duke of Orleans. The same feeling of superstitious Catholicism which, while English emissaries were at this very time tampering with the Protestants of the South, prevented the restoration of the Edict of Nantes, would have been outraged, if Louis XV.'s death-bed had not been hallowed by public sacraments. But the expulsion of Madame de Chateauroux was a necessary condition of their administration. The Duc de Chartres and Richelieu drew their swords in the very bed-chamber; meanwhile the horror which Louis XV. always showed at the approach of death, weakened the party of the favorite. She was ordered to leave the court; and d'Argenson, the foreign minister, prepared his own future disgrace by the unmanly harshness with which he delivered the royal orders. The King recovered; and Madame de Chateauroux was recalled. Her enemies were, in their turn, dismissed; d'Argenson was exiled, and laid down his office; she

was herself named to a high position in the Dauphin's household.

But the revulsion of her feelings had been too strong. She was taken ill with a suddenness that roused suspicions of poison; and in twenty-four hours she had died, imploring the pardon of Maria Leckzinska! By her side, at the death-bed, reappeared Louise de Mailly, that true and loving sister, whose tenderness her own guilt could never harden, nor her rival's insults alienate.

With Madame de Chateauroux passed away the animating principle of the revived coalition. The year after her death the energy she had communicated to Louis XV. still carried him on to Fontenoy. But after that, the ends proposed by war seemed further off than ever; and were brought no nearer even by Roucoux and Lawfeldt. Early in 1745 the Emperor Charles VII. closed his wretched career. The first act of his successor, the Elector Maximilian, was to make peace with Austria, and to acquiesce in the elevation of Maria Theresa's husband, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to the imperial throne. An attempt at an Italian confederation, of which the King of Sardinia would have been the most prominent member, and which would have largely recompensed France for her losses in the war, was broken off in the same year by the obstinate folly of the Spanish court. But in 1746 Philip V. died; and at once Elizabeth of Parma lost all her influence. The new king, Ferdinand VI., immediately recalled the Spanish troops, not choosing that they should be sacrificed in Italy to provide an appanage for his half-brothers. Frederic again failed the French cause, and, in setting Austria free to act after the Peace of Dresden, verified the saying that he hurt his allies as much by making peace, as he hurt his enemies by making war. In India the quarrels of Dupleix and Labourdonnaye favored the English establishments, and consigned the latter great soldier and administrator to the Bastille. At sea, Anson's victories were destroying the French navy. Still France toiled on; and deserted and exhausted as she was, in 1747 she declared formal war with Holland. But the maritime powers and the House of Austria had yet another card to play, and by producing it decided this protracted game.

The position of Russia with regard to the older monarchies of Europe is one of the most curious features in the diplomatic history of the last century. Long before the reign of Peter the Great, in the days of the Livonian and Polish wars, her colossal power

had been propelled with convulsive movements toward the South and West. Since his death, in each of the three European wars that followed the peace of Utrecht—in the war of the Polish Succession, in that of the Austrian Succession, and in the Seven Years' War—Russia attempted to take part in the contest; she was, however, invariably and systematically excluded from a share in the final treaties which reunited the recognized members of the international commonwealth. Her assistance, indeed, was eagerly desired by all parties: but our ancestors regarded it with much the same jealousy and discredit which they would have attached to a league with the Turk against Christian powers, or with which an English government would have sought help from Abdel-Kader against France. It was not till the wars of the Bavarian Succession, in 1779, that Frederic the Great, sinning grievously against German interests, introduced Russian diplomatists as guarantees of the Peace of Teschen—treaties, renewing those of Westphalia, with the guarantee of which, Russia has in consequence considered herself charged. In the present instance, ever since the death of Charles VI., the French and English ambassadors at Petersburg had been struggling against each other's influence. At last, through the help of the Grand Chancellor Bestufcheff, the latter prevailed; and agreeably to the Subsidy Treaties of 1747, 67,000 Russians were ready to act against France upon the Rhine. It would have been impossible for the latter power to resist the accession of strength which this contingent would have given to Maria Theresa. But the presence of these dangerous allies quickened, perhaps on both sides, the negotiations of Aix la Chapelle; and this tedious war finally closed in 1748, without the accomplishment of any one of the objects for which it had been begun.

England, indeed, lost little in this contest, except by the waste of troops and money, and from the discredit of having originally engaged in the Spanish War in obedience to an ignorant and interested clamor. Against our support of Maria Theresa nothing can be said. When no single continental court was found honest enough to refuse a share in the plunder of the House of Austria, England alone acted honorably up to her engagements. But the party which precipitated the original war with Spain is not therefore absolved from legitimate blame. It is impossible to doubt that our subsisting broil with that country was an important element

in the decision by which the court of France was allowed to head the coalition of 1741. When the one object of expelling Walpole was attained, the very pretence of any public interest had been so completely thrown aside, that the treaties of Aix la Chapelle never once made mention of the right of search, nor contained any provision for regulating the contraband trade—though these alone had been the assigned causes of the war. It was not till Sir Benjamin Keene's Convention of 1750 that the chance of future embarrassments was obviated, by the abrogation of their fruitful—and, we may well add, shameless—parent, the Assiento Contract of 1713.

France was, if possible, still more entirely without excuse for her share in the struggle; and she never recovered the wounds she received in it. By the party which supported Belleisle in clamoring for war, the attack on Maria Theresa had been proclaimed the natural consummation of the policy of Henry IV. and Richelieu. But there was never a more signal instance of the short-sighted haste which is incapable of distinguishing between the letter of a principle and its spirit and application. When the House of Austria was threatening to crush the development of every weaker state in Christendom, and was supported by the whole force of spiritual despotism, Henry IV.'s resistance to its usurpations was the cause, not of France only, but of Europe. Farther on, if we except the advance of the French frontier and the extension of dynastic alliances, as reasonable objects for a wise ruler to pursue, the vaulting ambition of Louis XIV. tended to aims which were strictly practical, and it was ratified by the enthusiastic applause of the whole nation. But, after the peace of Utrecht, the House of Austria had become forever incapable of giving serious offence; her richest provinces had been annexed to France, and the ties which bound up with them the inviolate unity of the Holy Roman Empire had been rudely broken. The Austrian finances were exhausted; the remnant of Eugene's heroic life was passed in struggles with Charles II.'s ambitious flatterers, and the solemn triflers of the Aulic Council; the various leagues and alliances of the Rhine had abased the head of the empire to be the president of a rebellious and disorganized confederacy; and with the empire, the national spirit of Germany, so formidable to France, and so much dreaded by her, had lost all its terrors. Without some extraordinary impulse to force them back upon

themselves and startle them into independent action, it seemed as if the nations between the Rhine and the Vistula would scarcely require even a passing notice from the vigilant diplomacy of France. Frederic William of Prussia (though in many respects a most undoubted and honorable exception to his brother kings) was absorbed in his passion for playing at soldiers. Saxony was involved in the endless squabbles of the Polish Diet. Hanover, after plundering Mecklenburgh, under pretence of pacifying it, was quarreling with Prussia over the booty.

But to French statesmen the House of Austria continued to be the same bugbear—as if Tilly and Wallenstein still headed her armies; as if the imperial race still drew strength from Alsace and Franche Comté; as if its younger branches still ruled in Spain, and the Sicilies, and Milan, and Peru. To weaken this vanishing phantom, France plunged madly into the war, the diplomatic character of which we have briefly traced. She was rewarded by the creation of a new kingdom, which was destined to take the lead in Germany; and which may even yet be found the fittest element to regenerate the fallen empire. Frederic owed Silesia and Glatz to the co-operation of France, and to her inability to cope with his great capacity. The appearance of another first-class power in the European lists; the strength which carried Prussia through her subsequent struggle with Austria; the intense enthusiasm of German nationality which hailed the triumphs of Minden and Rosbach; the self-relying vigor which this nationality has since communicated to German society and German literature; the movement of the whole German race in the War of Independence; the growth of that doctrinaire school of modern Germany, whose most rooted prejudice is an antipathy to the very name of France—all these effects have followed (and we believe may be deduced by no indirect

affiliation) from that unjust war of the Austrian Succession.

Internally the consequences to France were as deplorable, and far more immediately disastrous. The national expenditure, which Fleury had succeeded in equalizing with the income, rose above it, never to be reduced. The royal navy, which, on the interruption of Fleury's conventions with Walpole, Maurepas had labored to revive, was so absolutely destroyed, that M. de Tocqueville assures us, at the peace* of Aix la Chapelle, France only possessed two ships of war! In the collisions between the French and English colonists were sown the seeds of the misunderstanding which, in the war of 1756, deprived France of Canada, and prepared the ruin of her flourishing establishments in Hindostan.

We have now sketched the two first of the three periods into which we divide the diplomatic history of France during the reign of Louis XV. The third period commences with the Peace of Aix la Chapelle, and the Austrian Alliance that followed. But the attitude which Europe then assumed was preserved, with some modifications, long after the death of Louis XV., and down to the Congress of Reichenbach, in 1790. It would be impossible for us (consistently with reasonable limits) now to give the events of these years, even in the merest outline. We can only hope that we may soon have an opportunity of doing so, by the appearance of a history of this later period, as candid and intelligent as M. de Tocqueville's "History of the Reign of Louis XV."

*The April supplement of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* contains a very able paper on the "French Marine of 1849;" and annexed to it is a table of the maritime armaments of France from 1675 to 1743; by which it appears that in 1717 (two years after the death of Louis XIV.) the maritime forces of France only numbered four vessels and 460 men. There are considerable fluctuations. But in 1736 the vessels were only 5; the men 280.

TO A LARK.

SOAR and sing, soar and sing,
Bird of the unwearied wing!
Leave thy low and grassy nest,
Shake the dewdrops from thy breast,
Hide thee from my straining eyes
In the bosom of yon cloud,
Veiling o'er the azure skies
With a light and rosy shroud:
With thy flight my eye grows dim—
Soar, and sing thy morning hymn!

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Would my soul, like thee, could rise,
And seek a home beyond the skies—
Leaving this dull weight of clay,
Soar to realms of cloudless day!
There, in robes of spotless white,
Crown'd with an immortal wreath,
'Mid a throng of spirits bright,
Might my soul its fervor breathe—
Clothed in righteousness divine,
Thus for ever sing and shine!

From Hogg's Instructor.

CONVERSATION.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

THE flight of our human hours, not really more rapid at any one moment than another, yet oftentimes to our feelings *seems* more rapid, and this flight startles us like guilty things with a more affecting *sense* of its rapidity, when a distant church-clock strikes in the night-time, or when, upon some solemn summer evening, the sun's disk, after settling for a minute with farewell horizontal rays, suddenly drops out of sight. The record of our loss in such a case seems to us the first intimation of its possibility; as if we could not be made sensible that the hours were perishable until it is announced to us that already they have perished. We feel a perplexity of distress when that which seems to us the cruelest of injuries, a robbery committed upon our dearest possession by the conspiracy of the world outside, seems also as in part a robbery sanctioned by our own collusion. The world, and the customs of the world, never cease to levy taxes upon our time: that is true, and so far the blame is not ours; but the particular *degree* in which we suffer by this robbery depends much upon the weakness with which we ourselves become parties to the wrong, or the energy with which we resist it. Resisting or not, however, we are doomed to suffer a bitter pang as often as the irrecoverable flight of our time is brought home with keenness to our hearts. The spectacle of a lady floating over the sea in a boat, and waking suddenly from sleep to find her magnificent ropes of pearl-necklace, by some accident, detached at one end from its fastenings, the loose string hanging down into the water, and pearl after pearl slipping off for ever into the abyss, brings before us the sadness of the case. That particular pearl, which at the very moment is rolling off into the unsearchable deeps, carries its own separate reproach to the lady's heart. But it is more deeply re-

proachful as the representative of so many others, uncounted pearls, that have already been swallowed up irrecoverably whilst she was yet sleeping, and of many besides that must follow, before any remedy can be applied to what we may call this jewelly hæmorrhage. A constant hæmorrhage of the same kind is wasting our jewelly hours. A day has perished from our brief calendar of days: and *that* we could endure; but this day is no more than the reiteration of many other days, days counted by thousands, that have perished to the same extent and by the same unhappy means, viz., the evil usages of the world made effectual and ratified by our own *lâcheté*. Bitter is the upbraiding which we seem to hear from a secret monitor—"My friend, you make very free with your days: pray, how many do you expect to have? What is your rental, as regards the total harvest of days which this life is likely to yield?" Let us consider. Threescore years and ten produce a total sum of 25,550 days; to say nothing of some seventeen or eighteen more that will be payable to you as a *bonus* on account of leap years. Now, out of this total, one-third must be deducted at a blow for a single item, viz., sleep. Next, on account of illness, of recreation, and the serious occupations spread over the surface of life, it will be little enough to deduct another third. Recollect also that twenty years will have gone from the earlier end of your life (viz., above 7000 days) before you can have attained any skill or system, or any definite purpose in the distribution of your time. Lastly, for that single item which, amongst the Roman armies, was indicated by the technical phrase "*corpus curare*," tendance on the animal necessities, viz., eating, drinking, washing, bathing and exercise, deduct the smallest allowance consistent with propriety, and, upon summing up all these

appropriations, you will not find so much as four thousand days left disposable for direct intellectual culture. Four thousand, or forty hundreds, will be a hundred forties; that is, according to the lax Hebrew method of indicating six weeks by the phrase of "forty days," you will have a hundred bills or drafts on Father Time, value six weeks each, as the whole period available for intellectual labor. A solid block of about eleven and a half continuous years is all that a long life will furnish for the development of what is most august in man's nature. After *that*, the night comes when no man can work; brain and arm will be alike unserviceable; or, if the life should be unusually extended, the vital powers will be drooping as regards all motions in advance.

Limited thus severely in his *direct* approaches to knowledge, and in his approaches to that which is a thousand times more important than knowledge, viz, the conduct and discipline of the knowing faculty, the more clamorous is the necessity that a wise man should turn to account any *INDIRECT* and supplementary means toward the same ends; and amongst these means a chief one by right and potentially is *CONVERSATION*. Even the primary means, books, study, and meditation, through errors from without and errors from within, are not *that* which they might be made. Too constantly, when reviewing his own efforts for improvement, a man has reason to say (indignantly, as one injured by others; penitentially, as contributing to this injury himself), "Much of my studies have been thrown away; many books which were useless, or worse than useless, I have read; many books which ought to have been read, I have left unread; such is the sad necessity under the absence of all preconceived plan; and the proper road is first ascertained when the journey is drawing to its close." In a wilderness so vast as that of books, to go astray often and widely is pardonable, because it is inevitable; and in proportion as the errors on this primary field of study have been great, it is important to have reaped some compensatory benefits on the secondary field of conversation. Books teach by one machinery, conversation by another; and, if these resources were trained into correspondence to their own separate ideals, they might become reciprocally the complements of each other. The false selection of books, for instance, might often be rectified at once by the frank collation of experiences which takes place in miscellaneous colloquial intercourse. But other and greater

advantages belong to conversation for the effectual promotion of intellectual culture. Social discussion supplies the natural integration for the deficiencies of private and sequestered study. Simply to rehearse, simply to express in words amongst familiar friends, one's own intellectual perplexities, is oftentimes to clear them up. It is well known that the best means of learning is by teaching; the effort that is made for others is made eventually for ourselves; and the readiest method of illuminating obscure conceptions, or maturing such as are crude, lies in an earnest effort to make them apprehensible by others. Even this is but one amongst the functions fulfilled by conversation. Each separate individual in a company is likely to see any problem or idea under some difference of angle. Each may have some difference of views to contribute, derived either from a different course of reading, or a different tenor of reflection, or perhaps a different train of experience. The advantages of colloquial discussion are not only often commensurate in *degree* to those of study, but they recommend themselves also as being different in *kind*; they are special and *sui generis*. It must, therefore, be important that so great an organ of intellectual development should not be neutralized by mismanagement, as generally it is, or neglected through insensibility to its latent capacities. The importance of the subject should be measured by its relation to the interests of the intellect; and on this principle we do not scruple to think that, in reviewing our own experience of the causes most commonly at war with the free movement of conversation as it ought to be, we are in effect contributing hints for a new chapter in any future "Essay on the Improvement of the Mind." Watts's book under that title is really of little practical use, nor would it ever have been thought so had it not been patronized, in a spirit of partisanship, by a particular section of religious dissenters. Wherever *that* happens, the fortune of a book is made; for the sectarian impulse creates a sensible current in favor of the book; and the general or neutral reader yields passively to the motion of the current, without knowing or caring to know whence it is derived.

Our remarks must of necessity be cursory here, so that they will not need or permit much preparation; but one distinction, which is likely to strike on some minds, as to the two different purposes of conversation, ought to be noticed, since otherwise it will seem

doubtful whether we have not confounded them; or, secondly, if we have *not* confounded them, which of the two it is that our remarks contemplate. In speaking above of conversation, we have fixed our view on those uses of conversation which are ministerial to intellectual culture; but, in relation to the majority of men, conversation is far less valuable as an organ of intellectual culture than of social enjoyment. For one man interested in conversation as a means of advancing his studies, there are fifty men whose interest in conversation points exclusively to convivial pleasure. This, as being a more extensive function of conversation, is so far the more dignified function; whilst, on the other hand, such a purpose as direct mental improvement seems by its superior gravity to challenge the higher rank. Yet, in fact, even here the more general purpose of conversation takes precedence; for when dedicated to the objects of festal delight, conversation rises by its tendency to the rank of a fine art. It is true that not one man in a million rises to any distinction in this art; nor, whatever France may conceit of herself, has any one nation, amongst other nations, a real precedence in this art. The artists are rare indeed; but still the art, as distinguished from the artist, may, by its difficulties, by the quality of its graces, and by the range of its possible brilliances, take rank as a *fine* art; or, at all events, according to its powers of execution, it tends to that rank; whereas the best order of conversation that is simply ministerial to a purpose of use, cannot pretend to a higher name than that of a *mechanic* art. But these distinctions, though they would form the grounds of a separate treatment in a regular treatise on conversation, may be practically neglected on this occasion, because the hints offered, by the generality of the terms in which they express themselves, may be applied indifferently to either class of conversation. The main diseases, indeed, which obstruct the healthy movement of conversation, recur everywhere; and alike whether the object be pleasure or profit in the free interchange of thought, almost universally that free interchange is obstructed in the very same way, by the very same defect of any controlling principle for sustaining the general rights and interests of the company, and by the same vices of self-indulgent indolence, or of callous selfishness, or of insolent vanity, in the individual talkers.

Let us fall back on the recollections of our own experience. In the course of our life

we have heard much of what was reputed to be the select conversation of the day, and we have heard many of those who figured at the moment as effective talkers; yet in mere sincerity, and without a vestige of misanthropic retrospect, we must say, that never once has it happened to us to come away from any display of that nature without intense disappointment; and it always appeared to us that this failure (which soon ceased to be a *disappointment*) was inevitable by a necessity of the case. For here lay the stress of the difficulty: almost all depends, in most trials of skill, upon the parity of those who are matched against each other. An ignorant person supposes that, to an able disputant, it must be an advantage to have a feeble opponent; whereas, on the contrary, it is ruin to him; for he cannot display his own powers but through something of a corresponding power in the resistance of his antagonist. A brilliant fencer is lost and confounded in playing with a novice; and the same thing takes place in playing at ball; or battledore, or in dancing, where a powerless partner does not enable you to shine the more, but reduces you to mere helplessness, and takes the wind altogether out of your sails. Now, if by some rare good luck the great talker—the protagonist—of the evening has been provided with a commensurate second, it is just possible that something like a brilliant “passage of arms” may be the result, though much, even in that case, will depend on the chances of the moment for furnishing a fortunate theme; and even then, amongst the superior part of the company, a feeling of deep vulgarity and of mountebank display is inseparable from such an ostentatious duel of wit. On the other hand, supposing your great talker to be received like any other visitor, and turned loose upon the company, then he must do one of two things: either he will talk upon *outré* subjects specially tabooed to his own private use, in which case the great man has the air of a quack-doctor addressing a mob from a street stage; or else he will talk like ordinary people upon popular topics; in which case the company, out of natural politeness, that they may not seem to be staring at him as a lion, will hasten to meet him in the same style; the conversation will become general; the great man will seem reasonable and well-bred; but at the same time, we grieve to say it, the great man will have been extinguished by being drawn off from his exclusive ground. The dilemma, in short, is this: if the great talker attempts

the plan of showing off by firing cannon-shot when everybody else is contented with musketry, then undoubtedly he produces an impression, but at the expense of insulating himself from the sympathies of the company, and standing aloof as a sort of monster hired to play tricks of funambulism for the night. Yet again, if he contents himself with a musket like other people, then for *us*, from whom he modestly hides his talent under a bushel, in what respect is he different from the man who *has* no such talent?

"If she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be?"

The reader, therefore, may take it upon the *a priori* logic of this dilemma, or upon the evidence of our own experience, that all reputation for brilliant talking is a visionary thing, and rests upon a sheer impossibility, viz., upon such a histrionic performance in a state of insulation from the rest of the company as could not be effected, even for a single time, without a rare and difficult collusion, and could not, even for that single time, be endurable to a man of delicate and honorable sensibilities.

Yet surely Coleridge *had* such a reputation, and without needing any collusion at all; for Coleridge, unless he could have all the talk, would have none. But then this was not conversation. It was not *colloquium*, or talking *with* the company, but *alloquium*, or talking *to* the company. As Madame de Staël observed, Coleridge talked, and *could* talk, only by monologue. Such a mode of systematic trespass upon the conversational rights of a whole party, gathered together under pretence of amusement, is fatal to every purpose of social intercourse, whether that purpose be connected with direct use and the service of the intellect, or with the general graces and amenities of life. The result is the same, under whatever impulse such an outrage is practiced; but the impulse is not always the same: it varies; and so far the criminal intention varies. In some people this gross excess takes its rise in pure arrogance. They are fully aware of their own intrusion upon the general privileges of the company; they are aware of the temper in which it is likely to be received; but they persist willfully in the wrong, as a sort of homage levied compulsorily upon those who may wish to resist it, but hardly *can* do so without a violent interruption, wearing the same shape of indecorum as that which they resent. In most people, however, it is not arrogance which prompts this capital offence

against social rights, but a blind selfishness, yielding passively to its own instincts, without being distinctly aware of the degree in which this self-indulgence trespasses on the rights of others. We see the same temper illustrated at times in traveling; a brutal person, as we are disposed at first to pronounce him, but more frequently one who yields unconsciously to a lethargy of selfishness, plants himself at the public fireplace, so as to exclude his fellow-travelers from all but a fraction of the warmth. Yet he does not do this in a spirit of willful aggression upon others; he has but a glimmering suspicion of the odious shape which his own act assumes to others, for the luxurious torpor of self-indulgence has extended its mists to the energy and clearness of his perceptions. Meantime, Coleridge's habit of soliloquizing through a whole evening of four or five hours, had its origin neither in arrogance nor in absolute selfishness. The fact was, that he *could* not talk unless he were uninterrupted, and unless he were able to count upon this concession from the company. It was a silent contract between him and his hearers, that nobody should speak but himself. If any man objected to this arrangement, why did he come? For the custom of the place, the *lex loci*, being notorious, by coming at all he was understood to profess his allegiance to the autocrat who presided. It was not, therefore, by an insolent usurpation that Coleridge persisted in monology through his whole life, but in virtue of a concession from the kindness and respect of his friends. You could not be angry with him for using his privilege, for it was a privilege conferred by others, and a privilege which he was ready to resign as soon as any man demurred to it. But though reconciled to it by these considerations, and by the ability with which he used it, you could not but feel that it worked ill for all parties. Himself it tempted oftentimes into pure garrulity of egotism, and the listeners it reduced to a state of debilitated sympathy or of absolute torpor. Prevented by the custom from putting questions, from proposing doubts, from asking for explanations, reacting by no mode of mental activity, and condemned also to the mental distress of hearing opinions or doctrines stream past them by flights which they must not arrest for a moment, so as even to take a note of them, and which yet they could not often understand, or, seeming to understand, could not always approve, the audience sank at times into a listless condition of inanimate vacuity. To

be acted upon for ever, but never to react, is fatal to the very powers by which sympathy must grow, or by which intelligent admiration can be evoked. For his own sake, it was Coleridge's interest to have forced his hearers into the active commerce of question and answer, of objection and demur. Not otherwise was it possible that even the attention could be kept from drooping, or the coherency and dependency of the arguments be forced into light.

The French rarely make a mistake of this nature. The graceful levity of the nation could not easily err in this direction, nor tolerate such delirium in the greatest of men. Not the gay temperament only of the French people, but the particular qualities of the French language, which (however poor for the higher purposes of passion) is rich beyond all others for purposes of social intercourse, prompt them to rapid and vivacious exchange of thought. Tediousness, therefore, above all other vices, finds no countenance or indulgence amongst the French, excepting always in two memorable cases, viz., first, the case of tragic dialogue on the stage, which is privileged to be tedious by usage and tradition; and, secondly, the case (authorized by the best usages in living society) of narrators or *raconteurs*. This is a shocking anomaly in the code of French good taste as applied to conversation. Of all the bores whom man in his folly hesitates to hang, and heaven in its mysterious wisdom suffers to propagate their species, the most insufferable is the teller of "good stories"—a nuisance that should be put down by cudgeling, by submersion in horse-ponds, or any mode of abatement, as summarily as men would combine to suffocate a vampire or a mad dog. This case excepted, however, the French have the keenest possible sense of all that is odious and all that is ludicrous in prosing, and universally have a horror of *des longueurs*. It is not strange, therefore, that Madame de Stael noticed little as extraordinary in Coleridge beyond this one capital monstrosity of unlimited soliloquy, that being a peculiarity which she never could have witnessed in France; and, considering the burnish of her French tastes in all that concerned colloquial characteristics, it is creditable to her forbearance that she noticed even this rather as a memorable fact than as the inhuman fault which it was. On the other hand, Coleridge was not so forbearing as regarded the brilliant French lady. He spoke of her to ourselves as a very frivolous person, and in short summary terms that

disdained to linger upon a subject so inconsiderable. It is remarkable that Goethe and Schiller both conversed with Madame de Stael, like Coleridge, and both spoke of her afterward in the same disparaging terms as Coleridge. But it is equally remarkable that Baron *William* Humboldt, who was personally acquainted with all the four parties—Madame de Stael, Goethe, Schiller, and Coleridge—gave it as his opinion (in letters subsequently published) that the lady had been calumniated through a very ignoble cause, viz., mere ignorance of the French language, or, at least, non-familiarity with the fluencies of *oral* French. Neither Goethe nor Schiller, though well acquainted with written French, had any command of it for purposes of *rapid* conversation; and Humboldt supposes that mere spite at the trouble which they found in limping after the lady so as to catch one thought that she uttered, had been the true cause of their unfavorable sentence upon her. Not malice aforethought, so much as vindictive fury for the sufferings they had endured, accounted for their severity in the opinion of the diplomatic baron. He did not extend the same explanation to Coleridge's case, because, though even then in habits of intercourse with Coleridge, he had not heard of *his* interview with the lady, nor of the results from that interview; else what was true of the two German wits was true *à fortiori* of Coleridge: the Germans at least *read* French and talked it slowly, and occasionally understood it when talked by others. But Coleridge did none of these things. We are all of us well aware that Madame de Stael was *not* a trifle; nay, that she gave utterance at times to truths as worthy to be held oracular as any that were uttered by the three inspired wits, all philosophers, and bound to truth; but all poets, and privileged to be wayward. This we may collect from these anecdotes, that people accustomed to colloquial despotism, and who wield a sceptre within a circle of their own, are no longer capable of impartial judgments, and do not accommodate themselves with patience, or even with justice, to the pretensions of rivals; and were it only for this result of conversational tyranny, it calls clamorously for extinction by some combined action upon the part of society.

Is such a combination on the part of society possible as a sustained effort? We imagine that it *is* in these times, and will be more so in the times which are coming. Formerly the social meetings of men and women, except only in capital cities, were few; and even in such

cities the infusion of female influence was not broad and powerful enough for the correction of those great aberrations from just ideals which disfigured social intercourse. But great changes are proceeding: were it only by the vast revolution in our *means* of intercourse, laying open every village to the contagion of social temptations, the world of Western Europe is tending more and more to a mode of living in public. Under such a law of life, conversation becomes a vital interest of every hour, that can no more suffer interruption from individual caprice or arrogance than the animal process of respiration from transient disturbances of health. Once, when traveling was rare, there was no fixed law for the usages of public rooms in inns or coffee-houses; the courtesy of individuals was the tenure by which men held their rights. If a morose person detained the newspaper for hours, there was no remedy. At present, according to the circumstances of the case, there are strict regulations, which secure to each individual his own share of the common rights.

A corresponding change will gradually take place in the usages which regulate conversation. It will come to be considered an infringement of the general rights for any man to detain the conversation, or arrest its movement, for more than a short space of time, which gradually will be more and more defined. This one curtailment of arrogant pretensions will lead to others. Egotism will no longer freeze the openings to intellectual discussions; and conversation will then become, what it never *has* been before, a powerful ally of education, and generally of self-culture. The main diseases that besiege conversation at present are—1st, The want of *timing*. Those who are not recalled, by a sense of courtesy and equity, to the continual remembrance that, in appropriating too large a share of the conversation, they are committing a fraud upon their companions, are beyond all control of monitory hints or of reproof, which does not take a direct and open shape of personal remonstrance; but this, where the purpose of the assembly is festive and convivial, bears too harsh an expression for most people's feelings. That objection, however, would not apply to any mode of admonition that was universally established. A public memento carries with it no personality. For instance, in the Roman law-courts, no advocate complained of the *clepsydra*, or water time-piece, which regulated the duration of his pleadings. Now such a contrivance would not be impracticable

at an after-dinner talk. To invert the *clepsydra*, when all the water had run out, would be an act open to any one of the guests, and liable to no misconstruction, when this check was generally applied, and understood to be a simple expression of public defence, not of private rudeness or personality. The *clepsydra* ought to be filled with some brilliantly colored fluid, to be placed in the centre of the table, and with the capacity, at the very most, of the little minute-glasses used for regulating the boiling of eggs. It would obviously be insupportably tedious to turn the glass every two or three minutes; but to do so occasionally would avail as a sufficient memento to the company. 2dly, Conversation suffers from the want of some discretionary power, lodged in an individual for controlling its movements. Very often it sinks into flats of insipidity through mere accident. Some trifle has turned its current upon ground, where few of the company have anything to say—the commerce of thought languishes; and the consciousness that it is languishing about a narrow circle, “*unde pedem proferre pudor vetat*,” operates for the general refrigeration of the company. Now the ancient Greeks had an officer appointed over every convivial meeting, whose functions applied to all cases of doubt or interruption that could threaten the genial harmony of the company. We also have such officers, presidents, vice-presidents, &c.; and we need only to extend their powers, so that they may exercise over the movement of the conversation the beneficial influence of the Athenian *symposiarch*. At present the evil is, that conversation has no authorized originator; it is servile to the accidents of the moment; and generally these accidents are merely verbal. Some word or some name is dropped casually in the course of an illustration; and *that* is allowed to suggest a topic, though neither interesting to the majority of the persons present, nor leading naturally into other collateral topics that are more so. Now in such cases it will be the business of the *symposiarch* to restore the interest of the conversation, and to rekindle its animation, by recalling it from any tracks of dullness or sterility into which it may have rambled. The natural *excursiveness* of colloquial intercourse, its tendency to advance by subtle links of association, is one of its advantages; but mere *vagrancy* from passive acquiescence in the direction given to it by chance, or by any verbal accident, is amongst its worst diseases. The business of the *symposiarch* will be, to watch these morbid ten-

dencies, which are not the deviations of graceful freedom, but the distortions of imbecility and collapse. His business it will also be, to derive occasions of discussion bearing a general and permanent interest from the fleeting events or the casual disputes of the day. His business again it will be to bring back a subject that has been imperfectly discussed, and has yielded but half of the interest which it promises, under the interruption of any accident which may have carried the thoughts of the party into less attractive channels. Lastly, it should be an express office of education to form a particular style, cleansed from *verbiage*, from elaborate parenthesis, and from circumlocution, as the only style fitted for a purpose which is one of pure enjoyment, and where every moment used by the speaker is deducted from a public stock.

Many other suggestions for the improvement of conversation might be brought forward within ampler limits; and especially for that class of conversation which moves by discussion, a whole code of regulations might be proposed, that would equally promote the interests of the individual speakers and the public interests of the truth involved in the question discussed. Meantime

nobody is more aware than we are that no style of conversation is more essentially vulgar than that which moves by disputation. This is the vice of the young and the inexperienced, but especially of those amongst them who are fresh from academic life. But discussion is not necessarily disputation; and the two orders of conversation—*that*, on the one hand, which contemplates an interest of knowledge, and of the self-developing intellect; *that*, on the other hand, which forms one and the widest amongst the gay embellishments of life—will always advance together. Whatever there may remain of illiberal in the first (for, according to the remark of Burke, there is always something illiberal in the severer aspects of study until balanced by the influence of social amenities), will correct itself, or will tend to correct itself, by the model held up in the second; and thus, the great organ of social intercourse, by means of speech, which hitherto has done little for man, except through the channel of its ministrations to the direct *business* of daily necessities, will at length rise into a rivalry with books, and become fixed amongst the alliances of intellectual progress, not less than amongst the ornamental accomplishments of convivial life.

SECRETS OF OPERA MANAGEMENT.

THE following is a list of salaries paid, in the seasons of 1848 and 1849, to the principal performers at the Covent Garden Theatre, under the management of Mr. Delafield, now a bankrupt:—Mdlle. Alboni, 1848, 4,000*l.*; Mdlle. Angri, 1849, 2,500*l.*; Madame Castellan, 1848, 1,728*l.*; Mdlle. Corbari, 1848, 432*l.*; 1849, 480*l.*; Dorus Gras, 1849, 1,500*l.*; Catherine Hayes, 1849, 1,300*l.*; De Meric, 1849, 500*l.*; Grisi, in 1848, 3,106*l.*; in 1849, 2,800*l.*; Persiani, in 1848, 640*l.*; in 1849, 500*l.*; Ronconi, in 1848, 480*l.*; in 1849, 480*l.*; Steffanoni, in 1848, 600*l.*; Viardot, in 1848, 4,000*l.*; in 1849, for two months, 1,213*l.* Sig. Corradi had, in 1848, 880*l.* Morio, in the same year, 2,235*l.*; and in 1849, 2,720*l.*; Roger, in 1848, 2,110*l.*; Ronconi, in 1848, 1,120*l.*; in 1849, 1,120*l.*; Salvi, in 1848, 1,520*l.*; in 1849, 1,040*l.*; Tamburini, in 1848, 1,700*l.*; in 1849, the same sum. The whole amount expended in the vocal department was, in 1848, 33,349*l.*; 1849, 25,644*l.* In the ballet accounts the two Bretin received, in 1848, 967*l.* Lucille Grahn, in 1848, 1,120*l.*; 1849, 1,000. The two Casati, in 1848 and 1849, more than 1,000*l.* Marmet,

in 1848, 650*l.*; Silvani, in 1848, 450*l.* The whole expenditure in the ballet department amounted, in 1848, to 8,105*l.*; in 1849, to 2,526*l.* The orchestra department shows an expenditure of 10,018*l.* in 1848, and of 7,398*l.* in 1849. Now, it should be remembered, that the above sums merely represent the gains of these singing and dancing gentry for a portion of the year. There is, at least, there was, the Parisian as well as the London season. Then, as far as the singers are concerned, there is the harvest in the provinces, as well as the sums they receive for attendance at private parties in the metropolis. Taking all these items into account, there is not much rashness in supposing that a successful opera singer or ballet dancer is far better off than a Secretary of State or a Puisne Judge. The Chancellor, the Archbishops, and some few of the Right Reverend Bench, and the Chiefs of the Three Courts, are, probably, nearly as well paid as a *prima donna*, or a first-rate tenor. As for the army and navy, these professions are, by comparison with an opera-career, mere beggary and starvation.

From the English Review.

ROBERT BROWNING'S POEMS.

Poems. By ROBERT BROWNING. In two Volumes. A new Edition. London: Chapman and Hall. 1848.

If it be important, be indispensable, that the organs of the Church and State, the representatives of the great principles of order and religion, should never be wanting in the hour of trial to their country and their God, should always be ready to devote their main attention to the graver questions of the age, —it remains, nevertheless, scarcely less expedient, that less serious subjects should also be discussed by them from a Christian point of view; that the world should be shown, Christianity is not a thing apart, but a living principle, capable of permeating all things, and of glorifying the very use of that world, and of "the flesh." Thus, on a recent occasion, we shrank not from examining and praising the great "Humorists" of the day, lovingly recognizing those elements of Christian truth apparent in many of their creations: thus we now purpose, not to introduce to our readers' notice (for praised he already has been in this Review), but to give them some sufficient notion of, the Poet and Dramatist, Robert Browning. Such minds as his should be dealt with fairly and honorably: we have no right to reject or pass them by, because they do not treat religious themes directly, or use our own exact phraseology: in so doing, we should adopt a suicidal course, implying that our Christian philosophy was not sufficiently comprehensive to include any general truth which should not at first sight appear a part of our dogmatic system.

Having said so much by way of preamble, we must proceed to assert, lest we should appear to do Mr. Browning injustice, that he is always reverential, and sometimes directly Christian. His main error, indeed, is one of a serious nature; but some of our readers may perhaps esteem it a virtue. We know that there are enthusiastic Churchmen and earnest Christians, who applaud the murderous deed of *Tell*, and warmly sympathize with, if they do not sanctify the memory of,

Charlotte Corday. We do not belong to this class of thinkers: in our eyes, murder is always murder; and political murder is perhaps the most odious of slaughters. Once admit the *possible* right, in such a case as *Tell's*, for instance, and the meanest scoundrel has but to allege conscience, and he is justified in assassinating the best of kings, or the first of heroes, because, forsooth, he regards their existence as fatal to the rights of man. Now, we do not assert that Mr. Browning would seriously advocate political murder; but he certainly alludes to it, and even treats of it, in a most lenient tone. To mention one single instance, in his dramatic poem of "Paracelsus," a certain poet called Aprile, expressing his desire to be at once sculptor, painter, poet, and musician, and giving a list of those objects he should especially wish to embody, declares he would omit

"no youth who stands,
Silent and very calm amid the throng;
His right hand ever hid beneath his robe,
Until the tyrant pass."

In the poem of "Pippa Passes," we have another offensive instance of the same apparent predilection, against which we must beg to enter our most energetic protest. Another mischievous tendency of this poet's, in our opinion, is toward the exaltation of suicide, as a high and noble act. From time immemorial, poets have availed themselves of this method of disposing of troublesome characters; but we have not the less objection to it on this account. It has indeed been made a question, even among Christian casuists, whether in some instances death might not be preferable to shame. We are of opinion, however, that the Christian's paramount duty must be endurance, even in the most extreme cases. But Mr. Browning's suicides are not suicides of this character: that in "*Luria*," as well as that in "*The*

Blot of the Scutcheon," do not pertain to any such category, and, from a Christian point of view, they are certainly indefensible. Nevertheless, we should not be too severe on a blot which Mr. Browning shares in common with so many other writers: we would exhort him, indeed, to avoid this error for the future; but with this, we rest content. Finally, one other moral objection to certain of Mr. Browning's creations may be advanced with too much truth: though the general spirit of purity breathing from his works be deserving of all praise, he is not sufficiently studious of certain external decencies; he has treated themes, with a moral purpose we admit, and perhaps even with a moral effect,—which had better been left untouched. This remark holds good more particularly of parts of "Pippa Passes," of the general design of "The Blot on the Scutcheon,"—otherwise a truly exquisite work, treated with wonderful pathos, grace, and delicacy,—and of two or three of the short dramatic lyrics,—we will name only "The Confessional." We have now said the worst that can be said on the score of morality; and the moral and even religious beauties which counterbalance these errors are so great, as to call for the genial appreciation of all true lovers of poetry or of truth.

Robert Browning is still, we believe, a young man, though he has been before the world as an author for some ten or twelve years. His genius may be said to be pre-eminently dramatic,—so much so, indeed, that whatever he writes, takes consciously or unconsciously a dramatic form. His lyrics are almost all monodramas; and his one long poetic tale, "Sordello," is almost unintelligible, from the abruptness of its conversational and dramatic style.

"Who wills may hear Sordello's story told :—
His story?"

The poet commences, asking himself a question in the second line, and throughout strangely embodying his own momentary moods of thought and fancy, without placing himself for a moment in the position of those to whom the tale is told; making no allowance for their inevitable ignorance of the minutest historic circumstances connected with his theme, but going straight on,

"Over park, over pale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,"

exhausting his readers in their attempts to

keep pace with his passionate advance, and at last leaving them all far, far behind him. "Sordello," not having been republished in that new edition of Mr. Browning's works which especially engages our attention, scarcely falls within the scope of the present essay. We will only say, therefore, that its tendency is in our opinion morbid, and so, rather mischievous than otherwise, and that its style is pre-eminently harsh and rugged: it is such a work as a great man only could have created, with all its faults; but it is deficient in moral healthfulness, and therefore we do not regret its absence from the present edition. We believe that we understand it, speaking generally,—having studied it carefully; and therefore venture to pronounce our opinion on so abstruse a theme. One other work of Mr. Browning's, a tragedy on the subject of "Strafford," performed with great success some ten years ago, has not been republished here. We are glad of this also. Regarded as a drama, it was, no doubt, a fine and stirring creation, despite the exaggeration so prominent in it, and the many starts and bursts, which made ill-natured people call it

"a thing of shreds and patches:"

but, in our opinion, it was deficient in the important element of historic truth,—embodying, and exaggerating even, the prevalent absurd notions as to the royal martyr's faithlessness and tyranny, and, in fact, representing him as a kind of moral monster. Strange is it, that after the testimony of such men as Hume and the elder D'Israeli—men not likely, from their creed or position, to overvalue the representative of Anglican high churchmanship—every stupid calumny, which Puritan rancour ever devised, should be revived in this enlightened age. The mad fury of a Carlyle might be regarded as a thing of course: his praise would be desecration, his abuse is praise: the worshiper of a Mahomet is the natural adversary of a Charles. He, who cringes in the attitude of adoration before successful brute force, in every age and country, was not likely to appreciate the royal martyr. But that *Mr. Macaulay* should have been so carried away by the fashionable superstition on this score, as to accuse the king of faithlessness, because, while for the sake of peace he negotiated with the London parliament, he recorded his protest that it was no true parliament,—adding other charges of a still more preposterous nature,—this may well excite

our wonder at the bigotry and prejudice of man. But we must not wander from our theme.

"Strafford" is not in the present volumes, and we therefore dismiss it from our consideration; proceeding at once to the contents of this edition, which might afford matter for several comprehensive essays, instead of the cursory review we shall be enabled to bestow; for the works contained in this edition (counting the dramatic lyrics as one series) may be said to be *all* great works, and worthy of serious consideration; they are characterized by deep earnestness, sweet pathos, high purpose, and intense dramatic truthfulness. That to dramatic intensity probability, and even truth, are sometimes sacrificed, we cannot deny. There is, perhaps, an absence of repose in Mr. Browning's dramas; the interest is too passionately sustained; everything is made too much a matter of life and death: even when the characters speak with most apparent calm, we see that deep feeling or wild passion are working underneath; there is nothing purely narrative, little purely demonstrative; the dramatic active element is almost invariably paramount. This is one of the reasons for which Mr. Browning is so difficult to understand. The very souls of his *dramatis personæ* are constantly palpitating before us; yet they express themselves so simply, with such an apparent absence of fuss, that we do not at once perceive the full import of their speeches: we regard them only from an external point of view, as poetry, perhaps, without entering into the characters of those who speak, and then we must be necessarily disappointed. We have mentioned that general obscurity, which some people regard as necessarily fatal to Mr. Browning's popularity to the end of time, however great may be his merits. This obscurity arises, mainly, from an excess of *reality*. Mr. Browning does not write about people,—does not tell you why they think or feel so and so, as other poets do, but shows you the people themselves, thinking, feeling, acting: he brings the scene actually and immediately before you, not presenting it through the usual artificial medium: he rushes abruptly into the very heart of his subject without any exordium, and presupposes a certain knowledge of his theme on the reader's part, which he cannot reasonably expect to find. Everywhere an introductory argument seems to be wanted, placing the reader at the right point of view; in the absence of which, this author's highest beauties may at first be unintelligible, or apparently even absurd. To

give a strong instance of what we mean:—the Tragedy of "The Return of the Druses" is founded on the superstition of the Druse people, that they shall only return to their home, Lebanon, when their former chief Hakeem, otherwise called the Khalif, who died on the verge of Mokattam's mountain several centuries before, shall return, to place himself at their head, and lead them on to victory. A certain Druse chief, called Djabal, who has lived many years in Europe, and possessed himself of certain secrets of science, has resolved to pass himself off on the Druse people as their Hakeem, or Khalif, as the only possible means of rousing them from their disgraceful lethargy; and has announced his intention mysteriously "to exalt himself" on a certain day, that is, to resume his former shape of Hakeem. The play thus commences. A certain number of Druses enter the Prefect's Hall,—as it afterward appears, in his absence from the island,—and one of them thus exclaims (these are the opening words):—

"The moon is carried off in purple fire;
Day breaks at last!—Break, Glory, with the day,
On Djabal's dread incarnate mystery,
Now ready to assume its pristine shape
Of Hakeem!—As 'the Khalif' vanish'd erst,
In what seem'd death to uninstructed eyes,
On red Mokattam's verge;—our Founder's flesh,
As he resumes our Founder's function!"

This *may* seem plain enough, when the clue has been given, but without it, in the first instance, it must be nearly unintelligible; yet this is one of Mr. Browning's *least dramatic* speeches; it is one in which he is endeavoring to explain. The number of recondite facts crowded together constitute the difficulty,—not the hidden motive of the speech, as is more usually the case. However, many of these difficulties naturally vanish on a second perusal: when the mind has once taken a bird's-eye view of the whole, it can better appreciate the parts. We would, however, force on Mr. Browning's attention the expediency of prefixing either arguments or prologues to his principal works, which should not themselves be dramatic, but simply preparatory, explanatory, demonstrative. We almost question, whether he could write them himself; but any one else who had studied his works could perform this office for him; and this would go far toward rendering his works accessible to the general reader, and himself consequently popular. So much must be admitted: the motives of Mr. Browning's *dramatis personæ* are always clearly de-

finer in their author's mind; they never say a word at random: where we least see purpose, we shall be sure to find it, if we take the trouble to search. We may not always agree with the poet that such a motive is natural or becoming, but we shall always see that, taking that motive for granted, the consequent expression of feeling is wonderfully natural and real; that the poet has done what he meant to do, whether that in itself be right or wrong. This is a very rare, perhaps the rarest, quality. How few, how very few men, in creating works of art, have a clear knowledge of their own intentions! How few dramatists, for instance, conceive and develop a character consistently! Almost all trust in a great degree to chance, and often write better than they know themselves; though generally, of course, much worse. Mr. Browning, on the contrary, realizes intensely whatever he conceives; he creates and commands his characters, he is not commanded by them. We believe, then, that as a real purpose will always eventually be discovered where the greatest apparent obscurity prevails, time must necessarily be favorable to the appreciation of Mr. Browning's works. When they are universally acknowledged to be noble dramatic creations, (as they must eventually be,) men who can, will study them for themselves, and, communicating their observations to others, will plane the way even for masses, so that the very "public" at last may wonder at its having found much difficulty in the matter. But a truce to these general observations. Pass we to the first work in these volumes, the dramatic poem "Paracelsus," well worthy of a lengthy essay on itself alone.

It is difficult to express the object of this poem in a few words. Paracelsus [*the Paracelsus*] is a man who lives for Knowledge for its own sake, without regard to Love: after many years he is partially converted from this error, but his conversion is only partial; men treat him ill, and therefore he relapses into his old heresy under a worse form, and finally dies, acknowledging that he has lived too much for self, too little for his race. The beauty of much of the poetry in this work can scarcely be too highly commended. We must give a few samples. The two charming characters of Festus, the sympathizing and admiring friend of Paracelsus, and his bride Michal, would alone endear this work to us. In the first part, or act, entitled "Paracelsus aspires," he is discovered in a garden at Wurzburg, passing the last evening with these friends, previous to his de-

parture on the search for absolute truth and knowledge. Festus has encouraged his mystical aspirations; but is now afraid of his own work, and would dissuade Paracelsus from his ambitious design,—an endeavor in which Michal unites. Paracelsus thus sweetly and affectionately addresses them:—

"You must forget

All fitful, strange, and moody waywardness,
Which e'er confused my better spirit, to dwell
Only on moments such as *these*, dear friends!
My heart no truer, but my words and ways
More true to it. As Michal, some months hence,
Will say, 'This autumn was a pleasant time'
For some few sunny days, and overlook
Its bleak wind hankering after pining leaves.
Autumn would fain be sunny; I would look
Liker my nature's truth; and both are frail,
And both beloved for all their frailty!"

Festus, however, is not blinded by this fair speech; he recognizes the secret pride of his friend, and chides his ambitious longings:—

"That look!

As if where'er you gazed there stood a star!"

We cannot enter into the philosophy of the poem: this would lead us much further than we can now go. Festus's main fear is that Paracelsus will not seek knowledge for the sake of God or of man. He says,

"Presume not to serve God apart from such
Appointed channel, as He wills shall gather
Imperfect tributes,—for that sole obedience
Valued perchance."

And further on:—

"How can that course be safe, which from the first
Produces carelessness to human love?"

And again Michal says (Aureole is Paracelsus's first name)—

"Stay with us, Aureole! Cast these hopes away,
And stay with us! An angel warns me, too,
Man should be humble: you are very proud;
And God, dethroned, has doleful plagues for
such!"

Paracelsus responds grandly and proudly, in the full conviction of his mission (we quote here and there, not in any regular course):

"Be sure that God

Ne'er dooms to waste the strength he deigns impart!

Ask the gier-eagle why she stoops at once
Into the vast and unexplored abyss?
What full-grown power informs her from the first?
Why she not marvels, strenuously beating
The silent boundless regions of the sky?"

His enthusiasm at last so carries away
sweet Michal, that she exclaims,

"Vex him no further, Festus! *It is so.*"

Though subsequently, on Festus's energetic
remonstrances, she again retracts. Festus
bids Paracelsus pursue the usual course to
knowledge, study the writings of others, not
seek only for himself: he responds—

"Shall I still sit beside
Their dry wells, with a white lip and filmed eye,
While in the distance heaven is blue above
Mountains, where sleep the unsunn'd tarns!"

Festus says very finely, after much more
has passed, in continuation,

"But know this, *you*—that 'tis no wish of mine,
You should abjure the lofty claims you make;
Although I can no longer seek, indeed,
To overlook the truth—that there will be
A monstrous spectacle upon the earth,
Beneath the pleasant sun, among the trees;
A being, knowing not what love is. Hear me!
You are endowed with faculties, which bear
Annex'd to them, as 'twere, a dispensation,
To summon meaner spirits to do their will,
And gather round them at their need; inspiring
Such with a love themselves can never feel,
Passionless 'mid their passionate votaries.
I know not if you joy in this or no,
Or ever dream that common men can live
On objects, *you* prize lightly, but which make
Their hearts' sole treasure. The affections
seem

Beauteous at most to you, which we must taste
Or die. And this strange quality accords—
I know not how—with you; *sits well upon*
That luminous brow—though in another it
scowls
An eating brand, a shame."

But our extracts are growing too frequent
and too long. We must remember our ap-
pointed limits. We hurry to Paracelsus's
last words in this part; they are these:

"Are there not, Festus,—are there not, dear Mi-
chal,—
Two points in the adventure of the Diver?
One, when a beggar, he prepares to plunge;
One, when a prince, he rises with his pearl.
Festus, I plunge!
FESTUS. I wait you when you rise!"

In the second part, called "Paracelsus at-
tains," we are in Constantinople, at the
house of a certain Greek conjurer, nine years
afterward. This conjurer professes the pow-
er of possessing everybody with the secret he
may want to make his life complete—every-

body, that is, who first records in a certain
book the exact amount of knowledge he has
already attained to. The disappointed Para-
celsus, who of course could not find for him-
self what God had revealed, though he had
apparently not accepted that revelation,
comes to this conjurer in a kind of mad de-
spair; and here he *does* learn the one great
want which has blasted all his efforts: it is
brought home to him, that he only sought
knowledge for its own sake, or that of pride
in its possession; that his primary duty is to
work for his fellow-men, to communicate
what he has gained to them. He is taught
all this by a certain mad poet, Aprile, who
has erred in a contrary direction, from excess
of love, which has absorbed his active fac-
ulties, and prevented his turning them to
any use. He has loved all art, for instance,
too dearly to devote himself to any branch
of it. Because he could not be all, he would
be nothing. Much of the poetry in this part
is exquisite, but we have no space for ex-
tracts from it. Paracelsus is really supposed
to have discovered certain secrets, chiefly in
medicine, which would be highly beneficial
to humanity; amongst them, the circulation
of the blood, and the sanguification of the
heart. Mr. Browning says in his notes,
"The title of Paracelsus to be considered
the father of modern chemistry is indisputa-
ble," and quotes very learned authorities in
support of this view. However this may
be, the correctness or incorrectness of the as-
sertion does not concern us. The poet con-
ceives it to be thus, and had every right to
do so. Paracelsus now, then, resolves to
devote his services to his fellow-men. He
becomes professor at Basil, in Switzerland,
and meets with devoted followers for a
while; but his old original sin remains deep
engrained; he makes no allowance for dull-
ness and slowness; he is impatient to attain
magnificent results; he becomes more and
more convinced that man is unworthy of
sharing his true knowledge—which, after all,
is so insufficient in his own eyes, because he
has not *all*. Festus visits him here; and
the third part consists of a long colloquy be-
tween them in the year 1526—scene, a
chamber in the house of Paracelsus. It is
very fine, but necessarily very painful. The
bitter discontent of Paracelsus, the trustful
admiration of Festus, are each developed
nobly. The passages of a domestic nature,
in which reference is made to Michal and her
children, are very touching. After Paracel-
sus has laid his heart open to his friend, and
shown him his terrible disappointment and

gnawing misery, Festus says beautifully, resolved to trust still—

"These are the trials meet for such as you,
Nor must you hope exemption: *to be mortal*
Is to be plied with trials manifold.
Look round! 'The obstacles, which kept the
rest
Of men from your ambition, you have spurn'd:
Their fears, their doubts, the chains that bind
them best, [naught
Were flax before your resolute soul—which
Avails to awe, save these delusions—bred
From its own strength, *its self-same strength,*
disguised,
Mocking itself. Be brave, dear Aureole! Since
The rabbit has his shade to frighten him,
The fawn his rustling bough, mortals their
cares:
And higher natures yet—the power to laugh
At these entangling fantasies, as you
At trammels of a weaker intellect:—
Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts!
I know you.

PARACELsus. And I know you, dearest
Festus!

And how you love unworthily; and how
All admiration renders blind.

FESTus. *Naught blinds you less than admi-
ration will:*

Whether it be that all love renders wise
In its degree:

I say, such love is never blind, but rather
Alive to every the minutest spot
Which mars its object, and which hate—sup-
posed
So vigilant and searching—dreams not of."

There is much more equally beautiful, but
we refrain. We must quote, however, cer-
tain descriptions of morning, which have a
quiet witchery about them, to us irresistibly
charming, occurring toward the end of this
scene. The first is,

"FESTus. Hark!

PARACELsus. 'Tis the melancholy wind astir
Within the trees. The embers too are gray.
Morn must be near.

FESTus. Best ope the casement!—See,
The night, late strewn with clouds and flying
stars,
Is blank and motionless;—how peaceful sleep
The tree-tops all together!"

The second occurs a little later, in a speech
of Paracelsus's:

"See, morn at length! The heavy darkness
seems
Diluted; *Gray and clear without the stars:*
The shrubs bestir and rouse themselves, as if
Some snake, that weighed them down all night,
let go

His hold:—*and from the east, fuller and fuller,
Day, like a mighty river flowing in,
But clouded, wintry, desolate, and cold."*

We need not waste comments on those
who do not appreciate such poetry. Final-
ly, Festus leaves Paracelsus, deeply moved,
to return to Michal and his own quiet vicar-
age; making his friend promise, however,
that he will call him to his side, if there
should ever be a change for the better in his
mood. In the next part, which plays two
years later, Paracelsus "aspires again," but
with baser and still more selfish aims. He
has been driven from the university in dis-
grace, and has resolved to give up all idea of
loving or serving men. His first vagrant
life in pursuit of knowledge is once more as-
sumed, with the addition of certain evil stim-
ulants; in other words, Paracelsus, despair-
ing of a high and noble goal, has resolved to
avail himself of all mean occasions for enjoy-
ment, and regards even drinking as one of
these. The greater portion of this part is
occupied by another colloquy in a house at
Colmar, in Alsatia, betwixt Paracelsus and
Festus, who has been sent for by his friend,
and who has just lost his own wife, Michal.
It is naturally even more painful than the
preceding colloquy, but it is powerfully con-
ceived and executed. Terrible is the despair
which makes Paracelsus say,

"So sickness lends

An aid,—it being, I fear, the source of all
We boast of. Mind is nothing but disease,
And natural health is ignorance."

Nothing can be more exquisite than the
pathos of the latter part of the scene, in
which Festus announces Michal's death, and
Paracelsus comments on it. We have no
space to extract it as we should wish to do.
Paracelsus then goes forth once more on his
life's journey, and he does at last *attain*, in
the fifth part, within a cell of St. Sebastian's
Hospital at Salzburg, not only death, but a
knowledge of his own life-long errors. Fes-
tus is still by his side; he has sought out his
dying friend, and passed the long night
watching in the cell. Paracelsus knows him
not, his mind wanders; he is buried in a
kind of living trance. At last, after many
wild speeches, uttered by Paracelsus on his
awaking from his trance, he grows calmer.
"Cruel," he says,

"Cruel! I seek her now, I kneel, I shriek,
I clasp her vesture—but she fades, still fades;
And she is gone; *sweet human love is gone!*—

'Tis only when they spring to heaven, that angels
Reveal themselves to you; they sit all day
Beside you, and lie down at night by you,
Who care not for their presence, muse or sleep,—
And all at once they leave you, and you know
them!"

Is there not many a heart which could respond to this, with an exceeding bitter cry?—Further on, he says, still in his delirium, unconscious of his friend's presence:—

"Truly there *needs* another life to come!
If this be all—(I must tell Festus that,)
And other life await us not,—for one,
I say, 'tis a poor cheat, a stupid bungle,
A wretched failure. *I, for one, protest
Against it, and I hurl it back with scorn!*"

After this he relapses into a fit of madness, believing that all men are scorning and spitting at him. At last he pauses, exhausted. Festus speaks:—

"Have you no thought, no memory for me,
Aureole? I am so wretched:—my pure Michal
Is gone, and you alone are left to me;
And even you forget me. Take my hand—
Lean on me, thus.—Do you not know me, Aureole?
PARACELSUS. Festus, my own friend, you are
come at last?"—

From this moment he never loses the possession of his senses. Festus predicts his future glory: he rejects all idea of this, but rises from his couch, to make a final revelation of his faith. We cannot scan its philosophy here: poetically, it is most beautiful; it predicts a future millennium of glory for mankind, it proclaims the duty of love—true love for man and God. It is not distinctly and dogmatically Christian, as was Aprile's noble speech; who, seeing in the moment of his death the errors of his past life, exclaimed:—

"*Man's weakness is his glory; for the strength,
Which raises him to heaven and near God's self,
Came spite of it: God's strength his glory is;—
(man's)
For thence came with our weakness sympathy,
Which brought God down to earth, a man like us.*"

Nevertheless, the conclusion of "Paracelsus" is in many respects satisfactory, and the whole impression conveyed by the work is one of a very salutary nature. We see the utter futility of all attempts to attain to the knowledge of God, *without* revelation: we

see that the lowliest Christian child may be wiser than the heathen sage. As a poem, "Paracelsus" is a very noble creation, not devoid here and there of a certain objectionable mysticism of thought and expression, but nevertheless worthy of the most attentive study.

"Pippa Passes," the next in order of these works, will not now engage much of our attention. It is a wild but beautiful little drama, (if we can so call it,) marred, however, by two or three unpleasant stains, which we cannot leave unnoticed. Its leading idea is charming. A little girl, Pippa, from the silk-mills at Asolo in the Trevisan, "passes" by certain individuals, pertaining to various degrees of life, far above her own, and by her simple songs, which she carols almost unconsciously, is made to control the entire existence of those whom she thus "passes." The moral is, that God can and does effect the greatest ends by the simplest ministers. We have already referred to the two drawbacks, of which we have to complain in particular: the one is the virtual encouragement of regicide, which we trust to see removed from the next edition, being as unnatural as it is immoral: the other is a careless audacity in treating of licentiousness, which in our eyes is highly reprehensible, though it may, no doubt, have been exhibited with a moral intention, and though Mr. Browning may plead the authority of Shakspeare, Goethe, and other great men, in his favor. These things set on one side, we should have little to do but to admire; had not Mr. Browning most marvelously destroyed some of his finest passages by making certain alterations in them, for the purpose, we presume, of attaining greater clearness,—an end which has not been attained, though ease, grace, and nature have been sacrificed. We will give one instance. In the former edition, called "Bells and Pomegranates," Mr. Browning had made Pippa say, talking of her own intention to imagine herself in the position of certain characters throughout the day:—

"Up the hill-side, through the morning!
'Love me, as I love!'—
I am *Ottima*, take warning," &c.

This is now changed to—

"See! Up the hill-side yonder, through the morning,
Some one shall love me, as the world calls love;
I am no less than *Ottima*, take warning," &c.

which is obviously void of the original's grace and nature. We might quote other, even worse, instances. The additions, too, are in almost all cases unnatural, if not positively offensive. We shall make one or two citations from the speeches of Luigi, the young Italian who means to kill the Emperor of Austria, to save his country, and who *ought* to be converted from his purpose by Pippa's song, but unfortunately *is not*, as the case now stands. He is talking to his mother about Italy's woes and the trouble they occasion him, and he goes on:—

"No, trouble's a bad word : for, as I walk,
There's springing, and melody, and giddiness :
And old quaint turns and passages of my youth,
Dreams long forgotten, little in themselves,
 Return to me, whatever may amuse me ;
And earth seems in a truce with me, and heaven
Accords with me ; all things suspend their strife ;
The very cicadas laugh, ' There goes he, and
there !
Feast him—the time is short ; he is on his way
For the world's sake,—feast him this once, our
friend !
 And in return for all this I can trip
Cheerfully up the scaffold-steps. I go
 This evening, mother."

How admirably does this embody the happy, genial, impulsive southern nature ! The exquisite propriety of the rhythm can scarcely escape observation. Every line is in this respect a study. Once more he says :

"Too much
 Have I enjoy'd these fifteen years of mine,
 To leave myself excuse for longer life.
 Was not life press'd down, running o'er with joy,
 That I might finish with it ere my fellows,
 Who sparerlier feasted, made a longer stay ?—
 I was put at the board-head, help'd to all
 At first ; I rise up happy and content.
 God must be glad, one loves His world so much !"

But we pause, from lack of space. What pity is it, that a youth who so much engages our sympathies, should be confirmed in sin by Pippa's pious song !

We pass on to the next work, a tragedy, "King Victor and King Charles." This is one of the finest dramatic illustrations of history with which we are acquainted, and in it Mr. Browning has been scrupulously true to his authorities. The idea of the piece is to demonstrate the superiority of moral excellence and kindness to cunning and worldly wisdom. King Victor Amadeus of Savoy, the first of that race who attained the regal crown, was a great diplomatist and a selfish

tyrant. By plotting and counterplotting he had at last contrived to get himself into an almost hopeless situation ; for having entered into secret treaties for directly opposite purposes with two opposed powers, Spain and Austria, at the same time, and Spain and Austria having happened to compare books and so ascertain his treachery, they resolved to deprive him of his newly-acquired crown, and wipe Sardinia out of the map of Europe. In this extremity he conceived the following Jesuitical scheme. Charles, his son, being of a mild, frank, and ingenuous nature, had shared none of his father's treacheries : so Victor thought he could go through the form of resigning his crown, get Charles to accept it, and leave him to settle the difficulties with foreign powers, intending all the while to return again in a year or two, and dispossess his son once more. This purpose he partly carried into effect. Charles by his honesty and candor really satisfied Spain and Austria, and saved the state ; he further pacified his home subjects, who had been highly exasperated by the tyrannic policy of Victor. But Charles's sense of duty prevented his resigning the sceptre, which he had sworn to keep for life, to hands so certain to misuse it ; and Victor, unable to bully or wheedle his son out of the kingdom, intrigued with France, and entered into a conspiracy to bring a French army into the land. At this epoch, however, before he could carry this last scheme into execution, he died, and Charles remained in undisturbed possession of the crown. This union of a king with a foreign army against his own people, is what Voltaire denominatèd "a terrible event without consequences ;" and from these simple elements Mr. Browning has produced a great dramatic work. It is composed, properly speaking, of two parts and four acts. The first division plays in 1730, when King Victor still reigns, at the period of his resignation of the crown : the second plays the year after, in 1731, under King Charles, when Victor returns to re-assume, by fraud or force, his forfeit sovereignty. The principal characters, only four in number, (indeed these are absolutely the only speakers in the tragedy,) are Victor, Charles, D'Ormea, Victor's minister, and subsequently Charles's also, and Polyxena, the wife of Charles ; all these are admirably conceived and embodied. The self-distrust, but genuine worth and feeling, of Charles are touchingly delineated. His noble wife, who teaches him to esteem himself, and is throughout his mainstay, covering all his deficiencies, and breathing her own spirit of

greatness into him, is one of the noblest female portraitures we ever met with. Admirable in their way, too, are Victor and D'Ormea. The scene betwixt the former on his return to Turin and his son is a perfect master-piece of its kind. It is difficult to give any extracts from such a work as this, which should give any due idea of its merits; it is so pre-eminently real and dramatic, that scarcely a word could be spared. It is not, indeed, devoid of faults. Probability is, we think, sometimes sacrificed to effect; and the reader not previously acquainted with the history on which the drama is founded, is not likely to understand for some time what King Victor and his minister D'Ormea are individually and conjointly driving at. We want a clue of some kind at the beginning which is not provided us. We will conclude with quoting a few lines from Victor's half-remorseful soliloquy, when he returns to deprive his son of the crown he had so nobly earned; though we question whether the reader will be able to appreciate them apart from the context:—

“Faith,
This kind of step is pitiful—not due
To Charles, this stealing back—hither, because
He's from his Capitol! Oh Victor! Victor!
But thus it is: *The age of crafty men*
Is loathsome: youth contrives to carry off
Dissimulation; we may intersperse
Extenuating passages of strength,
Ardor, vivacity, and wit, may turn
Even guile into a voluntary grace:
But one's old age, when graces drop away,
And leave guile the pure staple of our lives,—
Ah, loathsome!”

And how nobly is this confirmed by Charles's subsequent speech to his father!—

“Keep within your sphere, and mine;
It is God's province we usurp on else.—
Here, blindfold through the maze of things we
walk,
By a slight thread—of false, true,—right and
wrong:
All else is rambling and presumption.”

We pass to the next work in these volumes, a play, entitled “Colombe's Birthday,” of a lighter and happier character; in which the question seems to be, in the Poet's own words, “Is Love or Vanity the best?” The plot is somewhat complicated. We will not attempt to unravel it here. Colombe, however, (so much we may say,) is presumed Duchess of Juliers and Cleves; but it turns out that she is barred by the Salic law, and her kinsman, Prince Berthold, takes posses-

sion; he, on his accession, makes some amends by proffering her his hand. She prefers, however, to resign royalty, and confer happiness on Valence, the Advocate of Cleves; the only man who stood by her in the hour of trial, when all her former courtiers shrank away. The tendencies of this work might appear democratic at first sight; but we question their being so in reality. When Colombe talks of the loss of her duchy as a trifle, Valence replies:—

“Ill have I spoken, if you thence despise
Juliers. Though the lowest on true grounds
Be worth more than the highest rule on false,
Aspire to rule on the true grounds!”

And again, where Valence speaks of the miseries of the manufacturers of Cleves, his townsmen, and inquires, wherefore they do not rise, arms in their hands, to redress their wrongs by brute force, he thus proceeds:—

“There is a Vision in the heart of each,
Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness
To wrong and pain, and knowledge of its cure;
And these embodied in a Woman's Form,
That best transmits them, pure as first received,
From God above her to mankind below.”

Our royal mistress, Queen Victoria, would scarcely disapprove of this description. It is impossible to enumerate the many, even the chief, points of excellence in this play. Grace is its prevailing characteristic; but that grace is accompanied by very striking power and dignity, displayed whenever there is occasion for them. A very remarkable and successfully depicted character is that of Prince Berthold, the noble-hearted man of the world; only a man of the world, and yet noble-hearted. We are at a loss again for fitting extracts, but will cull a few beauties here and there; though no procedure can be more unjust to Mr. Browning, who is a dramatist, not an English playwright; who creates a whole, and does not seek for pretynesses and gems and the order of passages which English critics almost invariably regard as the tests of dramatic power! It may be affirmed, indeed, with justice, that no civilized nation's critics are so ignorant of the first principles of the dramatic art as those of our country. How this should be, with Shakspeare's great example, it might seem difficult to conceive; but Shakspeare, with all his glories, had, perhaps, too decided a predilection for the didactic; and it is precisely this one drawback to his otherwise matchless power which is regarded as

his superlative excellence by our English critics. To resume: We will first cite a few lines spoken by Valence, who brings a petition from the starving people of Cleves to the Duchess, and is informed that it is her birthday, therefore, no time for business. Valence replies:—

“I know that the Great,
For Pleasure born, should still be on the watch
To exclude Pleasure, when a Duty offers;
Even as the Lowly too, for duty born,
May ever snatch a Pleasure if in reach:—
Both will have plenty of their birthright, Sir.”

An example of the aptness and beauty of the epithets Mr. Browning employs, may be discovered in these simple lines, addressed by the Duchess to Valence, when he appears as the spokesman of Cleves' miseries; and she unsuspectingly says,

“And you, sir, are from Cleves?—How fresh in mind
The hour or two I pass'd at queenly Cleves!
She entertained me bravely; but the best
Of her good pageant seem'd its standers-by,
With insuppressible joy on every face.—
What says my ancient, famous, happy Cleves?”

To which Valence responds:—

“Take the truth, lady!—You are made for truth.”

Prince Berthold's half-remorseful doubts concerning the wisdom of his mere worldly career are graphically conveyed. His friend Melchior has been just rallying him on this head. Berthold soliloquizes:—

“Say, this life
I lead now, differs from the common life
Of other men, in mere degree, not kind,
Of joys and griefs,—still there is such degree:—
Mere largeness in a life is something, sure—
Enough to care about and struggle for
In this world. *For this world, the size of things:
The sort of things, for that to come, no doubt!*”

Finely is Berthold afterward described by Valence, who thus speaks to Colombe:—

“In that large eye there seem'd a latent pride,
To self-denial not incompetent;
*But very like to hold itself dispensed
From such a grace.* However, let us hope!
He is a noble spirit in noble form.
I wish, he less had bent that brow to smile,
As with the fancy how he could subject
Himself upon occasion to himself!—
From rudeness, violence, you rest secure:
But do not think your Duchy rescued yet!”

The scene betwixt Valence and Colombe at the end of the fourth act, is one of the most exquisite in any language: to be appreciated, it must be read from beginning to end, and then only in connection with the rest of the play. We will only cite besides, Berthold's speech to Colombe, when he demands her hand. She has asked whether he could wed her, if she did not yield her heart. He replies,—

“When have I made pretension to your heart?
I give none. I shall keep your honor safe.
With mine, I trust you, as the sculptor trusts
Yon marble woman with the marble rose,
Loose on her hand, she never will let fall,
In graceful, slight, silent, security.
You will be proud of my world-wide career,
And I content in you the fair and good.”

His last words, too, after Colombe has resigned the crown and plighted her faith to Valence, are very admirable; so admirable, that we must add them:—

“Lady, well rewarded!—Sir, as well deserved!—
I could not imitate—I hardly envy—
I do admire you! All is for the best.—
Too costly a flower were you, I see it now,
To pluck and set upon my barren helm
To wither;—any garish plume will do.”

We must leave “Colombe's Birthday,” though we could find in our hearts to devote many more pages to this Play. It is likely to be an especial favorite with lady-readers, though the gravest men also may find much in it to command their admiration and respect. Perhaps its effects are here and there a little forced; but nothing is perfect, and “Colombe's Birthday” as nearly approaches perfection as any modern dramatic work we are acquainted with; even as Grillparzer's master-pieces, which a little man like Carlyle has presumed to speak of as the productions of a playwright.

We have now arrived at the most pathetic, and in many respects the most beautiful, but also the most painful, perhaps, of all Mr. Browning's dramas; we allude to the domestic tragedy of “A Blot in the 'Scutcheon.” It is not free, we fear, from morbid and even evil tendencies. The hero and heroine of the piece, both supposed to be very young and noble in their characters, have “fallen, fallen, fallen, from their high estate:” the lover's desire (his name is Earl Mertoun) is to make the only reparation in his power, and wed the lady. What is most objectionable is, that there is scarcely supposed to have been any criminality, real

innocence of heart and mind being the prevailing characteristic of either and both of the offenders. It is true, that they are most grievously punished; that after suffering all the pangs of remorse, they are doomed to an early death: still the sympathy created for them may be dangerous in its effects, and the halo cast around them may mislead. Yet there is so much of moral, and even religious beauty in this drama, that we know not how to condemn it. The lovers already alluded to, Mildred and Earl Mertoun, are charmingly depicted; but Thorold, Lord Tresham, Mildred's brother, is the real hero of the play, and in him, perhaps, the interest centres. He is the noblest of English noblemen: his only fault is too great pride. Guendolen, his cousin, thus describes him: she is speaking to Mildred:—

"Thorold (a secret) is too proud by half,—
Nay, hear me out! With us he's even gentler
Than we are with our birds. Of this great
House
The least Retainer, that e'er caught his glance,
Would die for him, real dying, no mere talk;
And in the world, the court, if men would cite
The perfect spirit of honor, Thorold's name
Rises of its clear nature to their lips.
But he should take men's homage, trust in it,
And care no more about what drew it down.
He has desert, and that, acknowledgment:
Is he content?"

And this Thorold's sister is the secretly fallen Mildred, whom he thus describes to Earl Mertoun, when the latter comes openly to sue for her hand:—

"What's to say,
May be said briefly. She has never known
A mother's care: I stand for father, too.
Her beauty is not strange to you, it seems:
You cannot know the good and tender heart,
Its girl's trust, and its woman's constancy;
How pure, yet passionate; how calm, yet kind;
How grave, yet joyous; how reserved, yet free
As light, where friends are,—how imbued with
lore
The world most prizes; yet, the simplest, yet
The . . . One might know I talk'd of Mildred;—
thus
We brothers talk!"

His horror, when he learns her guilt, unconscious of its partner (as he remains till he has wounded Mertoun to the death), may be easily conceived. The scene in which this is developed, betwixt Mildred and Thorold, is one of the most pathetic we have ever read. He therein says, whilst yet

afraid to come to the point, unwilling to believe the possibility of her guilt,—

"Mildred—here's a line—
(*Don't lean on me!*—I'll English it for you)
'Love conquers all things.'—*What love conquers*
them?"

What love should you esteem—best love?

MILDRED. True love.

TRESHAM. I mean, and should have said, *whose*
love is best

Of all that love, or that profess to love?

MILDRED. The list's so long—there's father's,
mother's, husband's . . .

TRESHAM. Mildred, I do believe, a brother's love
For a sole sister must exceed them all!—

For see now, only see! there's no alloy
Of earth, that creeps into the perfect'st gold
Of other loves, no gratitude to claim.

You never gave her life, not even aught
That keeps life; never tended her, instructed,
Enriched her! so your love can claim no right
O'er hers, save pure love's claim: that's what I
call

Freedom from earthliness.—You'll never hope
To be such friends, for instance, she and you,
As when you hunted cowslips in the woods,
Or play'd together in the meadow hay?

Oh, yes: with age respect comes, and your
worth

Is felt; there's growing sympathy of tastes,
There's ripen'd friendship, there's confirm'd es-
teem—

—Much head these make against the New-comer!

The startling apparition, the strange youth,—

Whom one half-hour's conversing with,—or, say,
Mere gazing at,—shall change (beyond all change
This Ovid ever sang about), your soul:

. . . Her soul, that is,—the sister's soul!—
With her

'Twas winter yesterday: now all is warmth,
The green leaf's springing, and the turtle's voice,
'Arise and come away!'—Come *whither?*—Far
Enough from the esteem, respect, and all
The brother's somewhat insignificant
Array of rights!—*All which he knows before,*
Has calculated on so long ago.

I think, such love, (apart from yours and mine,)
Contented with its little term of life,
Intending to retire betimes, aware
How soon the background must be place for it,—
I think, am sure, a brother's love exceeds
All the world's loves in its unworldliness."

We shall tell no more of this sad tale, and
cite no more passages from it, referring our
readers to the original drama, where they
may discover "through the troubled surface,"
as Tresham subsequently says,

"A depth of purity immovable."

Guendolen is very gracefully depicted.

The next Tragedy, "The Return of the
Druses," is not one of our special favorites.

Mr. Browning's main defects, a want of clearness, and a tendency to sacrifice truth to effect, are very conspicuous in it. The hero Djabal, as we have already said, wishes to gain a noble end by base means, for which he is rightly punished. Our only sympathy throughout (with the exception of a slight regard for Khalil, Anael's, the heroine's, brother) is with Loys de Dreux, a Knight-Novice of the Hospitallers, duped by Djabal, and bent on saving the Druses, without the slightest suspicion of their intended conspiracy against his order. Nothing can be finer and more effective in its way than the scene in which he finally learns the truth from the traitor Djabal's lips, and thus acts thereon:

Loys. (*springing at the khandjar [or dagger]*
Djabal had thrown down, seizes him by the throat.)

“Thus by his side am I!
Thus I resume my knighthood and its warfare,
Thus end thee, miscreant, in thy pride of place!—
Thus art thou caught! *Without*, thy dupes may
cluster,
Friends aid thee, foes avoid thee,—‘thou art
Hakeem,
How say they?—‘*God art thou!*’ But also *here*
Is the least, meanest, youngest, the Church calls
Her servant; and his single arm avails
To aid her as she lists: I rise, and thou
Art crush’d! Hordes of thy Druses flock without:
Here thou hast me, who represent the Cross,
Honor, and Faith ‘gainst Hell, Mahmoud, and
thee!
Die!”

This is undoubtedly sufficiently spirited. We would not be misunderstood: there is much that is extremely beautiful in this Tragedy also, and it is only by comparison with Mr. Browning's other creations that we are induced or enabled to disparage it. The stirring interest maintained throughout, the concentration of the action within a few hours, the various individualities so forcibly and dramatically sustained, are worthy of all praise. There is some beautiful poetry placed in the lips of Khalil and Anael. The characters of the Order's Prefect and the Nuncio, both specimens of thorough villany, are admirably conceived and embodied. On the other hand, the motives in various instances are not as clear as might be desired. Djabal is decidedly ambiguous: he does not seem to know himself whether he loves or not; and though this may be said to be a part of his character, it is certainly not *comfortable*. Anael's motives, too, are throughout only indicated, and not sufficiently or clearly indi-

cated; her intention of slaying the Prefect would never be guessed by the vast majority of readers. We do not like alterations in published works; but *this* play might certainly be rendered far superior to what it is.

We now come to a very great work, one of Mr. Browning's greatest, indeed, the “Tragedy,” or rather the dramatic Poem, of “Luria.” In this, Genius is shown in conflict with obstinate mediocrity which will not believe in it, which will persist in attributing all manner of unnatural motives to its every action, and which finally accomplishes its ruin. Another view of this piece would present to us the contrast betwixt Luria, the impulsive half-savage Moor, and the comparatively Northern Machiavelian prudent Florentines, betwixt impulse in fact and worldly wisdom. Regard it as we will, “Luria” is a great work, and deserving of far other notice than we can bestow upon it here. There are some strained effects in it, some striking improbabilities, and there is a final suicide (of which the poetic effect is great), which we cannot admire from a moral or religious point of view. We can only hope that “Luria” was not a Christian; for then the deed of ignorance might be forgiven. It is certain that this excuse would not have availed poor Thorold. To resume: One unnatural circumstance we may not pass without direct censure. Luria, it must be observed, is the General of the Florentine army against the Pisans; Braccio, his great common-sense worldly adversary, is the Commissary of the Republic in the camp. Now a certain Florentine lady, called Domizia, is also there: we are not at all informed for what *expressed* purpose. We learn, indeed, that Braccio has had her placed there to entrap Luria; and that her secret wish is to lead Luria to rebellion against Florence, which she hopes to destroy through him; but all this does not bring us a step nearer any avowed motive for her presence, which is indeed wholly wanting. This deficiency greatly injures the effect of the part she takes in the play, and tends to give an unreality to the whole. Here, too, an *argument* seems needful. At all events, no one, we should say, would clearly understand the work, on his first perusal of it. But we must not pause for further comments. Our readers will thank us more for a few extracts. Luria's character is admirably conveyed in a speech which he makes to Braccio and Domizia in the first act:—

“I wonder, do you guess, why I delay,

Involuntarily, the final blow,
 As long as possible?—Peace follows it!—
 Florence at peace; and the calm studious heads
 Come out again, *the penetrating eyes*:
 As if a spell broke, all's resumed; each art,
 You boast, more vivid that it slept awhile!
'Gainst the glad heaven, o'er the white palace-front,
The interrupted scaffold climbs anew;
 The walls are peopled by the painter's brush;
 The statue to its niche ascends to dwell:
The Present's noise and trouble have retired,
And left the eternal Past to rule once more.—
 You speak its speech and read its records plain;
 Greece lives with you, each Roman breathes your
 friend;—
 —But Luria,—where will then be Luria's place?"

The unaffected humility and candor of
 genius breathe from every line of this, and a
 similar spirit is sustained throughout. Braccio,
 however, chooses to believe this "childish-
 ness," as he calls it, affected; he cannot
 conceive that such a leader should be so
 wanting in worldly wisdom; he suspects him
 of a secret design to turn Florence's arms
 against her; and so, while he is winning her
 battles, Braccio sends such reports to the
 Senators as induce them to pass a secret
 sentence of death upon him. *This* Luria
 learns from Tiburzio, the Pisan General, who
 is ushered to his presence by Husain, a Moor,
 and Luria's friend. We must not pass
 Husain without *his* meed of praise. In him
 is personified the true African instinct,
 whether of rage or love; he all but adores
 Luria as a God, and hates all the Florentines,
 against whom he warns him. He says:

"There stands a wall
'Twixt our expansive and explosive race
And these absorbing, concentrating men."

But we must not keep Tiburzio waiting.
 We may return later to Husain. The Pisan
 General comes. He remains alone with
 Luria, he proffers him the proof of Florentine
 treachery, and conjures him to open the in-
 tercepted missive, and act thereon, as he may
 feel inclined. Luria replies at last:

"And act on what I read? *What act were fit?*—
 If the firm-fix'd foundation of my faith
 In Florence, which to me stands for mankind,
 If *that* breaks up, and, disemprisoning
 From the abyss. . . . Ah, friend, it cannot be!
You may be very sage yet—all the world
Having to fail, or your sagacity,
You do not wish to find yourself alone.
 What would the world be worth? Whose love
 be sure?
 The world remains—you are deceived!"

He refuses then to open the missive.

Tiburzio expresses his admiration and goes.
 The following soliloquy of Luria's is so grand,
 and so characteristic of our author, that we
 cannot find in our heart to omit or even to
 shorten it:

"My heart will have it, he speaks true! My
 blood
 Beats close to this Tiburzio as a friend.
 If he had stept into my watch-tent, night
 And the wild desert full of foes around,
 I should have broke the bread and given the salt
 Secure, and, when my hour of watch was done,
 Taken my turn to sleep between his knees,
Safe in the untroubled brow and honest cheek.—
 Oh, world, where all things pass, and naught
 abides!
Oh, life, the long mutation! Is it so?
 Is it with life, as with the body's change?
 Where, e'en tho' better follow, good must pass;
 Nor manhood's strength can mate with boyhood's
 grace,
 Nor age's wisdom in its turn find strength;
 But silently the first gift dies away,
 And though the new stays, never both at once!
Life's time of savage instinct's o'er with me:
 It fades and dies away, past trusting more;
 As if to punish the ingratitude
 With which I turn'd to grow in *these new lights,*
 And learn'd to look with European eyes.—
 Yet it is better, this cold certain way;
 Where Braccio's brow tells nothing, Puzzio's
 mouth,
 Domizia's eyes reject the searcher;—yes:
 For on their calm sagacity I lean,
 Their sense of right, deliberate choice of good;
 Sure, as they know my deeds, they deal with me.
 Yes, that is better,—that is best of all!
 Such faith stays when mere wild belief would go.
Yes,—when the desert creature's heart, at fault
Amid the scattering tempest's pillar'd sands,
Betrays its steps into the pathless drift,—
The calm instructed eye of man holds fast
By the sole bearing of the visible star,
Sure, that when slow the whirling wreck subsides,
The boundaries, lost now, shall be found again,
The palm-trees and the pyramid over all.—
 Yes; I trust Florence,—Pisa is deceived!"

Alas, poor Luria, *he* is deceived. But we
 cannot directly pursue the narrative. He
 remains true to Florence; he fights and wins
 for her; then learns his intended doom. The
 adoring army is at his beck and call, and the
 faithful Husain urges him to vengeance. He
 says:—

"There lie beneath thee thine own multitudes—
 Sawest thou?
 LURIA. I saw.
 HUSAIN. Then, hold thy course, my
 king!—
 The years return.—Let thy heart have its way!"

And, again, further on:—

"Oh, friend, oh, lord,—for me,
What *am* I?—I was silent at thy side,
That am a part of thee—It is thy hand,
Thy foot, that glows, when in the heart fresh blood
Boils up, thou heart of me!"

And, finally,

"Both armies against Florence! Take revenge!
Wide, deep,—to live upon in feeling now,
And after, in remembrance, year by year,
And, with the dear conviction, die at last!—
She lies now at thy pleasure :—*pleasure have!*"

Luria, however, resists this and all other temptations. His only vengeance on Florence is to destroy himself by poison, from love for her, lest she should incur the disgrace of his punishment :—before his death, his true greatness is acknowledged by one after the other of those Florentines who have been leagued against him : finally, even the worldly-wise Braccio bows down before the purity of Genius. But it is all too late—he dies! One more passage we must cite from one of Luria's later speeches :—

"My own East!
How nearer God we were! He glows above
With scarce an intervention, presses close
And palpitatingly, His soul o'er ours!
We feel him, nor by painful reason know!
The everlasting minute of creation
Is felt there; *now* it is, as it was then :—
All changes, at His instantaneous will;
Not by the operation of a law,
Whose maker is elsewhere at other work!
His soul is still engaged upon his world,
Man's praise can forward it, man's prayer suspend:
For is not God Almighty?"

And now we pass on to the last of Mr. Browning's longer works, socially and politically, perhaps, the most important of them all, entitled "The Soul's Tragedy," a wild species of Drama, the design and execution of which are thoroughly after our own heart. It is written for the purpose of flaying alive (if we may so express ourselves) certain morbid restless "byronizers" and troublesome democrats to be found in all countries in this our age. The hero, the representative of this class, called Chiappino, is a citizen of the Italian town Faenza, which is under papal domination. No matter, however, what the government may be, Chiappino is one of those who will always be found on the side of opposition (unless, indeed, they have secured the loaves and fishes for themselves); loud, noisy, turbulent, a mischief-maker by profession. Nevertheless, some good men are taken in by his high-sounding liberalism, and our Chiappino has a friend called Luitol-

fo, who is one of these. The Provost, who governs Faenza under the Pope, has not improperly banished this very odious fellow: he is in Luitolfo's house, with Eulalia, the latter's betrothed, whilst the honest, comparatively conservative friend, has gone to intercede for him with the Provost. He amuses himself in the mean time with abusing Luitolfo, whom he hates on account of his happy, genial nature, which contrasts with his own currish temperament. He derides what he calls his friend's "wise passiveness," and says most characteristically of himself :—

"True, I thank God, I ever said 'you sin,'
When a man *did* sin: if I could not say it,
I glared it at him; if I could not glare it,
I pray'd against him. *Then, my part seem'd over.*
God's may begin yet: so it will, I trust."

Not contented with this, Chiappino gets up a little additional misery on the score of his being madly in love with Eulalia, though he has never mentioned it: oh, no! he loved too deeply for that. Talking was all very well for Luitolfo, with his "slight, free, loose, and incapacious soul." The fellow proceeds a long time in this strain. He is interrupted by Luitolfo's arrival, who, maddened by the Provost's refusal to spare his worthless friend, had actually come to blows with him, and left him for dead: of course he is very remorseful for this deed. Chiappino brightens up and resolves to act the martyr. Luitolfo shall fly in his stead. He will remain, and accept the penalty of this heroic deed. Luitolfo, half deadened by horror, goes. The mob are heard approaching. Chiappino's vain-glorious heroism, which must be prating, is admirably conveyed :—

"How the people tarry!
I can't be silent . . . I must speak . . . or sing—
How natural to sing now!"

To this twaddle Eulalia very finely responds :—

"Hush, and pray!
We are to die; but even *I* perceive,
'Tis not a very hard thing, *so* to die."

We cannot quote all her speech. Chiappino flashes forth again :—

"If they would drag one to the market-place,
One might speak there!"

"Ay, Lady Beatrice, you must still be talking." Well, the mob arrives. Chiappino shouts instantly, "I killed the Provost." The mob, instead of being furious, are in

transports of delight: they hail with rapture the doer of this mighty deed; and we may be well assured Chiappino is not the man to disclaim their gratitude. Eulalia turns an inquiring glance upon him. He responds to her thought, and talks vaguely of confession on the morrow. That morrow never comes. We cannot pursue the narrative to its close. The diplomatic skill and deep craft of the Pope's Legate, Ogniben, is admirably contrasted with Chiappino's shallow selfishness. The Legate stays the revolution by offering to make Chiappino the new Provost, after a certain interval: all the while, his intention is to turn upon him when he has got him into his power. But your liberal bites at the bait. How the catastrophe is brought about, how Luitolfo is pardoned for his manliness in finally coming forward and owning his crime, and Chiappino is dismissed with quiet contempt, utterly crest-fallen, we cannot pause to explain. This heading is put above the work by its author, with quiet but exquisite irony: "A Soul's Tragedy. Part first, being what was called the *Poetry* of Chiappino's Life; and Part second, its *Prose*." Further extracts from this work would be of little benefit, unless we discussed and exhibited its high merits at due length, and for this we have no space. We must therefore go forward, remarking only that the prose of the second part breathes some of the most bitter, but also the most salutary satire, with which we are at all acquainted.

We have now arrived at the last division of Mr. Browning's literary labors,—labors, no doubt, of love,—his "Dramatic Lyrics and Romances." As has been already observed, they are so many monodramas, that is, directly dramatic utterances under special circumstances of so many imaginary speakers, in lyric forms; but there are a few exceptions to this rule. Thus the "Cavalier Tunes," which head the series, are not strictly individual; though perhaps this may not be said with truth of the first of them, with its stirring refrain, (Kentish loyalists are singing):—

"Marching along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song."

Of course, these lyrics, or monodramas, or whatever we may call them, are replete with Mr. Browning's usual earnestness and fiery vitality. They are extremely abrupt, and consequently, (speaking generally,) by no means easy to understand. The very first poem following the "Cavalier Tunes," strangely enough entitled, "My Last Duch-

ess: Ferrara," and embodying Italian morbid jealousy, would no doubt be a perfect puzzle to most readers, without some clue to its meaning. The speaker is an Italian Duke, who is receiving the envoy of a neighboring potentate, sent to offer him the hand of that potentate's daughter in marriage. The Duke is supposed to lead the envoy through his picture gallery, to pause suddenly before the portrait of his late Duchess, slain by his jealousy, and, drawing back the veil from it, to break out thus, in a tone of assumed indifference:—

"That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now."

Such is the colloquial style of the majority of Mr. Browning's lyrics. The Italian's jealousy is thus finely indicated:—

"She had
A heart . . . how shall I say? . . . too soon made
glad,
Too easily impress'd:—she liked whate'er
She look'd on, and her looks went everywhere.—
Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the west,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her,—the white mule
She rode with round the terrace,—all and each
Would draw from her, alike, the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thank'd men,—good;
but thank'd
Somehow, . . . I know not how, . . . as if she rank'd
My gift of a nine hundred years' old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling?"

"Oh, Sir, she smiled no doubt,
Whene'er I pass'd her: but who pass'd without
Much the same smile? This grew!—I gave com-
mands:—
Then all smiles stopp'd together!"

There is a quiet and deadly earnestness in this, which cannot fail to strike those who duly apprehend it. But the theme is not a pleasant one. The next, with another odd heading enough, (it requires an argument prefixed,) is sweet and touching, though also too abrupt as it stands. We cannot notice each of these romances in particular. The "Madhouse Cells" are remarkably powerful: the first embodies the musings of a mad predestinarian, and is very terrible; the second is truthful, passionate, and beautiful. All the world will be delighted with "the Pied Piper of Hamelin," written for a child, and, for Browning, marvelously easy of comprehension. It is charming throughout; but extracts would convey no fitting idea of it,

and therefore we give none. "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," an adventure told by a horseman, is wonderfully spirited and graphic. Mr. Browning does not write about "the ride," as another man would do; he does not even describe it, he gives us the very thing itself. We have the reality, not its image or its shadow. "Pictor Ignotus" is finely conceived and executed. The idea is that of an Italian painter of the 16th century, who might have been great as Raphael in the world's esteem, if he had not shrunk alike from vulgar praise and censure, and preferred to remain unknown.

"Wherefore I chose my portion.—If, at whiles,
My heart sinks, as monotonous I paint
These endless cloisters and eternal aisles
With the same series, Virgin, Babe, and Saint,
With the same cold, calm, beautiful regard,—
At least, no merchant traffics in my heart;
The sanctuary's gloom, at least, shall ward
Vain tongues from where my pictures stand apart."

There is more, finer even than this, but from such perfect "wholes" it is most difficult to extract. The segment of a circle gives but an imperfect notion of completeness. Next comes an extremely truthful soliloquy spoken by an Italian exile in England, which contains very great beauties, but is withal so simple, so natural, so intensely real, that to vulgar observation it might at first sight seem common place. "The Englishman in Italy," we like less; but this, too, has its merits, especially the description of the Festival:

"To-morrow's the Feast
Of the Rosary's Virgin, by no means
Of Virgins the least—
As you'll hear in the off-hand discourse,
Which (all nature, no art,)
The Dominican brother, these three weeks,
Was getting by heart."

Very spirited is the next song, "The Lost Leader," commencing,

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat:—"

And containing these fine lines, (despite their falsity, for if there ever was a literary aristocrat, Shakspeare was one):

"We that had loved him so, followed him, hon-
or'd him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye;
Learn'd his great language, caught his clear ac-
cents;
Made him our pattern to live and to die!

Shakspeare was of us, Milton was for us;
Burns, Shelley, were with us—they fight from
their graves!

*He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves."*

"The Flower's Name" is a soft fanciful soliloquy, in lyric form, spoken by a lover, who recounts how his mistress visited his garden.

"This flower she stopp'd at, finger on lip,
Stoop'd over, in doubt, as settling its claim,
Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,
Its soft meandering Spanish name.
What a name! Was it love, or praise?
Speech half-asleep, or song half-awake?
I must learn Spanish one of these days,
Only for that slow sweet name's sake."

Another admirable composition is "The Flight of the Duchess," a tale, dramatically told by an old forester. Perhaps it is rather too lengthy in parts; at least, there is one unnecessary episode (very clever in itself) respecting gipsy trades. We cannot speak as favorably of the moral of this composition, for we do not like a wife's being spirited away from her husband, however unworthy of her, even by her own gipsy race. Marriage is, in our eyes, an indissoluble tie. But Mr. Browning does not speak in his own person, and has seriously disclaimed, in a certain note, the opinions expressed by his lyric "dramatis personæ." A strange wild legend, replete with mystic beauty, is "The Boy and the Angel." We have no space to quote it. "Saul," which is a long soliloquy spoken by the youthful David, has rare excellencies, but is not yet completed, a Second Part having to follow. The strange fragment called "Time's Revenges" is extremely powerful in its way. "The Glove," the last in the collection, is a tale told by the French Poet, "Peter Ronsard," or rather a new version of the old story—how a lady, to prove her own power and her lover's faith, threw her glove among wild beasts and bade the lover fetch it. Our readers may remember how Schiller and Leigh Hunt have treated this theme. Mr. Browning has "reversed the medal," and takes the lady's part with great tact and cleverness. In truth, this poem is marked by a wonderful command of language, and an overflow of biting humor. On the whole, these Lyrics and Romances are well worthy of their author; and that is saying much. They are unlike anything else we are acquainted with; for Southey's monodramas, very fine in their way, have another cast; and Tennyson's dramatic lyrics, such

as "Ulysses," are more reflective and contemplative, though very noble also. That passion, that intensity, that power, which is the marked characteristic of Mr. Browning, is conspicuous throughout them. They are not altogether free from morbid tendencies and exaggerations—witness "The Confessional," and "The Tomb at St. Praxed's," though both of these have merit: they are sometimes painful; but they are always forcible, and in some instances graceful and pleasant also. We have noticed the series very cursorily, and Mr. Browning is not a poet who can be done justice to in a few words. He must be illustrated and elucidated with care. No author more requires interpreters to stand betwixt him and the public: and where, in the present dearth of taste or common sense in the critical world, when the English of a Carlyle is thought sublime, and the artificial and conventional are in almost all cases preferred to the truthful, are we to look for such interpreters? Mr. Browning must bide his time, secure of his own greatness, and of the world's awaking sooner or later to a just appreciation of it. Even now a change is manifest; a new and complete edition of his works is called for, and proof is thereby afforded that the public is beginning to open its eyes.

We have said, on a former occasion, that Browning is most properly classed with Tennyson, and with Miss Barrett, now Mrs. Robert Browning, and our poet's wife. The first has less intensity, but perhaps more grace and finish; at all events, his talent is mainly and primarily lyric, while Mr. Browning's is almost exclusively dramatic. Mrs. Robert Browning possesses, perhaps, closer poetical affinities with her husband than with Tennyson, having displayed much of the same dramatic intensity. She is a very great poetess, probably the greatest this country has possessed, and may yet achieve even nobler things than she has presented to us. These three, however, Tennyson and the Brownings, (as we may now call them), possess in common a peculiar aristocratic grace and refinement, never perhaps exhibited in such an eminent degree, save by the ever-matchless Shakspeare; and a certain deep pathos is also common to them, together with a general *reality*, of a kind which is almost new to poetry. They are not devoid of faults; and are addicted in some degree to the use of a marked phraseology of their own, which may be thought conventional. But, after all, we scarcely know how to blame this, since we believe it is natural to them.

THE TRUE HERO.

"Help must come from the bosom alone."—EMERSON.

DESPAIRING we cry,
"How long, Lord, how long?"
And forget that the sorrow
Gives birth to the song.
We covet the wisdom,
But shrink from the toil—
Without fighting the battle,
Would share in the spoil.

He who protracts the hour
Knoweth each latent power—
Knoweth that suff'ring will strengthen and save.
Heroes alone may sing
Requiem for the hero-king;
Only the brave sing the dirge of the brave.

The soil must be broken
Ere fit for the seed:
That the soul be enfranchised,
The body must bleed;—
The prize of the worker
Is not the success—
What he learns by the labor,
Therein lies the bliss.

He who protracts the hour
Knoweth the Spirit's power—
Knoweth that suff'ring will strengthen and save.
Heroes alone may sing
Requiem for the hero-king;
Only the brave sing the dirge of the brave.

How great is *his* soul
Who, friendless, alone,
Recketh not of the merit,
But worketh still on!
Looking not to the future
For glory or gain,
His present is heaven,
His past without pain.

He alone bides his hour,
Trusteth the Spirit's power,
Knoweth that suff'ring will strengthen and save.
Heroes alone may sing
Requiem for the hero-king;
Only the brave sing a dirge for the brave.

From the North British Review.

THE RAILWAY SYSTEM OF GREAT BRITAIN.

1. *The Railways of the United Kingdom Statistically considered, in relation to their Extent, Capital, Amalgamation, Debentures, Financial Position, Acts of Parliament by which Regulated, Creation and Appropriation of Shares, Calls, Dividends, &c., concisely arranged, from Authentic Documents.* By HARRY SCRIVENOR, Secretary to the Liverpool Stock Exchange. London, 1849. 8vo. Pp. 840.
2. *The Railways of Great Britain and Ireland Practically Described and Illustrated.* By FRANCIS WHISHAW, Civil Engineer, Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers. London, 1840. 4to. Pp. 574. With Seventeen Plates.
3. *An Historical and Practical Treatise upon Elemental Locomotion by means of Steam Carriages on Common Roads.* By ALEXANDER GORDON, Civil Engineer. London, 1833. 8vo. Pp. 192.
4. *Past and Present Views of Railways.* By ALEXANDER GORDON, Esq., Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers. London, 1849. Pp. 20.
5. *Stokers and Pokers, or the London and North-Western Railway, the Electric Telegraph, and the Railway Clearing House.* By the Author of Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau. Published in Murray's Colonial Library, No. 66. Pp. 208.
6. *Report of the Commissioners of Railways, 1848.* Part I. London, 1848. Pp. 224.
7. *Report of the Commissioners of Railways, 1848.* Part II. London, 1849. Pp. 220.

It has been lately shown that there is poetry in science, and more recently it has been asserted that there is poetry even in railways. We cheerfully adopt both these propositions in all their truth and beauty, and are surprised only at the limitation with which the sentiment has been surrounded. Poetry acknowledges no boundary to its domains. Its strains are breathed throughout the physical as well as the moral world—its music is heard among the spheres—it chaunts its lays over the loves of the plants, and its sympathies are entwined even round the sufferings and enjoyments of irrational existence. What a noble epic is the universe itself! delineated in radiant hieroglyphics on the azure canvas of the firmament, as explored by the space-penetrating tube of the astronomer, and deciphered by the analysis of the mathematical sage. What a melodrama is exhibited on our own globe, while it speeds in ether its annual and its daily round;—on our earth-home—the stage upon which man has so long strutted his brief hour, emblazoning his vices and his crimes, and rioting in giddy frivolity above burning caverns

and primeval tombs, and among the contemporary dead, over whom he has himself sighed and wept.

Beneath the lava crust on which he daily treads and slumbers, he witnesses the tragedy of the pre-Adamite age, in which all the characters have perished, without leaving a seed behind;—while on its surface is played the comedy of modern life, in which intellectual and immortal man eats, and drinks, and dies; and exhibited the farce, in which kings and conquerors are reproduced in clay, or embalmed by the apothecary, or thrust under ground by the sexton. Nor is the poetry of life thus limited to humanity with its conflicting interests and passions. It claims a right of song over the speechless denizens of the forest and the heath, of the ocean and the air. The Pierian spring has tributaries even in the haunts of ferocious natures; and with the blood-stained hearth of the tiger, and the roofless home which the jungle or the rock affords to the carnivorous pilgrim, there are associations of tenderness and love, of suffering and enjoyment, more noble and affecting than those which are

linked with the lower and more savage grades of humanity. When animal and intellectual life are sheltered under the same roof, and when instinct and reason are auxiliaries in the house or on the heath, we learn to appreciate the virtues and the affections, if not the knowledge and the wisdom, of the brutes that perish.

The poetry of mechanism is one of the most interesting departments of the poetry of science, and that of railways cannot fail to be regarded as the Iliad of its productions—embracing the account of works the most expensive and gigantic—the description of engines the most ingenious and complex, and the history of social ameliorations which are now altering the very condition of man—virtually extending the very term of his existence, and opening new and extensive fields for the exercise of his holiest and noblest affection.

It is not our design in the following article to amuse the reader with any account of those singularly curious and interesting arrangements* which have been rendered necessary by the great and rapid extension of the railway system, for the comfort and security of the millions whom it accommodates. Our object is to give the general reader some idea of the origin, progress, and extent of the railway system—of the ingenious inventions and stupendous works which it has called into existence—of the social triumphs which it has achieved—of the improvements of which it is susceptible, and which are necessary for the security of life and property—of its present state and prospects as a commercial speculation, and of the necessity of protecting it as a great national institution,—by the development of the whole traffic of the empire—by the grant of public aid—by placing all the railways in the kingdom under the management of Government, and by preventing in future that enormous expenditure of railway capital which has been so unnecessarily sunk in the preliminary stages of their existence, and which has led to the ruin of many of those enterprising capitalists to whom the public are indebted for the commencement and completion of these great undertakings.

Great Britain has long been distinguished among civilized nations by the magnitude and splendor of her public works. Her harbors, docks, and breakwaters, her canals, bridges, aqueducts, and lighthouses, have ever been the boast of our country, and the

admiration of foreign lands. The Docks of Liverpool, the Breakwater at Plymouth, the Caledonian Canal, the Pontcysylte Aqueduct, the Menai Bridge, and the Eddystone and Bell-Rock Lighthouses, should be familiar to every Englishman, and should be described in the humblest of our schools. But noble and magnificent as these public works are they almost sink into insignificance when placed beside the gigantic undertakings which form a part of the Railway system of England. Science demanded from matter powers and functions which fancies the most sanguine never deemed it to possess. Reason broke down the barrier of physical impossibilities, and advanced to the breach where Imagination did not dare to follow it. The strongholds of time and space were stormed and captured; and the possessors of wealth, placing a generous confidence in human genius, offered their homage to the iron crown for which a bloodless victory had achieved the empire of space.

Like all great inventions, that of Railways was of slow growth; and so divided has been the merit of the various engineers to whom we owe it, that no individual has been bold enough to claim it for himself. The ancients had formed no conception of its nature. Poets and philosophers had not described it, even in the far distance; and if it was anticipated at all, it was by the far-seeing eye of prophetic inspiration. "Make straight in the desert," says Isaiah, "a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight and the rough places plain, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed;"*—and Daniel looks forward to the "time of the end, when many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

But whatever may have been the anticipations of science and prophecy, the true railway may be regarded as the invention of the present century. Railways were indeed constructed and used at some of the Newcastle collieries about the beginning of the seventeenth century. These early lines were constructed wholly of timber; and it was not till 1767 that an experiment was first made, the object of which was to substitute iron for wood. This experiment either seems to have failed, or to have excited no notice, for so late as 1797, Mr. Carr put forward a claim

* This has been already beautifully done by the distinguished author of "Stokers and Pokers," a work well worthy of the reader's perusal and study.

* This passage is supposed by some commentators to refer to the great highway which Semiramis formed by cutting and filling up hollows on her march to Ecbatana.

to the invention of cast-iron rails. The lines which were constructed in the last century were merely tracks of wood, stone, or iron, along which wagons were dragged by horses, and they were confined to local establishments, but principally to collieries. The diminution of the number of horses required to perform a given portion of labor upon an iron path amply repaid the interest of capital and the expense of maintenance, and men soon saw that such lines might be advantageously constructed on a larger and more comprehensive scale. An act for the first public railway in England was obtained in 1801, and from that time to 1837 no fewer than 178 of these acts were obtained. From one or two annually they began to increase in 1825, when their number rapidly augmented, as shown in the following table:—

	Acts.		Acts.		Acts.
1824, . . .	2	1829, . . .	9	1834, . . .	14
1825, . . .	5	1830, . . .	9	1835, . . .	18
1826, . . .	6	1831, . . .	9	1836, . . .	35
1827, . . .	6	1832, . . .	8	1837, . . .	14
1828, . . .	11	1833, . . .	11		

The most important of these railways were those in the neighborhood of Newcastle, which were used for the conveyance of coals to the shipping wharfs on the Tyne and the Wear; and of these the Stockton and Darlington was the most perfect. An act was obtained for it in 1823, and it was opened on the 27th September, 1825. All kinds of locomotive power were employed upon this line—locomotive engines, horses, and fixed engines; but as it consisted only of a single line of rails, with passing places, the engineer experienced serious interruption arising from the horses or other trains of carriages traveling in opposite directions. The ascents and descents on this line were numerous, and it was impossible for any locomotive, and still less for the imperfect engines of that day, to work with any advantage on such an uneven line. These defects consequently became more apparent; and as horses were out of the question, it was on this line that the advantages and disadvantages of the two species of mechanical power—the fixed and locomotive engine—were first studied, and the problem finally solved. This was effected by the labors of the Directors and the Engineer of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, who sent a deputation of two professional engineers to inspect the working of the Stockton and Darlington line. These engineers gave in their reports on the 9th March, 1829. They reported that the advantages and disadvantages of the two systems were pretty equally balanced, but

that, upon the whole, looking especially at the expense of each, *the fixed engines were preferable*. Mr. Stephenson, the Company's engineer, was, however, of a different opinion. He considered the locomotive as the most economical, and by far the most convenient moving power. The Directors were therefore induced, and with some difficulty, to look favorably on this engine; and they wisely offered a premium of £500 for the most approved locomotive engine, to be submitted to public trial on the 6th October, 1829. Four beautiful engines accordingly appeared at Rainhill, on the Liverpool and Manchester line; the *Novelty*, by Messrs. Braithwaite and Ericsson of London; the *Rocket*, by Messrs. Robert Stephenson & Co., Newcastle, with a new boiler, the invention of Mr. H. Booth; the *Sans Pareil*, by Mr. T. Hackworth of Darlington; and the *Perseverance*, by Mr. Burstall of Leith. The extraordinary speed of the engines excited among the spectators universal surprise; but in the opinion of the distinguished engineers who were appointed judges, the *Rocket* was found entitled to the premium.

The superiority of the locomotive being thus determined, a new problem of equal importance required to be solved. During the comparative trial of the engines at Rainhill, the *Rocket* frequently ascended the Whiston inclined plane, the inclination being 1 in 96, with a carriage containing twenty or thirty passengers, at the rate of from fifteen to eighteen miles an hour. The ease and regularity with which the work was performed, led the ignorant to believe that it was as easy to travel up an inclined plane as upon a level; and engineers of talent and experience were thus induced to countenance schemes by which steam-carriages should be employed on roads with long and steep hills. In 1825, Mr. Gurney constructed a steam-carriage, which made experimental trips in the neighborhood of London, and in 1829 he constructed another, in which he traveled from London to Bath and back again. A part of the machinery was broken at the outset; but on his return he performed the last eighty-four miles, from Melksham to Cranford Bridge, in ten hours, including stoppages. Other steam-carriages, constructed by Messrs. Summers and Ogle, Mr. Hancock, and Mr. Stone,* were in daily use for

* Messrs. Summers and Ogle's steam-carriages ran on the Southampton road, often fifteen, and sometimes thirty miles an hour. In 1831, Mr. Hancock's steam-carriage carried passengers from Bow and Stratford to and from Mile-end Road. The

several months on common roads; and so prevalent had the idea become, that "the perfecting of the means of interior communication would be effected by steam-carriages to the exclusion of railways, that in the year 1831 a Committee of the House of Commons presented to Parliament a very favorable Report on the subject." The attempts which were made, in consequence of this report, to substitute steam-carriages on common roads, in place of railways, completely failed; and experience soon established the important truth, that steam traveling could only be advantageously performed on planes nearly level, and on lines nearly straight.

The first of the great lines with which England is now covered was the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, which has been justly called *The Grand British Experimental Railway*. The scheme originated in 1824, but the Company was not incorporated till 5th May, 1826, when the Act received the Royal assent. It carries on its operations under nine Acts of Parliament, and now belongs to the London and North-Western Company. It was perhaps unfortunate for railway speculation, that this Railway should have been, as Mr. Scrivenor calls it, "the first-born of the great family of railways—the pilot—the pioneer—the model, after which all others were to shape their course and fashion their appearance." No works of extreme magnitude were required in its construction. The line of its course was comparatively level, and, uniting the manufacturing metropolis of England with Liverpool—the greatest thoroughfare in the world—its success as a commercial speculation was certain; and hence it gave encouragement to other undertakings, where equal success could scarcely be anticipated, and to some where ultimate loss was unavoidable. It was, on the other hand, fortunate for the Railway system, that its first effort united two such opulent cities. The wealth and public spirit of its directors, and the great objects which they contemplated, enabled them to put down the powerful combinations of interested parties which were marshaled in order to crush the railway system in its infancy, and to solve all those problems, and

carriages of Sir W. Dance, superintended by Mr. Stone, and made by Mr. Gurney, ran between Gloucester and Cheltenham four times a day for four months, from the 21st of February to the 22nd of June, 1831, having carried nearly 3000 persons, and traveled nearly 4000 miles. The distance, which was nine miles, was traveled on an average in fifty-five minutes, but frequently in forty-five!

overcome all those difficulties, which would have perplexed a less powerful proprietary.

In 1833, Acts were obtained for the Grand Junction Railway from Warrington to Birmingham, and for the London and Birmingham Railway, so as to unite with the Metropolis the three great cities of Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham. Although these new lines presented greater difficulties of construction, or occasioned a greater outlay of capital than the parent line, yet the original shareholders realized high profits; and when the public saw that all the practical difficulties of the Railway system were overcome, and that the three first lines that were executed yielded large profits, they rushed headlong into a course of wild speculation, which was attended with the most ruinous consequences. The following account of the panic which ensued is given by Mr. Scrivenor:—

"The early struggles for existence which every new-born system has to endure in this country, have already been brought under notice. These past and overcome, then came the wild burst of popular feeling in its favor, at a season (1845) when many combined causes prevailed to induce an over-estimate of its value. The public had witnessed the success of those who were the first proprietors of shares in the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, the Grand Junction Railway, and the London and Birmingham. Dazzled by the profits that had been received from these undertakings, they eagerly grasped at original shares in new lines, deeming the same success awaited them. The results and consequences are well known. Many were ruined, because in those days, when giddy speculation of all sorts abounded, men bought shares at an advanced premium in a line not even commenced. Then succeeded a reaction most lamentable in its effect, prostrating at once those who had been blinded by the illusive prosperity of the period, and retarding the advancement of good *bona fide* projects. The public omitted in their calculations the element of *Time*; and it does not follow, that because a line, without even a rail laid upon it, or a barrowful of earth removed from its surface, was wrongly valued at a premium in 1845, yet that same line, in *due time*, will have struggled through the infancy of its construction, and will yield to its promoters a goodly dividend; *then*, but not till then, can the premium it is worth be truly computed.

"The vicissitudes of the period did not end here. The public became alarmed, and panic after panic followed in quick succession, reducing to a nominal value the better class of shares. Scarcely had these panics commenced their destructive influence in the railway world, when the mercantile world suffered calamitous reverses—so intimate are the relations of property. Commercial men, to meet their engagements, sold the

railway stock they possessed, reducing, by their sales, to a lower level this depressed property. Times did not mend; the pressure upon the money market increased, and convulsion after convulsion rent and struck the delicate fabric of commercial credit. The huge structure at last gave way, and, in its crash, seemed to involve all in one common ruin. The bitter storm blew round the world; for England's stability is the keystone in the arch of commerce, and that touched and shaken, quickly spread a baneful influence over every colonial market, and, indeed, more or less, over every market in the known world."—*Introduction*, p. 20.

When the country had begun to recover from this railway paralysis, the revolutionary movement, which began to agitate Europe in February, 1848, added to the virulence of the original disease. Trade and manufactures everywhere languished. Commerce was consequently paralyzed, and railway property almost threatened with destruction. When Governments were crushed in a day, and kings driven into exile, and ministers compelled to seek for shelter from popular fury, every interest in Europe, personal and national, mercantile and political, could not fail to suffer. When foreign railways were broken up by a lawless rabble; when the lower classes, whom the laws of God and of social life had doomed to labor, sought to divide the property which the industry of honest minds and of skillful hands had accumulated; and when these social evils threatened to extend themselves into our own happy and contented land, it was not to be wondered at that railway enterprise suffered an instantaneous collapse, and that railway property almost lost its value.

Notwithstanding these severe checks, the British capitalist never despaired. He relied on the knowledge and character of his fellow-subjects, and on the power and firmness of the Government; and the railway system steadily advanced, though with impaired means and clouded hopes. The following details from the Parliamentary Returns will exhibit the successive steps of its progress, and its condition at the commencement of the present year:—

In 1843, the number of miles of railway opened at the middle of the year were—

	Miles.	Increase. Miles.
1857 . . .	1857 . . .	
In 1844, at Jan. 1st, 1952 . . .	1952 . . .	95
1845, . . . 2148 . . .	2148 . . .	196
1846, . . . 2441 . . .	2441 . . .	293
1847, . . . 3036 . . .	3036 . . .	595
1848, . . . 3870 . . .	3870 . . .	834
1849, . . . 5007 . . .	5007 . . .	1137

The regular extension of the Railway system, as exhibited in this table, does not show the influence of the panic of 1845. This, however, will appear from the following statement:—

Previous to December 31, 1843, Parliament had authorized the opening of 2285 miles of railway, and every one of these has been executed.

In 1844, 805 miles were authorized, and of these only 21 miles remain to be executed.

These results show the healthy state of railway speculation previous to 1845, and the power of the shareholders to fulfill their obligations.

In 1845, however, no fewer than 2700 miles were authorized by Parliament; and of these, at the present moment, 1298, or nearly *one-half*, are yet unexecuted!

In 1846, the mania was at its height, and 4538 miles were sanctioned by the Legislature. Of these, 4056 miles, or nearly 8-9ths, are yet unexecuted.

In 1847, when the paroxysm of speculation had begun to subside, 1354 miles of railway were authorized by Parliament; and 1300 remain to be executed, the Companies having found the means only to complete 54 miles, or 1-25th of the whole.

In 1848, only 330 miles were authorized, and not a single mile of these has been executed.

According to these Returns we are almost entitled to infer that the railway system, as carried on in this country by private enterprise, has reached its limits,—that is, that it will not extend beyond the system of authorized lines. How far it may reach that limit the following statement of the Railway Commissioners will enable us to conjecture:

"There can, then, be little doubt that a very large proportion of the authorized railways will not be completed, although no estimate can at present be formed of the extent likely to be abandoned. The time for the completion of nearly the whole of the lines authorized in 1845 and 1846, which are not in progress, has been extended by the Commissioners by the Act above referred to, (11 Vict. cap. 3, passed in December, 1847,) as applications for such extension are under their consideration. And at present it can only be considered that about 35 miles of the lines authorized in 1845, and about 415 miles of those authorized in 1846, are abandoned; but from the financial statements published by *thirteen* of the principal Companies, it appears probable that not less than 1260 miles, in addition to the above, (1710 in all,) may be abandoned. When it is remembered by how few Companies these statements have been made, it is not perhaps too much to assume that *one-half* of the 4800 miles of authorized railways, of which

the works are not in progress, will never be completed under the existing Acts of Parliament.”—*Report of the Railway Commissioners, 1848. Part II. pp. vi. vii. Dated May 1, 1849.*

Our readers will now be anxious to know the nature and extent of the traffic possessed by these railways, and the pecuniary returns which it has yielded.

Years.	Number of Passengers.	Receipts from Passengers.
1843,	23,466,896	£3,110,257
1844,	27,763,602	3,439,294
1845,	33,791,253	3,976,341
1846,	48,796,983	4,725,216
1847,	51,352,163	5,149,002
1848,	57,965,070	5,720,382

It appears from this table, that though the number of miles of railway opened in 1848 was more than double of that opened in 1843, and though the number of passengers had increased in a still greater proportion, yet the receipts were not nearly double, being only as 57 to 31, a result which must have arisen either from the passengers having traveled a shorter distance, or from their having traveled in carriages of a lower class—results arising, doubtless, from the state of the country.

In the table of the Goods Traffic the result is widely different:

Years.	Receipts from Goods.	Total Receipts from Goods and Passengers.
1843,	£1,424,932	£4,535,189
1844,	1,635,380	5,074,674
1845,	2,233,373	6,209,714
1846,	2,846,353	7,565,569
1847,	7,362,884	8,510,886
1848,	4,213,169	9,933,551

This table is a most important one, as it proves that, while the railway lines have been little more than doubled, or have been increased in the ratio of 18·6 to 38·7, the receipts from goods have been increased *three times*, in the ratio of 14 to 42; so that the total receipts have increased at a greater ratio than the number of miles, namely, as 45 to 99.

In order to learn what classes of society contribute to the support of the railway system, and in what proportion, we shall take the year from 30th June, 1847, to 30th June, 1848, the number of miles that were open at the beginning of this period being 3507, and the number open at the end of it, 4357:

	Passengers.	Receipts.
First Class, . . .	7,190,779	£1,792,533
Second Class, . . .	21,690,509	2,353,153
Third Class, . . .	15,241,529	661,038
Parliamentary Class, . . .	13,092,489	902,851
Mixed, . . .	749,763	11,807
Total, . . .	57,965,069	£5,721,382
Receipts from goods, cattle, parcels, &c.		4,213,179

Total receipts for the year 1847–48, £9,934,561

It appears from this table that the middle classes of society are the best contributors to railways. The number of that class who travel in second class carriages being *three* times greater than those who travel in first class carriages, and the receipts from that class being greater in the ratio of 18 to 24.

The same returns for the half-year ending December 31st, 1848, give a very favorable view of the progress of the system. The number of miles open at the beginning of that half-year was 4443, and the number open at the end of it, 5079. These 5079 are distributed as follows:—

Railways in England, . . .	3918
“ in Scotland, . . .	728
“ in Ireland, . . .	261

	Passengers.	Receipts.
First Class, . . .	3,743,602	£1,003,516
Second Class, . . .	12,191,549	1,360,468
Third Class, . . .	7,184,032	320,862
Parliamentary Class, . . .	8,450,623	597,071
Mixed, . . .	60,485	1,382
Total, . . .	31,630,291	£3,283,299
Receipts from goods, cattle, parcels, &c.,		2,461,662

Total Receipts for half-year ending Dec. 31st, 1848, £5,744,961

It is obvious from this table, compared with the preceding, that the second class passengers have increased in a greater ratio than the others.

Taking the average number of miles open during the half-year at 4756, the receipts for each mile would average £1208. On the following principal lines this average differs greatly:—

On the London and North-Western, it is	£2625
“ Edinburgh and Glasgow, “	1853
“ Great Western, . . . “	1795
“ Lancashire and Yorkshire, “	1681
“ South-Eastern, . . . “	1675
“ London, Brighton, and South Coast, “	1657
“ Midland,	1385
“ South-Western,	1341
“ Eastern Counties,	1298

On the York, Newcastle, and Berwick,	£1170
“ Caledonian,	837
“ York and North Midland,	723
“ Eastern Union,	700
“ Great Southern and Western of Ireland,	592

In their latest Report the Railway Commissioners have endeavored to estimate the amount of money expended on the construction of railways:—

“The returns which will enable them to do this accurately are being received by them, and will, on their completion, be laid before Parliament. They believe, however, that the expenditure in 1848 was less than that in 1847, but nearly as large as the expenditure in 1846; that at the end of 1848, rather more than £200,000,000 (*two hundred millions*) had been expended on Railways; that the Companies retained power to expend upon authorized Railways £140,000,000, (one hundred and forty millions), and that the extension of time which has been granted to so many Companies, will allow this expenditure to be distributed over five or six years. But it has already been stated, that it appears probable that a large proportion of the lines not now in progress, will never be completed; and if it be assumed that at least one half of the lines which are not in progress will be entirely abandoned, it may also be assumed that £50,000,000 (fifty millions) of authorized capital will not be required.”—Report for 1848, Part ii. p. 7.

Hence it follows, that in four or five years the sum expended on railways will amount to nearly £300,000,000, or three hundred millions of money. This enormous outlay exhibits in a striking view the disposition of capitalists to invest their money in railways; and the Railway Commissioners justly observe, that a number of these capitalists entered into the speculation not for permanent investment, but to increase their capital by an exercise of their judgment;—that it is to their “enterprising spirit that the rapid spread of railways over the country, in spite of the difficulties offered by local oppositions and parliamentary forms, is to be attributed;”—and that it is “to the energy, commercial knowledge, and habits of business of these men that the public are indebted for the prompt development of a system of railway management adapted to the wants of the community.”

The conflicting interests of different classes of shareholders, namely, of those who invest their money temporarily and permanently, and also of those who hold privileged descriptions of stock, and those who do not, have for a long time rendered it advisable

that the financial supervision of Railway Companies should be entrusted to some department of the Government, such as the *Railway Board*. Mr. Edward Strutt, when at the head of that Board, introduced into his Bill of 1847 a provision that Railway Companies should, when called upon, make returns to the Commissioners of their receipts, expenditure, and accounts, in such a form as should be directed, for the purpose of ascertaining their accuracy. The absolute necessity of establishing some effectual mode of directing the financial accounts of Companies by an independent authority, which should command the confidence of shareholders and the public, has been exhibited in the recent exposure of the disgraceful transactions which have been detected in the management of the affairs of the York and North Midland, of the York, Newcastle, and Berwick, and of the Eastern Counties' Railways; and a select Committee of the House of Lords was appointed to consider and report upon this subject. In order to carry into effect the valuable suggestions of this Committee, a Bill has been introduced into Parliament by Lord Monteagle, under the name of *The Audit of Railway Accounts' Bill*, which, we trust, will soon pass into a law. The shareholders of Railway Stock, and the public who may desire to invest their gains in it, have a deep interest in the passing of this Bill, and ought to take the usual steps for securing so great a boon; but it is very probable that the Directors of Railway Companies will not, without a struggle, surrender their power into the hands of Government. A meeting, indeed, was held a few days ago, on the 9th July, for the purpose of organizing an opposition to the Audit Bill; and the Chairmen of several of the principal English Companies, with Lord Lonsdale at their head, passed resolutions condemnatory of the Bill.* Not only was it represented as inquisitorial, vexatious, and oppressive, but it was argued by Lord Lonsdale, that it would be used as an instrument by Government for purchasing Railway property on the most advantageous terms. By the Act of 7th and 8th Victoria, Government have the power of purchasing any Railway, under certain conditions; and Lord Lonsdale conjectures that the power of appointing their own accountants under the Bill, will allow Government to make out the accounts according to their own wishes, so as to enable them to buy up Railway prop-

* A meeting of the London and North-Western, on the 17th, came to a similar resolution.

erty on terms the most advantageous to themselves! Had such a sentiment emanated from a chartist or a radical shareholder, we could have found an apology for it in ignorance and political malignity; but it does surprise us that a Conservative Peer should suppose it possible that a board of English gentlemen should, either with or without any motive of self-interest, be considered capable of such misconduct. We trust that the Government will avail themselves of the power of purchasing so wisely given them by the Legislature; and we trust we shall live to see the day when the whole railways in the kingdom will be under their disinterested supervision and able management.*

An interesting feature in the Railway system of Britain is the union of a number of Railways by amalgamation, purchase, or lease. Parliament has wisely provided that no powers of purchase, sale, lease, or amalgamation shall be given to any Railway Company, unless, previous to their application to Parliament, they shall have respectively paid up one-half of the capital authorized to be raised by any previous Acts, by means of shares, and shall have applied it to the purposes of their undertaking. A return of such amalgamations was printed by order of the House of Commons in July, 1848. It exhibits in different columns the length of each individual line, the Company to which it originally belonged, the nature of the transfer to which it has been subject, whether by amalgamation, purchase, or lease, the names of the Companies amalgamated, the date of amalgamation, the name of the Company purchasing, and the date of the purchase, and the name of the Company taking the lease, with the date of its commencement and expiration. This return is illustrated by two beautiful maps, one of Great Britain, and one of Ireland, showing to the eye the amalgamation of railways—the existing lines—and those in progress. The map of Great Britain is more than three feet long and two broad, and displays in a very interesting manner the great ganglions, or condensed groups of Railways which cluster round the foci of manufactures and commerce, stretching from York to Liverpool, and surrounding Leeds, Halifax, Huddersfield, and Manchester—thickening again between Sheffield and Lincoln, and within

the wide space inclosing Mansfield, Derby, Nottingham, Stafford, Birmingham, Rugby, and Leicester. Another ganglion appears to the south and east of Newcastle and Durham, and one still larger to the south, south-east, and south-west of Glasgow. We regret to see the lines so widely separated, even in some parts of England, and such large blank spaces in Scotland and Ireland; but we are sanguine enough to believe that a long time will not elapse till the traffic of these important regions is developed in England by new railways; in Scotland by a great trunk line from Perth to Inverness and Thurso, and by tributary branches and single lines to the north and west,*—and in Ireland by similar constructions.†

Before concluding our general notice of the physical and commercial character of our Railway system, we must notice the comparative expenses which have been incurred in England and in foreign countries. In favorable situations, English Railways, with double lines of rails, have been constructed for £10,000 per mile. When the localities have been very unfavorable, they have cost as much as £50,000 per mile. Between these two extremes we have all varieties of expenditure per mile. Mr. Lecount‡ has computed that a Railway 80 miles long which cost £960,000, or £12,000 per mile, which will rarely happen, would require the following traffic per day from each end to pay the annexed dividends:—

* Besides those for which Acts have been obtained, the following are some of the most important secondary lines required in Scotland:—1. From Hawick to Langholm and Longtown, to join the Caledonian. 2. From Girvan to Portpatrick. 3. From the Perth and Inverness trunk to Killin, Tyndrum, and Oban. 4. From Dunblane to Callander and Tyndrum. 5. From Castle-Douglas to Dalmellington. 6. From Kirkcudbright to Portpatrick by Newton-Stewart. 7. From Dalwhinnie to Fortwilliam, &c. &c.

† At the time we are writing (July 13th) we observe that Parliament has given a loan of £500,000 to complete the Great Trunk Line across Ireland, from Dublin to Galway, by Mullingar and Athlone; so that when the line at Mullingar by the Midland and Great Western is joined to Longford and Clones, through Cavan by a new line, and Clones to Lifford by the Dundalk and Enniskillen, and the Enniskillen and Londonderry now in progress, and the line then completed from Lifford to Londonderry—Ireland will be singularly favored by a Great Trunk Line cutting it in two from West to East by the Dublin and Galway Line, and by the great sinuous line running from south to north, from Waterford to Londonderry, touching Loch Erne on the western coast, and joining, by secondary lines, Coleraine, Belfast, Downpatrick, Newry, Dundalk, and Drogheda, with Dublin.

‡ *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Art. RAILWAY, p. 16.

* Our readers will find some admirable observations relative to this matter, in the Railway Report of 1848, Part ii., p. vii., viii., and ix., and also in the Introduction to Mr. Scrivenor's Work, pages 16, 17, and 18.

Tons of Goods per day.	Passengers per day.	Dividend.
75	or	120
100	or	160
125	or	200
200	or	320
		4 per cent.
		1 " "
		1½ " "
		4½ " "

Or taking into account a traffic composed of both passengers and goods, the calculation would stand thus :

Tons of Goods per day.	Passengers per day.	Dividend.
35	and	60
50	and	80
62	and	100
100	and	160
		4 per cent.
		1 " "
		1½ " "
		4½ " "

It seldom happens that in this country mile of Railway can be executed at so low a rate as £12,000 per mile.

"The Americans," says M. Lecount, "have such facilities for their constructions, that 1600 miles of Railroad have been made in that country (a good deal of it, however, being only *single line*) at an annual cost of only £5081 per mile whereas, in England, the mere permanent way alone would amount to £4400 per mile, if the rails were 45 lbs. to the yard, and laid upon longitudinal timbers; £4900 per mile, if laid with rails 42 lbs. per yard, having chain and cast iron supports between them on longitudinal timbers; £5300 per mile with rails 42 lbs. per yard on blocks three feet apart; £4800 per mile with the same sized rails on wooden sleepers; £5600 per mile with 62 lb. rails on blocks four feet apart, and £5100 for the same rails on wooden sleepers; £6000 per mile for rails of 75 lbs. per yard, on blocks five feet apart; and £5500 per mile for the same on sleepers. These prices do not include laying the way, ballasting, and draining. Thus we see that the mere cost of the permanent way in this country, averaging £5200 per mile, exceeds that of the whole expense of a complete railway in America; and 75 lbs. rails, on blocks, and sleepers, including laying, ballasting, sidings, turn plates, and every expense, has exceeded £8000 per mile."—*Ency. Brit., Art. Railway*, p. 16.

The average expense of £5081 per mile employed by Mr. Lecount, in the preceding extract, agrees very nearly with the following statement mentioned by Mr. French, the member for Roscommon county, in the discussion on Irish Railways in the House of Commons on the 9th of July:—

	Per Mile.
Columbia and Philadelphia,	£10,000
Boston and Worcester,	7,700
Western,	7,300
Camden and Amboy,	4,100
Utica,	3,600
Richmond,	3,600
Florida,	3,200
Auburn,	2,900
South Carolina,	2,600
Average,	£5,000

In Prussia, a comprehensive system of railways, to the extent of 3200 miles, was planned by the Government, with its usual wisdom and liberality; but up to 1845, 652 miles only were completed, as shown in the following table—the political disturbances in 1848 and 1849 having doubtless prevented the execution of the general plan:—

	Length of Line in Miles.	Cost.
Berlin and Anhalt,	93½	£726,873
Berlin and Potsdam,	16	210,000
Berlin and Stettin,	83	783,000
Berlin and Frankfort on Oder,	49½	420,000
Lower Silesian, } Upper Silesian, }	134	1,200,000
Breslau and Schweidnitz,	49½	630,000
Magdeburg and Leipsic,	37	285,000
Magdeburg and Halberstadt,	67½	615,000
Dusseldorf and Elberfeld,	35½	286,155
Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle,	16	304,170
Cologne and Bonn,	52	1,425,000
	18½	131,000
Total,	652	£7,017,198

According to this table, the average cost of the Prussian lines is about £10,000 per mile.

The following table shows the length and cost of each of the lines formed in Austria:—

	Length in Miles.	Cost.
Linz Gmunden Budweis,	119	£742,000
Emperor Ferdinand's line,	179	1,700,000
Vienna to Glognitz,	46	1,050,000
Olmütz and Prague,	151	1,843,725
Murzaschlag and Gratz,	57½	not given
Total,	495	£4,936,325

These lines show an average of about £11,300 per mile.

The small States of Germany have executed the following lines of railway, 541 miles in length, of which 371 miles belong to the Government:—

	Length in Miles.	Cost.
*Baden,	96	£1,704,036
*Brunswick and Hanover,	38	209,707
*Brunswick and Ocherleben,	43	240,000
*Brunswick and Harzburg,	27½	127,500
Hamburg to Bergstorf,	10½	191,332
Altona to Kiel,	64	382,500
Leipsic to Dresden,	71½	975,000
*Saxon Bavarian,	51	900,000
Taunus Railway,	28	291,661
*Munich to Augsburg,	37½	350,000
*Louis, Southern and Northern,	70	4,286,500
Nuremberg and Furth,	4	17,708
Total,	541	£9,676,249

The average cost of these lines will be about £19,000 per mile.

After these details regarding foreign railways, our readers will scarcely give credit to the following statement regarding the expense *per mile* of English railways:—

† The Government have guaranteed 3½ per cent. to the Companies.

* The lines marked * were executed at the expense of the Government.

	Per Mile.
Blackwall Railway, . . .	£289,980
Croydon, . . .	80,400
Manchester and Bury, . . .	70,000
Manchester and Leeds, . . .	64,588
Manchester and Birmingham, . . .	61,624
Brighton, . . .	56,981
Manchester and Sheffield, . . .	56,316
Eastern Counties, . . .	46,355
Great Western, . . .	46,870
South Eastern, . . .	44,412
North Western, . . .	41,612

Leaving out the Blackwall Railway, which would make an average of the expense of the preceding lines ridiculous, the average expense of the remaining ones, per mile, is £56,915! Some idea of the cause of apparently such profligate expenditure may be formed from the following facts:—

Parliamentary Expenses of the	Per Mile.
Blackwall Railway, . . .	£14,414
Eastern Counties, . . .	886
Manchester and Birmingham, . . .	5,190
Brighton, . . .	4,806

The following sums, per mile, were paid for land:—

	Per Mile.
Manchester and Birmingham, . . .	£16,262
Eastern Counties, . . .	15,881
Brighton, . . .	10,105
Average per mile, . . .	14,083

So little is known in this country concerning foreign railways, that we were anxious to have supplied the defect, by copious details respecting their history and statistics, and by comparing them with our own in reference to the cost of their construction and maintenance—the accommodation of passengers,

and their receipts and prospects; but though we have collected much information on the subject, our restricted space will not allow us to give it in detail. We shall therefore content ourselves with such an abstract of the more important particulars as our limits will permit. The following Table contains a general view of the Railway system in Germany:—

Names of the States.	English miles constructed.	English miles in project.	English miles to be constructed.	English miles Total.
Austria, . . .	716½	229	158½	1103
Prussia, . . .	677½	403	794	1874
Duchy of Anhalt, . . .	39½	12½	—	52
Kingdom of Saxony, . . .	176	148	7	331
Duchy of Saxe, . . .	137½	43½	87	144
Bavaria, . . .	149	308½	174½	632
Wurtemberg, . . .	24	148	32	204
Grand Duchy of Baden, . . .	154½	35½	—	195
Do. of Hesse Darmstadt, . . .	34½	43½	40	118
Duchy of Nassau, . . .	27	—	—	27
Francfort-on-Main, . . .	2	14	—	16
Electorate of Hesse, . . .	—	178	4	182
Duchy of Brunswick, . . .	73	—	7	80
Hanover, . . .	59	154	161	374
Hanseatic Towns, . . .	9	—	2½	11½
Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg, . . .	46	—	94½	140½
Holstein and Lauenburg, . . .	96	31	43½	170½
Total, . . .	2294	1748½	1595½	5637½

The total number of miles thus projected in all Germany is not much greater than the number now executed in England.

We have now before us a very interesting Table of French Railways in 1847, with the minutest details, occupying thirteen separate columns, and showing the expense of all the different varieties of work necessary for their completion. We must confine ourselves, however, to a brief abstract.*

Names of the Lines.	Length in Kilometers actually constructed.	Total Expense.	Expense per English Mile.
†St. Etienne to Anvrezieux, . . .	21.25	£2,996,503	£144,296
Do. to Lyons, . . .	56.69	21,182,873	373,648
Branch to Montand, . . .	—	399,549	—
†Anvrezieux to Roanne, . . .	67.00	12,500,000	186,587
†The Garde Line, Nismes, &c., . . .	92.32	18,914,368	204,876
Paris to St. Germain, . . .	18.47	16,413,139	888,830
Atmospherical Branch, . . .	2.00	4,689,835	—
†Anzin to Denain and Abscon, . . .	15.56	2,818,202	181,083
†Montpellier to Cette, . . .	27.35	4,509,134	164,885
Paris to Versailles, . . .	19.50	17,055,722	874,652
Do. to do. . .	16.89	16,855,301	998,005
†Bordeaux to La Teste, . . .	52.31	5,987,773	114,471
†Alsace { Mulhouts to	15.00	2,869,096	191,273
{ Strasburg to Basle, . . .	140.50	44,953,618	319,955
Paris { Orleans }	132.69	59,652,779	449,531
{ Corbeil }	—	—	—
Paris to Rouen, . . .	131.31	64,589,384	494,169
Rouen to Havre, . . .	91.00	56,560,316	621,542
Montpellier to Nismes, . . .	52.00	16,519,605	317,685
†Paris to Sceaux, . . .	10.45	4,740,120	453,754
The Northern Line, . . .	334.90	135,476,337	404,528

* The lines marked † are only single lines.

The following lines have been opened in France between 1847 and August, 1849:—

	Kilom.
Paris to Tronnerre, . . .	185
— to Troyes, . . .	182
Orleans to Saumur, . . .	171
— to Bourges, . . .	112
Amiens to Boulogne, . . .	124
Marseilles to Avignon, . . .	123
Rouen to Dieppe, . . .	70
Vierzon to Chateauroux, . . .	63
—making about 1360 English miles in all France.	

The lines in Belgium constructed by the State amount to 347 miles, and cost £5,945,148. They unite Brussels with Ostend, Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, Malines, Courtray, Lille, Tournay, Douay, Valenciennes, Mons, Charleroi, Namur, Marienbourg, Liège, and Aix-la-Chapelle.

In Holland, there are railways joining Amsterdam with Rotterdam, 50 miles; and with Utrecht and Arnheim, 60 miles.

In the north of Italy, a line partly finished passes from Venice to Turin and Alessandria, by Vicenza, Verona, Brescia, Milan, and Novara; and one from Milan to Monza. There is also a line from Florence to Leghorn through Pisa, and to Pontedera; another from Pisa to Lucca and St. Salvatore, and another from Florence to Prato.

In the south of Italy, there is a railway from Naples to Pompeii and Castellamare, and another from Naples to Caserta and Capua; but no line has been projected in the States of the Church. The Pope, indeed, is said to have objected to their introduction.

There is a railway in Switzerland, twenty-five English miles in length, from Zurich to Dietiken and Baden; and even in Spain, a railway 17½ English miles in length has been recently opened from Barcelona to Mataro.

The most eastern railways in Europe terminate at Warsaw and Cracow. A line is in progress to Bochnia, east of Cracow, and another from Pesth to Debretzin, still farther east.

The Swedish Government have exhibited great practical wisdom in the encouragement they have given to the formation of railways. The State guarantees to the projectors four per cent. for fifteen years; and the pecuniary loans given by Government are not to be repaid till after ten years, and then they are only to be exacted from one-half of the surplus profits above six per cent. If the State resolves to purchase the lines, they cannot do so till after twenty years, and they must then pay a bonus of 25 per cent. In place of a tax being exacted by the State, as in British railways, and exorbitant local rates, the Government gives for nothing the portions of the crown-lands through which the lines may pass, and also the labor of soldiers, paupers, and convicts, at reduced wages. The Government has also agreed to erect electric telegraphs at their own expense.

The liberal conduct of the Swedish and other Governments to Railway enterprise forms a singular contrast with that of Great Britain. When the early Railway Companies were receiving large dividends, it was not to be wondered at that Government, in its necessities, should impose some tax upon their exorbitant profits, and that the parochial authorities should imitate their example. In the present state of railway property, however, these burdens are intolerable, and cannot with any propriety be much longer imposed. The London and North-Western Company have paid during the last year the sum of £50,505 for government duty, and £58,650 for local rates and taxes. In the half-year just ended, the London and South-Western Company have paid for local rates alone £10,833, which is *upward of 11 per cent. on their balance available for a dividend!* This tax, consisting chiefly of poor's rate, is so unjust and oppressive that Parliament ought instantly to redress the grievance. In this last case every adult employed by the Company is taxed £12, 10s. per annum, while the average impost on the male population of the country is only 30s. per head.

The following table shows the taxes imposed upon railways for the year 1848:—

	Government Duty.	Rates and Taxes.
London and North-Western, . . .	£50,505 8 0	£58,649 15 10
Great Western, . . .	29,603 18 8	38,555 5 2
Midland, . . .	23,043 10 5	33,125 13 2
Eastern Counties, . . .	16,817 5 1	24,754 3 8
London, Brighton, and South Coast, . . .	16,376 5 0	22,834 3 5
London and South-Western, . . .	15,033 5 0	19,491 9 6
South-Eastern, . . .	14,895 9 1	24,367 18 10
York and North Midland, . . .	7,092 14 1	13,960 18 2
York, Newcastle, and Berwick, . . .	6,571 9 3	14,513 17 1
Lancashire and Yorkshire, . . .	4,336 10 4	16,793 10 2

	Government Duty.	Rates and Taxes.
London and Blackwall,	£2,363 11 6	£2,209 13 7
South Devon,	2,134 6 5	2,017 1 10
East Lancashire,	1,906 18 1	2,695 14 1
Birkenhead, Lancashire, and Cheshire,	1,602 15 3	457 12 10
Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire,	1,172 19 3	3,423 0 5

Railways have not made much progress in our Colonies and dependencies. They have been checked by the same causes which operated in every part of Europe. The East India Company have guaranteed to the Great Indian Peninsular Company a dividend of 5 per cent. upon £500,000, a sum which is supposed capable of completing the first thirty-five miles of the line, from Bombay to Callian; and the 11th and 12th Victoria, cap. 13, guarantees 4 per cent. for loans for the construction of railways in the West Indies and Mauritius. A number of railway acts, passed by the legislatures of the Colonies of British Guiana, Trinidad, Jamaica, Ceylon, New Brunswick, and Canada, have been reported upon by the Railway Commissioners to the Colonial Office. Colonial

acts have also been passed, in 1847 and 1848, for incorporating the Nova Scotia Electrical Telegraph Company and the British North American Electro-Magnetic Telegraph Association.

In their latest Report, dated 1st May, 1849, the Railway Commissioners have made a special reference to "the great change that has taken place in public opinion with respect to the value of Railway investments." During the year 1848, consols rose about 4 per cent., while the average price of investments in five of the principal Railway Companies fell about 20 per cent., and hence the Commissioners justly conclude that there may be much difficulty in obtaining capital for many of the proposed lines. This decline is shown in the following statement:—

London & N. Western.	London & S. Western.	Great Western.	Midland.	Average.	Consols.
184	134	146	130	148½	89 July 3, 1847.
150	102	112	109	118½	85½ Jan. 1, 1848.
120	92	95	100	101½	84 July 1, 1848.
124	80	91	85	95	88½ Dec. 30, 1848.
133	76	95	76	95	92 April 20, 1849.

After perusing these details, the reader will naturally ask, What are the future prospects of railways as commercial speculations, as these prospects may be gathered from the facts now before us, and without any reference to the development of the whole traffic of the country, or the future measures of Government? Three writers, whose opinions are entitled to considerable weight, have taken different views of the future prospects of Railway Companies. After quoting the following passage from Sir Francis Head's interesting pamphlet, Mr. Scrivenor speaks with hope, and even assurance, respecting the probable success of the Railway system:—

"In Herapath's Railway Journal of the 30th September last, it appears that the capital expended on railways now open for traffic, amounting to £148,000,000 (one hundred and forty-eight millions), gives a profit of 1.81 per cent. for the half-year, or £3, 12s. 4½d. per cent. per annum. Deducting the non-paying dividend lines, the dividend on the remainder amounts to 2.09 per cent. for the half-year, or £4, 3s. 7½d. per cent. per annum.

"After ten years' competition with railways, the dividends received by the Canal Companies between London and Manchester were in 1846 as follows:—

Grand Junction Canal,	6 per cent.
Oxford,	26 "

Coventry,	25 per cent.
Old Birmingham,	16 "
Trent and Mersey,	30 "
Duke of Bridgewater's (private property), say	30 "

"The dividends received by the Grand Junction Canal for the last forty years have averaged £9, 10s. 9d. per cent. per annum."—*Stokers and Pokers*, pp. 153, 154.

Upon this statement Mr. Scrivenor makes the following observations:—

"I hail these *results* of traffic as proving beyond question the future prosperity of the railways of the United Kingdom. Observe the result of traffic on canals, what rich dividends they have yielded to their proprietors; this, too, without the aid of passenger traffic. Now that we have evidently entered upon a new epoch in the world's history, when the multitudes require to be provided with swift transit—when those who in no other epoch ever dreamt of traveling, *now* move about in masses—there is legitimate reason for concluding that that grand system by which the many are enabled to 'run to and fro' with facility and ease, must in the end prosper beyond all former precedent. The railways have infused throughout the dense ranks of our population a quickening impulse for locomotion; they have kindled a taste in the public mind that will increase more and more;—who shall tell its bounds?

But this we know, that this disposition to travel about on the part of the public must be productive of excessive prosperity to those who are possessed of railway property: it cannot be indulged without benefiting them; and according to the measure of its increase, so may be measured the railway dividends in years to come."—*The Railways of the United Kingdom, &c.*, Introduction, pp. 22, 23.

These views are doubtless very sanguine. We trust they will be realized, though under existing arrangements we do not perceive that they rest on any solid foundation.

Having thus attempted to give our readers some account of the history and statistics of railway enterprise, and of the present and future prospects of railway proprietors, we shall now proceed to make them acquainted with the nature and construction of a railway, considered as a grand mechanical invention; with the public works and machinery which it requires, and with the improvements which are yet necessary to prevent those dangerous collisions which were so frequent in its early history.

A railway is, properly speaking, and in its original and most simple form, a pair of rails or lines made of stone, wood, or iron, lying as level as possible, for the purpose of allowing carriages to convey goods or passengers along it without being retarded by friction. We have seen narrow paths of granite which perform the functions of a railroad; and wooden rails were very common in America when the invention was first introduced. The rails of railways, however, are now almost universally made of cast-iron, and rest upon what are called wooden sleepers, lying across the line, or sometimes upon long beams of wood, which support the rails in every part of their length. The *gauge* of a railway is the distance between the two rails, or between the rims of the opposite wheels which rest upon it. It is called the *narrow gauge* when the distance of the rails from centre to centre is from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet; and the *broad gauge*, when they are 7 feet 2 inches wide, as in the Great Western.* A

* In almost all the railways previous to the Great Western, the breadth of gauge was 4 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. In several of the Scottish lines the gauge is 5 feet 6 inches. The virtual combination of the two gauges on the same railway, for example, on the Oxford and Rugby line, as proposed by Mr. Brunel, is to be effected by "the introduction of a single additional rail to each line of rails, or separate railway, the outer rail of each railway being common to the two gauges." This arrangement "admits of the running of all the trains of both gauges into the same sidings, and up to the same passenger platforms." Captain Simmons, after a mature consideration of

railway may be made with only a *single line*, or *one pair of rails*; and many such have been executed. In this case, as in canals, there must be passing places, where one of two trains going in opposite directions may pass the other. On all railways, however, where there is much traffic there are *two lines*. The building at each end of the line for the accommodation of passengers and the reception of goods is called the *terminus*; and at the distance of every 5 or 6 miles there are station-houses, where passengers and goods may be received when the trains stop.

With all the aid that can be derived from deep cuttings and embankments, the engineer can seldom obtain a line as level as he could desire. When the railway, as it often necessarily does, runs from estuary to estuary, or from sea to sea, it must rise over high elevations or mountain ridges, availing itself of gorges or passes in the mountains, so as to have its highest point or summit level as low as possible. In such cases the engineer divides his line into different portions called *gradients*. One gradient may be so inclined to the horizon as to rise *one foot* in a *hundred*, which is very steep, another, one foot in five hundred, another, one foot in a thousand, while some are nearly level. In the Edinburgh and Glasgow line, for example, there are ten gradients, varying from 1 in 880 to 1 in 5426, there being a perfect level at the summit of nearly seven miles, and one gradient of nearly eleven miles, rising 1 in 1159. When the gradient is very steep, of which we have examples both at Edinburgh and Glasgow, the train is dragged up by a fixed engine by means of iron ropes or chains, and it descends by gravity, regulated by brakes. At Glasgow, this gradient, one mile and 15 chains long, is inclined 1 in 43, and at Edinburgh 1 in 27.

this plan, reports favorably upon it, and concludes with these words: "By avoiding *all* meeting points, by a separation of the gauges in the sidings and stations, and by most *stringent regulations*, preventing, under any circumstances, the connecting, in one train, of carriages of different gauges, I think the safety of the public will be guaranteed with ordinary care and supervision, and that the line may, by a strict compliance with these conditions, be rendered practically safe." Captain Simmons here admits that the combination of the gauges is *theoretically unsafe*. The elements of danger are already too numerous in the best formed and best managed railways to render advisable any changes of a doubtful character, and not loudly demanded either by the interests of shareholders, or for the accommodation of the public. The cautious and hesitating language used by Captain Simmons will, we trust, prevent that complication of lines which the proposed combination must produce.

When a railway is executed between two towns, the line would be the best possible if it could, as in some highly favored localities, be perfectly straight and level; but in general this is impossible. If the country should be level, which is seldom the case, the interposition of gentlemen's country houses and grounds prevents the line of the railway from being straight; and though, in some cases, a certain degree of encroachment is permitted upon this kind of property, the railway proprietors must pay dearly for the privilege. When the surface of the country is undulating, the engineer, keeping as much as he can to a straight line, guides it in such a manner that the cuttings of earth from the elevation may as nearly as possible fill up the adjacent hollows; and when the elevation is lofty, he is obliged to cut a tunnel through the soil, or the rock, of which it consists. If there is a hollow occupied by a moss or a morass, he must bring earth from the nearest elevation to form an embankment, along which the rails may be laid. When the line of railway passes over well-frequented roads, or over rivers, a bridge must be built, along which the rails are laid; and when a broad valley, either with or without a stream, has to be crossed, a *viaduct* is constructed for the purpose. When a road is not much frequented, the railway passes over it, and it is closed with gates when trains are about to pass, and again opened for the passage of carriages, the gate on each side closing the ends of the railway. This is called a *level crossing*, a contrivance which the public often successfully opposes on account of the obstruction it presents to carriages, and the danger to travelers. The cheapness of it, however, recommends it to the railway company, and many thousand pounds have often been spent in obtaining a decision favorable to one of the contending parties.

The magnificent structures which the railway system has called into existence exhibit, in a striking degree, the wealth and enterprise of the nation, and some of them may even be ranked among the wonders of the world. The splendid edifices* which form the termini of railways at populous cities particularly, with the iron roofs which unite them, and protect the trains and the passengers from the weather, and the refreshment stations, such as those at Wolverton on the London and Birmingham, and Swindon on

the Great Western, are too well known to passengers to require any description. The traveler who enjoys the luxuries they supply has generally time enough to admire and even to examine them; while he passes through tunnels and over bridges and viaducts, without knowing, except in the case of tunnels, that he is traveling over them. We shall, therefore, describe some of the more remarkable of these public works, in the conception and construction of which the genius and the talent of the engineer have been signally displayed.

Some of the most interesting of these works are the tunnels, which it is necessary often to cut through hills or elevations of clay, gravel, or rock. At an early period in railway history the public took alarm at the idea of being carried through long tunnels excluded from the light of heaven, and breathing an atmosphere unventilated and polluted with subterraneous effluvia, and the artificial combinations of smoke and steam. In February, 1837, a committee of physicians, surgeons, and chemists inspected the tunnel at Primrose Hill, then in progress, 3750 feet long, 22 feet high, and 23½ feet wide, with five shafts, about seven feet in diameter, for ventilation: They reported that the apprehension which had been expressed that tunnels would be detrimental to the health, or inconvenient to the feelings of passengers, "were perfectly futile and groundless," and experience has fully confirmed this decision. The tunnel near Kilsby, on the London and Birmingham railway, though 7270 feet long, is "traversed without the slightest inconvenience or sensation of cold or damp, the change experienced being merely that from sunshine to shade, and from daylight to lamplight."

This tunnel is one of the most remarkable, not merely for its size, but from the singular difficulties which were encountered in its construction. Its depth beneath the surface required to be about 160 feet, and it was to have two shafts or openings to the sky 60 feet in diameter, not merely to ventilate it, but to give sufficient light to allow the rails to be seen along its whole length. The strata beneath were found, by numerous borings, to be the shale of the lower oolite, and the work was contracted for for the sum of £99,000. Owing to its great length, it was necessary to have eighteen working shafts or openings to the surface, through which the earth or rock from the tunnel was to be removed. During the progress of the work it was discovered, to the astonishment both of

* The Euston Station in London cost £81,582. The great Dépôt at Camden, covering 27 acres, cost £114,385, and the Locomotive Engine Dépôt at Wolverton, £109,454.

the engineer and the contractor, that a quicksand beneath a bed of clay penetrated 1200 feet into the tunnel. Appalled by this apparently unsurmountable obstruction, the contractor took to his bed, and though relieved from his engagement by the company, he languished and died. The water rushed into the shafts to such an extent that the work was on the eve of being abandoned, when Mr. Robert Stephenson, relying on the power of science to overcome any physical difficulty, succeeded, in the course of eight months, in carrying off the water at the rate of 1800 gallons per minute, by the aid of thirteen steam engines, 200 horses, and 1250 men. Two years and a half were required to complete this stupendous work. The number of bricks employed in lining the top and the bottom of the tunnel, was 36,000,000, which, it has been calculated, would nearly make a footpath a yard wide from London to Aberdeen.*

The following is a list of a few of the principal tunnels on English lines:—

	Length in yards.	Height in feet.	Width in feet.
The Box tunnel,†	3133	27	25
Manchester and Leeds tunnel, . . .	2860	21½	24
Kilsby tunnel, . . .	2423	27	23½
Liverpool and Manchester tunnel, from Wapping to Edgehill, . . .	2216	16	22
Abbots' Cliff tunnel, Dover, . . .	2206	25	24
Lime Street, . . .	2000	19	25
Watford, on the London and Birmingham, 1830			
Leicester and Swannington, . . .	1760	13½	10½
Shakespeare tunnels, Dover, double, . . .	1430	30	24
Primrose Hill, . . .	1250	25	22
Edinburgh and Granton, . . .	1001	17	24
Bangor tunnel, . . .	924		
Canterbury and Whitstable, . . .	880	12	12
Callander, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, . . .	830	22	26
Leeds and Selby, . . .	700	17	22
Penmaenbach, Chester, and Holyhead, . . .	632	24	

In some instances, such as in that of the Penmaenbach tunnel, 47½ miles from Chester, there is no occasion for any masonry lining. The tunnel is here driven through basaltic rock, which entirely supports itself. It has a semicircular top, with upright sides, and was worked from adits to the beach. It is curved throughout its whole length with a radius of 40 chains. The Penmaenmawr tunnel, 3½ miles from Chester, though driven through 250 yards of greenstone, required to be lined throughout with rubble greenstone masonry; and the Bangor tunnel, though at first considered solid enough to support it-

self from the hardness of the stone through which it was cut, yet having shown symptoms of not being able to withstand the action of the weather, Mr. Stephenson has ordered it to be lined with brick.

When the railway has to pass at a depth less than 60 feet beneath the surface, the engineer prefers *cutting* through the hill or ridge to tunneling, unless when the earth obtained from the cutting is required for an embankment, in which case he would cut when the depth is above 60 feet, though in ordinary cases he would have tunneled. Cuttings through clay, or gravel, or loose materials, are nearly as expensive as through rock, because in the latter case, much less cutting is requisite. The cuttings and embankments, or *earthworks* as they are called, on the London and Birmingham, were of the most extraordinary kind. "There is scarcely," says Mr. Whishaw, "a portion of this line from one end to the other, which is not either covered by embankments above the general surface of the country, or sunk below it by means of excavation." By the original section, the excavations amounted to 12,081,116, and the embankments to 10,698,315 cubic yards. At the Tring cutting alone, 1,297,763 cubic yards of chalk were excavated. The following abstract of the calculations of Mr. Lecount, respecting the whole work done on the portion of a railway, is given by Sir Francis Head, in his work already referred to:—

"The great Pyramid of Egypt was, according to Diodorus Siculus, constructed by three hundred thousand—according to Herodotus, by one hundred thousand men; it required for its execution 20 years, and the labor expended on it has been estimated as equivalent to lifting 15,733,000,000 (fifteen thousand seven hundred and thirty-three millions) of cubic feet of stone, one foot high. Now, if in the same measure the labor expended in constructing the *Southern* division only of the present London and North-Western Railway, be reduced to one common denomination, the result is 25,000,000,000 (twenty-five thousand millions) of cubic feet of similar material lifted to the same height, being 9,267,000,000 (nine thousand two hundred and sixty-seven millions) of cubic feet more than was lifted for the pyramid, and yet the English work was performed by about 20,000 men only in less than 5 years.

"Again, it has been calculated by Mr. Lecount, that the quantity of earth moved in the single division (112 miles in length) of the railway in question, would be sufficient to make a footpath a foot high and a yard broad, round the whole circumference of the earth! The cost of this division of the railway in penny-pieces, being sufficient to form a copper kerb or edge to it. Supposing, therefore, the same proportionate

* On the Great Western between Bath and Chippenham; the quantity of excavation is 247,000 cubic yards of freestone chiefly, with some marl.

† The expense of this tunnel was upward of £300,000, or £125 per yard. The cost of tunneling varies from £20 to £160 per yard. The great Thames tunnel cost about £1200 per yard!

quantity of earth to be moved in the 7150 miles of railway sanctioned by Parliament at the commencement of 1848, our engineers, within about 15 years, would, in the construction of our railways alone, have removed earth sufficient to girdle the globe with a road one foot high and one hundred and ninety-one feet broad!"—P. 28.

When earth cannot be obtained for embankments, and when good stone can be readily obtained, a *viaduct* is cheaper and better. In America, and sometimes in this country, viaducts have been made of wood. On the Edinburgh and Glasgow line we have two very magnificent stone viaducts, one over the Almond, and the other over the Avon. The Almond viaduct is 2160 feet long, its width 28 feet, and its height 50. It consists of *thirty-six* arches, each of 75 feet span, and as seen from Newliston and other points of view, is a most beautiful and magnificent object. The Stockport viaduct, which carries the Manchester and Birmingham railway over the river Mersey at Stockport, designed by George Watson Buck, is one of the most imposing structures in the kingdom. Its whole length is 2179 feet, running at a height of 106 feet above the surface of the river, and consists of 22 semi-circular arches, each of which has a span of 63 feet. The average height of the piers is 40 feet. The whole of the London and Greenwich railway may be said to be one viaduct, consisting of *eight hundred and seventy-eight* arches, of eighteen feet span! It is 26 feet wide and 20 high.

One of the finest viaducts in the kingdom is that on the Shrewsbury and Chester Canal, crossing the river Dee, and adding new beauty to the picturesque valley of Llangollen. This valley had previously attained distinction in the history of engineering from the magnificent aqueduct of Pontcysyllte, which was designed by Mr. Telford, and completed in 1805, at the expense of £47,018. The object of this noble structure was to carry the Ellesmere Canal across the valley of the Dee, at the height of 127 feet above the river. After the embankments had been executed, 1007 feet remained to be crossed, and this was effected by twenty piers of solid masonry, rising to the height of 75 feet, and united by nineteen arches of 45 feet span. The present viaduct is a still more magnificent structure. It is 1532 feet long. It consists of nineteen semicircular arches of 60 feet span, and the height from the bed of the river to the top of the parapet at the centre piece, is 148 feet. It is founded on the solid rock. The piers, which are 13 feet thick

and 28½ feet long at the springing of the arch, are built of a beautiful stone. The first stone of this viaduct, designed by Mr. Henry Robertson, was laid on the 19th of April, 1846, and the last arch was closed on the 12th August, 1848. This viaduct is said to be the largest in the world, and cost upward of £100,000. It contains above 64,000 cubic yards of masonry, and the cost of the timber for the scaffolding was £15,000.

Besides tunnels, &c., works of a very different kind have been found necessary for preventing obstruction in the line, and danger to the passengers. At the east end, for example, of the Penmaenmawr tunnel, a *Gallery of timber* covering the railway for 390 feet of its length, was found necessary to protect the line from stones which occasionally descend from the hill above, which is covered with loose rocks and exceedingly steep, rising to the height of 1400 feet. The timber employed in the covering is *fourteen inches* thick, and is placed at an angle of 30°, resting on one side upon a stone wall washed by the sea, and on the other upon the hill, at an elevation of 40 feet above the level of the rails, having an intermediate timber support and timber struts, at every six feet apart.*

In passing across the ordinary rivers of England bridges of very considerable magnitude have been rendered necessary, not so much from the breadth of the river, as from the great height of its banks, which compels the engineer to carry the railway at a great elevation above the stream. Two very magnificent bridges of this kind are now in the act of construction over the Tweed at Berwick, and the Tyne at Newcastle. Works still more expensive and magnificent become necessary when railways have to cross arms of the sea, as in the Chester and Holyhead Railway, where the line passes over the Conway river or arm of the sea, and the Menai Straits.

The necessity of facilitating the communication between London and Dublin, had long ago induced the Government to expend large sums of money upon the roads and harbors which intervened; and in 1818, Parliament granted the sum of £20,000 to erect a bridge over the Menai Straits, which was the most embarrassing obstacle in the whole line of communication. Mr. Telford recommended a structure of wrought iron on the suspension principle, which, after a careful investigation of its merits, was adopted. The foundation-

* Report of the Railway Commissioners for 1848. Part ii., p. 33.

stone was laid on the 10th August, 1819. In 1821, about 350 men and six vessels were employed upon it: It was completed early in 1826, and on the morning of Monday, the 30th of January, the London mail coach passed across the estuary at the height of 100 feet above the tideway. The total length of this noble bridge is about *one-third* of a mile, or 1710 feet. The total weight of the iron work is 4,373,282 lbs., or upward of 2186 tons, and a single coat of the paint which defends it from the weather, weighed $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons. The cost of the bridge with the toll-houses, &c., was £120,000.*

A great improvement in the communication between London and Dublin having been effected by the railroad from Chester to Holyhead, it became necessary to erect bridges at Conway and Bangor for carrying it across the two arms of the sea. The genius of Mr. Robert Stephenson, which had been so often displayed in railway enterprise, was summoned to a task of no ordinary difficulty, when he was called upon to give plans for these two public works. He proposed to erect what had never before been thought of, and still less attempted, a *tubular bridge* over both the arms of the sea which it was necessary to pass.

The Conway tubular bridge, which is now completed, and daily used for the passage of trains, consists of a horizontal square tube of wrought iron, resting on piers of solid masonry, 400 feet distant from each other. The whole length of the tube is 424 feet, its extreme depth 25 feet 6 inches in the centre, 22 feet 6 inches at the ends, and so formed as to leave a clear space within, 21 feet 8 inches in height at the centre, 18 feet 8 inches high at the ends, and 14 feet 3 inches wide. This tube, as it is rather improperly called, is in reality a rectangular tunnel, or hollow square iron box, with top, bottom, and sides, but open at the ends, through which the trains pass upon ordinary rails laid on the bottom. All round the open part for the admission of the trains, there is a great deal of wrought-iron carpentry, or framing, for the purpose of giving strength to the whole structure, the work on the top, at the bottom, and on the sides, having each a separate function to perform; and it is in this part of his work that

the science of Mr. Stephenson is pre-eminently evinced. The object of the iron work *above* the top, consisting of eight square cells or tubes, is to resist compression; that of the work *below* the bottom, consisting of six square cells, to resist tension; and that at *the sides*, to secure the combined action of the top and bottom; the arrangement and riveting of the rolled iron plates, and of the angle iron, being varied to fulfill these different conditions. The Conway end of the tube is immovable, being fixed on the pier, and made to rest on two beds of creosoted timber, with intermediate cast-iron bed-plates; but the Chester end is left *perfectly free*, so that when it expands by heat, or contracts by cold, which it is constantly doing, it meets with no obstruction, the tube resting on cast-iron rollers, between bed-plates of the same metal, with layers of creosoted timber three inches thick. The rollers are six inches in diameter, and have sufficient play to allow 12 inches of motion. The total weight of the wrought iron is 1140 tons, and, including the castings of six feet at each end to give bearing on the abutments, the total weight is 1300 tons. "The tube," says Captain Simmons, "as may be easily conceived, is a *delicate thermometer*, from its great length, and from the nature of the material, which is peculiarly sensitive to temperature, expanding .0001 of its length, or *half an inch* in this case for each increase of 15° of temperature of Fahrenheit, and contracting in the same ratio." Captain Simmons made a number of interesting experiments, in order to test the safety of this bridge under the various kinds of action to which it may be exposed, and the effects likely to be produced upon it by the slow influence of time, and the elements.

Having placed on the tube a weight of 86 tons (a load probably as great as will come upon it) upon 110 feet of the centre, he found that the deflection was 1.02 inch. With 135 tons covering 185 feet in the centre, the deflection was 1.08 inch; and with 245, the deflection was $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch, the tube remaining 0.18 inch, or a little more than 1-6th of an inch, below its original level.

A heavy loaded train of 250 tons, drawn by two engines, at the rate of 15 miles an hour, produced a deflection of only 1.08 inch, and scarcely any perceptible vibration. Two locomotives, weighing together about 50 tons, when passed through the tube with a velocity of between 20 and 25 miles an hour, occasioned a deflection of 0.6, or little more than half an inch, and a vibration almost imperceptible. Captain Simmons has

* The Right of Ferry was purchased from Lady Erskine of Cambo, for £26,954, or thirty years' purchase, so that the whole cost of the bridge was £146,954. The passage across the strait being now effected by a railway, the utility of the bridge, as well as the amount of tolls collected, must be greatly reduced.

assigned satisfactory reasons why no evil is to be apprehended from time, by loosening the rivets, or changing the texture of the material. Nor does he apprehend any injurious effects from the oxidation of the iron from steam or damp air, or the vapor of sea-water, or from the continued action of high winds.

Toward the end of 1848, a second tube was erected on the Conway bridge for the purpose of carrying the down line of the Chester and Holyhead Railway. In examining the amount of deflection under different loads, Captain Simmons obtained the following results with this second tube :—

	WEIGHT.			
	52 tons over 62 feet.	112 tons over 133 feet.	173 tons over 211 feet.	235 tons over 298 feet.
6 feet west of centre,	0.48 in.	0.98 in.	1.30 in.	1.47 in.
6 feet east of centre,	0.48	0.98	1.27	1.47

Two locomotives, as in the former case, or with velocities up to 25 miles an hour, produced deflections proportional to their weight, and very little vibration. The two tubes were floated from their birth-place, and raised by hydraulic presses to their bed upon the piers.

The Britannia Tubular Bridge over the Menai Straits is a work still more magnificent. This bridge takes its name from the Britannia rock, which stands in the middle of the Straits. The Britannia pier, founded upon this rock, is equally distant from the Anglesey and Caernarvon piers, being 460 feet in the clear from each. The object of these *three* piers is to sustain the four ends of the four long tubes, which are to span the distance from shore to shore. From the Anglesey and Caernarvon piers other four tubes pass to the abutments on the shore. The pile of masonry on the Anglesey side is 163 feet 6 inches high, and 173 feet in length from the front to the end of the wing walls. These wing walls terminate in fine pedestals, upon which are placed two colossal lions. The Anglesey pier is about 196 feet high, the bottom of the tubes being 124 feet above low-water. It is 55 feet wide and 32 long. The Britannia pier is about 240 feet high; and the Caernarvon one is of the same height and dimensions as the Anglesey pier; and the Caernarvon abutment is of the same size as the one on the Anglesey shore, its wing walls terminating in pedestals for another pair of colossal lions. The two pair of long tubes, each 470 feet long, have been built on platforms, along the Caernarvon shore; and the two short ones on scaffoldings, at the proper height and in the exact position which they are required to occupy when completed. The tubes are constructed in the same manner as those at Conway, the only difference being, that they are 58 feet longer and 3 feet higher. The four colossal lions which orna-

ment the pedestals at each end of the bridge were modeled by Mr. J. Thomas. They are of Egyptian character, and have been executed with admirable taste and skill. They are each $25\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, $12\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, and 8 feet wide, and weigh about 80 tons. No less than *two thousand* cubic feet of stone were required for each lion.*

The total length of the bridge from lion to lion is	1835 feet.
The greatest height of the bridge above low-water mark,	240 "
Height of bottom of tube or rails above high-water,	104 "
Quantity of masonry in the piers and abutments and wing walls,	1,400,600 cub.ft.
The timber used in the various scaffoldings,	450,000 "
The weight of malleable iron in the tubes,	10,000 tons.
Weight of cast iron,	1,400 "
Weight of one of the largest tubes,	1,800 "
Value of one of these tubes,	£54,000 "
Cost of the scaffolding,	£50,000 "

When a railway is thus completed by cuttings, embankments, tunnels, bridges, and viaducts, so as to form a road of iron as nearly straight and horizontal as circumstances will permit, it becomes a matter of some consideration to determine the power by which it shall be worked, and the manner in which that power is to be applied. Horses, which were the power first adopted, have now been abandoned; but it is not improbable that they may again be put in requisition, when, in the further development of the railway system, single lines of wood or of iron may be erected at a moderate expense as tributaries to the great lines, or for the purpose of connecting farming and manufacturing establishments with existing railways. May not a cheap railway of a *single rail* be constructed and wrought with horses? The loaded wagons placed between two horses, and resting on one or more wheels in the direction of the line, might be strapped to the horses so as to prevent them falling to one side; or the same effect might be

* See Timbs' Year-Book of Facts for 1849, pp. 5, 6, where there is given a drawing of the bridge by Mr. Stephenson.

produced with one horse or more placed in the direction of the line, by a contrivance to keep the load in a vertical position, in which case a very narrow path, not wider than the towing-path of a canal,* would be sufficient. The power of steam was of course immediately adopted, as we have seen when the first great line of railway was completed; but it became a question whether a fixed engine or a locomotive would be the most effectual one. The Blackwall Railway is, we believe, the only one upon which fixed engines are employed, but their adoption is owing to the character of the line, and not to any idea of fixed engines being superior to locomotive ones.

Attempts have been successfully made to apply the pressure of the atmosphere as the moving power on railways. This ingenious and beautiful thought we owe to Mr. Samuda, who actually had it carried into effect on the Railway from Dalkey to Kingston, where it has been successfully used without any accident, since the 31st October, 1843. It was used, too, for a very long time, and afterward abandoned, on the London and Croydon Railway. The atmospheric principle is still in use on the South Devon Railway, but a new portion of this line from Totness to Laira, a distance of twenty-one miles, though intended to be worked like the rest of the line, is to be worked by locomotives. A wide tube of iron was laid between the lines of rails, which had an elastic valve or slit in it throughout the whole length of the line. A piston moved in this tube, the handle or arm of which was vertical, and connected with a carriage. When the piston moved in the tube, this arm opened the valve or slit, which closed behind it—the slit being always kept closed and air-tight by grease or fusible metal, or some suitable composition. Large fixed engines were employed to pump out the air from the tube, and when a vacuum was nearly produced, the pressure of the external air behind the piston pushed it on, carrying forward the carriage to which it was attached, followed by the train. This species of railway had many advantages. The conducting carriage could not be carried off the rails, in consequence of its being connected with the tube; and there was no danger from fire or explosion of boilers. The expense, however, of the fixed engines which were necessary to exhaust the tube was very great, and the atmospheric principle has been abandoned on

the Croydon line. Proposals have been made to construct atmospheric railways on other principles, and Mr. W. P. Struve has lately proposed to carry the train through a covered viaduct nine feet square. The piston was to be a shield fixed on wheels, and made to fit the covered way, but allowing a sufficient space beyond its outer edge so that it may not touch the inner surface of the viaduct. The only result of this idea has been a working model, which was exhibited to the British Association.

The locomotive steam-engine having been found the cheapest and most effective method of applying the force of steam,—a living agent, in short, which we can send where and when we please, it may now be said to be the power which is universally used on railways. Some of the early locomotive engines moved upon only four wheels, but they are now generally made with six wheels, the two middle wheels being called the *driving* wheels, as the power of the engine is directly applied to them, and the other four the carrying wheels. The driving wheels vary from three and a half to eight or even ten feet, and the carrying wheels from three and a half to six feet. The *Hurricane*, constructed by R. and W. Hawthorn for the Great Western, had its driving wheels ten feet high, and its carrying wheels four and a half feet; its weight, when in working trim, being eleven tons, ten cwt. Ordinary locomotives are from eighteen to twenty feet long, fourteen feet high to the top of the chimney, and twelve to the top of the dome, their width depending on the gauge of the railway. Along with the locomotive, and behind it, is the *tender*, a vehicle on four wheels, about fourteen or fifteen feet long, and six high, which carries water in a tank at its front, and a supply of coke behind.* After the locomotive has received from the water crane a thousand gallons of cold water, and from the coke shed one ton of fuel, it advances to the front of the train ready for its work. The train, consisting of many first, second, and third class carriages, luggage vans, horse boxes, carriage trucks, and perhaps a traveling post-office, all united by chains, and prevented from striking against each other by what are called *buffers*,† is then dragged along with a velocity varying from twenty to sixty miles an hour. On the 13th Novem-

* A locomotive with a cylinder fifteen inches in diameter, costs £1950; sixteen inches, £2113; and eighteen inches, £2500, the tenders costing £500 each.

† The *buffers* are leather cushions stuffed with horse hair, which strike one another, and break the shock when one carriage is pushed against another.

* The late Lord Napier actually constructed and used a carriage with one wheel for the purpose of being driven along a footpath.

ber, 1839, the Camilla, and on the 16th November the Sunbeam, went on one part of their journey on the Grand Junction Railway at the rate of $68\frac{1}{2}$ miles! The greatest railway speed, however, that has yet been accomplished was displayed by the *Courier* in traveling from Didcot to Paddington, on the 26th August, 1848, with the twelve o'clock express train from Exeter. This engine is one of the eight wheel class, with eight feet driving wheels, a cylinder of eighteen inches, and a stroke of twenty-four feet. From a state of rest at Didcot, to the time when the train entered the station at Paddington, only $49' 13''$ elapsed; that is, at the average rate of *sixty-seven miles* an hour, including the time lost in getting up speed when leaving Didcot, and in reducing speed when approaching Paddington. Exclusive, however, of these losses, exactly in traveling from the forty-seventh mile-post, which the train passed at $3^h 46' 40\frac{1}{2}''$ to the fourth mile-post, which it reached at $4^h 23' 26\frac{1}{2}''$, *forty-three miles were performed in thirty-six minutes and forty seconds*, or an average speed accomplished of *upward of seventy miles per hour*. While the train is thus almost on the wing, beating the eagle in its flight, the passengers are reclining in their easy chairs, thinking or sleeping, reading or writing, as if they were in their own happy homes—safer, indeed, than there, for thieves cannot rob them by day, nor burglars alarm them by night. The steam-horse starts neither at the roar of the thunder-storm, nor the flash of its fire. Draughts of a purer air expel the marsh poison from its seat before it has begun its work of death; and surrounded by conductors, the delicate and timid traveler looks without dismay on the forked messengers of destruction, twisting the spire, or rending the oak, or raging above the fear-stricken dwellings of man.

Although in wet weather the wheels of the locomotive sometimes slip upon the rails, and thus retard slightly the progress of the train, yet the delay is speedily compensated, and we may safely assert, that in all states of the weather, and in all seasons, railway traveling is equally safe and equally comfortable and expeditious. Serious and well-founded doubts were at one time entertained respecting the performance of locomotives, when such a quantity of snow lay on the rails as interrupted all the ordinary communications throughout the country; but these fears were dispelled so early as the 20th of December, 1836, when snow to the depth of four or

five feet had accumulated in the deep cutting through the Cowran Hill upon the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway. On the morning of that day, the Hercules engine, built in that year by R. Stephenson and Co., approached the cutting, where crowds of the people had assembled to assist in the emergency. When it reached the spot, it dashed right into the drift, clearing its way through the obstructing mass, and driving the snow over the top of the engine chimney, like foam from the surf of a violently agitated sea. In spite of this and similar obstructions, the train came down from Greenhead, *twenty miles*, in an hour and a quarter, and kept its time, while all the ordinary roads were either greatly obstructed, or entirely blocked up.

It is not to be wondered at that persons of a nervous temperament, and incapable of estimating the small and calculable amount of danger to which they are exposed on railways, should have their fears strengthened by the sight of a train of enormous length, weighing sometimes 153,300 lbs. avoirdupois, rushing at the rate of 56 miles an hour, along embankments and viaducts, and on the edge of precipices with the ocean raging at their base; and that they should absolutely prefer the stage-coach or the steam-boat, with all their discomforts and real dangers, to the luxury and repose of a first-class carriage; and still less is it to be wondered at, when they read the details of a railway accident,—or of locomotives taking to their heels and running through brick walls, like a musket ball through a paper target,—or of a collision with a luggage train, where the wagons overrode each other till the uppermost one was found piled forty feet above the rails! We admit the tendency of this knowledge to create alarm, and we sympathize with the sensitive nature which it misleads; but while we would call to the remembrance of such persons some of the frightful disasters on the ocean, in which hundreds have perished in a moment; the deadly explosion of high-pressure boilers, by which crowds of passengers have been destroyed, on board the American steamers; or the constant occurrence of stage-coach and carriage accidents, when travelers were not numerous—we are anxious to prove to them that there is and can be no traveling with anything like the safety of railway conveyance. No account of the present Railway system can be correct, or even honest, without some notice of the nature and character of railway accidents; and we scruple the less to refer to

some of the most frightful, because it is necessary that measures be taken, at whatever cost, to prevent their recurrence, and because we think it very probable that, if these means are taken, we may never hear again of such disasters. When we speak of railway accidents, we refer only to those which happen to passengers without any negligence on their part, and in consequence only of their traveling on a railway.

In a former Article we had occasion to mention the *increasing* safety of steam navigation as exhibited in the voyages of steamers connected with the State of New York.

In the five years ending with 1824, *one* life was lost out of every 126,211 passengers; in the same period ending with 1833, *one* life was lost in every 151,931 passengers; and in the same period ending with 1838, only *one* life was lost out of 1,985,787, the safety of the passengers having increased $16\frac{1}{2}$ times.* The same result has been obtained in railway traveling. According to the calculations of Baron von Reder, the following were the casualties which took place on the railways of England, France, Belgium, and Germany, between the 1st of August, 1840, and July, 1845:—

England, 1 passenger out of	869,000	passengers, killed by his own negligence.
France, 1	2,157,000	do. do.
Belgium, 1	670,000	do. do.
Germany, 1	25,000,000	do. do.
England, 1 official out of	300,000	officials, killed and wounded from misconduct.
France, 1	5,000,000	do. do.
Belgium, 1	280,000	do. do.
Germany, 1	9,000,000	do. do.
England, 1 person out of	852,000	killed from defective management.
France, 1	3,465,996	do. do.
Belgium, 1	1,690,764	do. do.
Germany, 1	12,254,858	do. do.

The safety of railway traveling in Germany, as shown in the above table, is very remarkable, and to us inexplicable; nor is the great loss of life on English railways less unaccountable, for it is $4\frac{1}{4}$ times greater than in France, 2 times greater than in Belgium, for passengers, and nearly 15 times greater than in Germany. If these results are correct, they inspire us at least with the hope, that all nations may now rival the Germans in the safety with which they conduct their

railway operations. That railway traveling in England is approaching rapidly to that in Germany, in respect to the safety of travelers, we shall be able to show from documents that cannot be questioned. We have now before us the returns to Parliament of all the accidents which have taken place on the railways of Great Britain and Ireland for the years 1847 and 1848, and from them we obtain the following important results:—

IN 1847.

19 passengers killed, and	87 injured, from causes beyond their control.
8 do. do.	3 injured, owing to their own misconduct or incaution.
17 servants killed,	25 servants injured, from causes beyond their control.
107 do. do.	43 injured, owing to want of caution.
55 trespassers killed,	12 injured.
1 person killed,	1 injured, by crossing or standing on the line.
1 suicide.	

211 killed.

174 injured.

The number of passengers, during 1847, was 54,854,019.

IN 1848.

9 passengers killed, and	128 injured, from causes beyond their own control.
12 do. do.	7 injured, owing to their own misconduct or incaution.
13 servants killed,	32 injured, from causes beyond their own control.
125 do. do.	42 injured, from misconduct or incaution.
41 trespassers killed,	10 injured, from crossing or standing on line.

202 killed.

219 injured.

The number of passengers, during 1848, was 57,855,133.

* See this *Journal*, vol. ix., p. 363.

If we now take the number of passengers killed from causes beyond their own control, we shall obtain the following results:—

Passengers killed.		
1847,	19	or 1 out of 2,887,053 passengers.
1848,	9	or 1 out of 6,428,348 passengers.

Hence the risk of being killed was nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ times less in 1848 than in 1847, and nearly 8 times less than it was in the years 1846 and 1845, according to Baron von Reden's calculations. The comparatively great loss of life to passengers in 1847, was occasioned by the accident at Wolverton, on the 5th of November, when *seven* passengers were killed by the passenger trains running into a siding, and coming into collision with a coal train, in consequence of the negligence of the policeman; and also to the death of three passengers on the 24th of May, by the fall of part of the Railway bridge over the river Dee, when part of the train was precipitated into the water. Such disasters will, in all probability, never again occur. They have, at least, not occurred in 1848 and 1849; and we can therefore say to our timid and oversensitive friends who refuse to travel on railways, that in the year 1848, only one passenger was killed out of *six and a half million* of passengers who traveled by Railway; and that no safer traveling than this is to be found, or can be conceived.

But while the above returns place beyond a doubt the comparative safety of passengers, they present a fearful picture of the casualties sustained by the servants of the Company and by the public. *Four hundred and thirteen* deaths, and *three hundred and ninety-three* cases of injury, in the space of *two* years, affecting, it may be, ultimately, the life or happiness of the surviving sufferers, cannot be viewed without alarm, and call loudly upon the Government and the Companies to inquire into and remove the causes by which they have been occasioned. Circumstances have led us to look at this subject with some care and anxiety. The causes which led to these disasters have been honestly inquired into by the Railway Commissioners, and are clearly set forth in their Reports; but they have not yet been viewed in their generality, and therefore no determined plan has been adopted for preventing their future operation. The evils to be remedied, are obviously such as admit of a remedy; and we are surprised that science and ingenuity and legislation have not been more earnestly required to provide a cure.

Our limits will not permit us to enter into

details; but we may say in general, that Railway accidents may be arranged in two groups, namely, those which occur from imperfect mechanism, concealed from observation, and those which arise from carelessness, and from causes which either are or may be visible, and, if seen, may be prevented. If the iron girder of a bridge snaps,—if its masonry gives way,—if the tire of a wheel is thrown off,—if the bar of a rail springs,—if an axle breaks, and a boiler bursts, all these accidents are the result of imperfect mechanism. We believe that the strength of the axle and the girder, that the swelling of the boiler, had never been sufficiently tested, and that the tire of the wheel had never been sufficiently secured; and we hold that in all these cases the mechanist and the engineer should be held liable for the accidents which are thus occasioned, in the same manner as a lawyer and a medical man are liable for the consequences, the one of a mismanagement of his client's business, and the other of the ignorant practice of his art. At all events, axles and girders should be made doubly strong, and tires doubly secured, and boilers doubly riveted, before they are placed in contact with human life. The experience which we are daily acquiring of the strength of materials, and of its modification by time and pressure and vibratory action, will, we are persuaded, gradually diminish the number of accidents arising from imperfect mechanism.

It is therefore against the other class of accidents,—those that produce collision, or deviation from the rails, that we require to be guarded. These collisions may arise from the trains moving in opposite or in the same direction, and from a train meeting one at rest at the station, or, as in the Wolverton accident, from the points being opened so as to conduct the train into a siding occupied by another train, or by carriages. In all these cases, the accident arises from the hostile trains not seeing each other, and not being able to stop when they do see each other. When deviations from the line of rails are occasioned by physical obstructions, by sleeping drunkards, or cattle, or trespassers, a piece of rock, or slips of earth, the accident arises from the obstructions not being seen at all, or not in time to allow the train to be stopped. In many of these cases, the collisions have taken place at *stations* where they are approached in a curve line, so that the engineer or the guard cannot possibly see the obstruction, and therefore cannot stop the train. The cure for this class of acci-

dents is a legislative enactment to prevent any station from being placed, unless where it can be seen on both sides, and at such a distance as to allow the train to be stopped, and to alter the line of Railway, where it is not rectilinear, or nearly so at existing stations. But the great and crying evil is, that trains rush like infuriated bulls to their object, blind, or blindfolded, or unwilling to look for the obstruction which would destroy them. Trains have met in open day without seeing each other; and one train has overtaken another, under the same ignorance of each other's existence. If ships at sea require telescopes and officers always on the watch, Railway trains doubly demand them. The engineers and guards should be provided with telescopes with a large field of view and great distinctness, and it should be their special duty to look along the line both in their front and rear, in order to observe approaching trains, or sprung rail bars, or any other obstacles in the way.* When they are seen, powerful breaks will enable them to pause in their dangerous career. The openings into sidings, the opening and closing of points, should all be indicated by visible discs,

* On the 10th of May, 1848, *six* passengers were killed and *thirteen* injured by a passenger train coming into collision with a horse-box at the Shrivenham Station. The horse-box must have been invisible, or the guards blind. On the 11th of June, a train, conveying troops, standing at the Crewe Station, was run into by another train, causing injury to *twelve* commissioned and non-commissioned officers. These are specimens of accidents from the want of watchmen with telescopes.

which can be seen at a distance, so that even if an official shall neglect his duty, that duty shall be indicated to the party most deeply concerned, in place of being punished after the mischief has been done. At night, the signals at these sidings and points should be illuminated, and light beacons erected at level crossings and other places, where cattle and trespassers are likely to invade the line. It is essentially necessary, too, that when any accident happens in the train, such as a carriage taking fire; or when any obstruction or cause of alarm, such as a bridge on fire,* and a train rapidly advancing behind, is seen by the passengers, means should be provided of communicating with the engineer. We have used such telescopes as we have recommended; and it is surprising how distinctly even a passenger can see the line when its curvature permits it, and recognize even small stones at a distance, at which it would be easy to stop the train if a serious obstruction stood in the way. If any person would take the trouble of going over the whole class of accidents for the years 1847 and 1848, when much experimental knowledge of their cause had been acquired, he will perceive at once that the most fatal and alarming accidents would have been prevented by adopting the suggestion we have made, but especially by making it the duty of the engineer and guards to observe the line before and behind them with proper telescopes.

* This actually happened a few days ago, when the Peakirk bridge, near Boston, was completely consumed by fire.

HYMN.

BY LORD BROUGHAM.

"THERE is a God," all Nature cries;
A thousand tongues proclaim
His arm almighty, mind all wise,
And bid each voice in chorus rise
To magnify His name.

Thy name, great Nature's Sire Divine,
Assiduous we adore;
Rejecting godheads, at whose shrine
Benighted nations blood and wine
In vain libations pour.

Yon countless worlds, in boundless space,
Myriads of miles each hour,
Their mighty orbs as curious trace,

As the blue circle studs the face
Of that enamel'd flower.

But Thou, too, mad'st that flow'ret gay
To glitter in the dawn;
The hand that fired the lamp of day,
The blazing comet launch'd away,
Painted the velvet lawn.

As falls a sparrow to the ground,
Obedient to thy will,
By the same law those globes wheel round,
Each drawing each, yet all still found
In one eternal system bound,
One order to fulfill.

From the Athenæum.

KOSSUTH.

SEE PLATE.

Louis Kossuth and the Recent History of Hungary—[Ludwig Kossuth, &c.] Edited by ARTHUR FREY.
Vol. I. Mannheim, Grohe; London, Williams & Norgate.

At a time when every eye is eagerly turned in the direction of Hungary, and when the accounts from the Danube and the Theiss, however varying and contradictory, leave no doubt of the heroism with which a struggle for national independence, second to few that history has loved to record, has been maintained in that region, against the combined powers of two great empires,—at such a moment, we say, whatever promises us a nearer view of any of the actors in this exciting scene must be eagerly welcomed. The name of Kossuth, which has been borne over all Europe as chosen “Defender” of the Magyar cause, is a passport for any work professing to tell us something of a man so greatly and suddenly distinguished; and the volume now before us will be taken up with avidity, on the strength of its title alone. We cannot say that the expectations with which we opened the book have been satisfied, nor that its perusal has given us much pleasure. The ostensible editor, who has compiled it with the assistance of “Hungarian and Austrian writers,” speaks in a tone little calculated to induce a temperate reader to place much confidence in his statements of fact, still less in the truth of the colors in which they are set forth. The spirit of the work is more than republican; it breathes the hottest aspirations of a party—but lately supreme in the place from whence the book was issued—that worship “revolution” as something like a divine process; regarding it as an end of itself,—not as a means deplorable even when necessary to those objects which are precious enough to be well purchased at this terrible price. One of this temper, it is clear, is not the painter whom even liberal judges would choose to delineate any eminent character raised to command by political commotions, to explain the develop-

ment of its powers, or to detail the transactions with which its influence has been identified. In the absence of a better authority, however, we must try to glean from Herr Frey’s compilation such particulars of his hero as seem like matter of fact, or may be gathered from words or writings of Kossuth himself, quoted in these pages; while in those details or summaries which belong to the general history of the Hungarian cause, an attempt must be made to interpret the vehement language of the narrative,—by the aid of such documents as appear, and of whatever external aids can be procured at the moment,—so as to present some outline of the contest between the Magyars and their opponents, divested of the ultra coloring used in the present narrative.

The volume does not bring the story down beyond the verge of the Revolution: the events of which are reserved for a second volume. The first, ending with the invasion of Hungary Proper by Jellachich, in September, 1848, opens with some notices of the life of Kossuth before he began to shine in public affairs; from which period his history is identified with that of his country. The latter has evidently been compiled by Herr Frey in haste as well as in heat; and is taken, without much order or proportion, from reports of the Pesth National Assembly, from newspaper articles, and from anonymous correspondence,—so rudely put together as to produce a confused and perplexing effect. We must try to compress into a few columns the substance of what is here to be learnt of Kossuth himself; and some of the cardinal events on which that determination of the Hungarian nation turned, the results of which have been electrifying Europe.

Louis (Lajos) Kossuth was born in 1806, of indigent parents, in a village in the county

of Zemplin, in North Hungary. According to Frey's account, he is not of true Magyar blood; his father being described as a "Slovak noble,"* although so poor as to depend for his subsistence on manual labor. The family were Protestants; and it was to a minister of this religion, in an adjacent village, that young Kossuth owed his first education. The boy, we are told, attracted the pastor's notice when conversing with him, by showing "acute intelligence and a clear, open understanding." Of his early years we hear little that can be safely relied on. It is said, on the authority of "communications from some of his friends and comrades," that he "despised the company of the other children of the village," "and loved to spend his hours in solitary musings on the banks of the murmuring Ondawa." However this may have been, such dreams could not have lasted long. His teacher was called away to a distant cure; both his parents were carried off by a pestilence that ravaged the country; and the orphan boy had to seek his further support from some distant relatives. By their means he was placed in the Gymnasium of a neighboring town; where, we are told, he devoted himself with ardor and success to studies, particularly of history,—and of this to the Hungarian beyond all others. The pride of his teachers, the first in his class, he neglected the sports of his age for solitary researches into the past; but when with his schoolmates, he gave early proof of the eloquence which was one day to echo throughout an entire nation. In 1826, Kossuth, eighteen years old, "feeling himself already big and strong enough to maintain himself," left school for the University of Pesth. In "the excesses for which the Magyar students were notorious" he took no part,—but labored hard at his chosen study of law; his leisure being still given to the favorite pursuit of history,—which now led him to investigate the political constitutions of Europe, especially of France and of England. His subsistence the while was probably earned by assisting richer students. "In oppressive poverty," says Frey, "in the severest need, Kossuth passed the fairest season of his life." It was no bad training for the future leader of a nation to have been, however sternly, taught in the first place to control himself.

After some years of this discipline, during

* The Slovacks, of whom it is said there are upward of 2,000,000 chiefly in the north-east of Hungary are of Slavonian origin.

which Kossuth became "a dextrous and thoroughly accomplished notary," his diligence was rewarded by an appointment that launched him at once into public life. Invited by "several deputies," he proceeded to Presburg, then the seat of the Diet, to assist in reducing to legal form the business committed to them by their constituencies. The date of this engagement is not given; but it must have been some time—probably three or four years—before 1835; nor are we told how the student became connected with the members who gave him this office. The fact itself, however, proves that Kossuth while at the University must have made himself already known beyond its lecture-rooms as a youth of capacity and promise, through some relations not quite consistent with the recluse life described by the writer of the memoir. The emoluments of his charge "at once secured him the means of prosecuting his favorite studies with sufficient leisure; while at the same time the business intrusted to him and the correspondence belonging to it were carried on with the utmost punctuality and diligence. * * From this employment Kossuth derived a two-fold advantage:—he became, in the first place, known and trusted by the people, through his charge of preparing the reports rendered by the deputies to their constituents,—and in the second place, he acquired in it a thorough acquaintance with the different parties in the sovereign Diet of Hungary."

In this post, while satisfying his patrons, he rapidly gained the acquaintance and confidence of other members. This appears from the new employment in which we find him engaged not long after his arrival at Presburg. The usual newspapers being forbidden to print the transactions of the Diet in detail, the opposition members effected their publication to a certain extent by getting written reports lithographed; and these copies, circulated as private letters, escaped the mutilation of the censor. It was now determined to give to this private news-letter all the features of a regular journal, in which the business of the Assembly should be not only reported, but commented upon: and Kossuth was chosen for its editor. "With a courageous freedom of tone unheard until now, Kossuth discussed the proceedings (of the Diet); and the opposition was delighted to have at length obtained an organ through which its principles might be advocated in the presence of the entire nation." The Government of course "attempted as often as possible to confiscate this journal; maintain-

ing that lithographed as well as printed works belonged to the province of the press, and were equally liable to the censorship." After January, 1835, it was repeatedly seized, in spite of the protests of the opposition; but it still continued to appear, and found its way to every corner of the land, until the *coup d'état* of February the 6th,—when the Archduke suddenly closed the Diet, and the Government seemed resolved to quell the spirit of opposition by severe and arbitrary measures. Kossuth—who on the close of the Diet had established a new journal, intended to report the proceedings in the local (county) assemblies—came at once into collision with the royal authorities: and having disobeyed their mandate to cease the publication—in reliance on a renewed authority from the committee of the county of Pesth,—he was "seized by soldiers in the night, and thrown into a deep gloomy dungeon in the citadel of Ofen." To the severity of his treatment here is ascribed not only the ill health which we find often afflicting him at a later stage of his career, but also that vow of "hatred and revenge sworn against the House of Hapsburg, to the fulfillment of which the whole of his subsequent life," says Frey, "has been devoted." After an imprisonment of "more than two years," (again we are left to guess the date—which may have been between 1838 and 1839,) he was liberated "at the close of the Diet, in one of those amnesties by which the Government fancies it may win the favor of the people." Hereupon, Kossuth immediately "connected himself with the most determined democrats of Hungary." The fruit of this union was the establishment of the Pesth Journal (*Pesti Hirlap*),—which Frey says he edited "as the organ of the radical party." The newspaper "soon obtained an immense circulation,"—and continued in high repute so long as it was conducted by Kossuth; who, however, resigned the editorship to other hands some time before the year 1845,—when we find him as a speaker in the local assembly of Pesth, declaiming in person against the unconstitutional system of the Government. Throughout the two following years we may suppose that Kossuth continued to distinguish himself as a popular orator in these assemblies, and on such other occasions as presented themselves. The memoir is silent respecting this interval; and the next notice of Kossuth which it affords is the important fact of his election in 1847 as one of the two (opposition) deputies returned to the Diet for the county of Pesth, under circumstances of more than usual ex-

citement. The Government, it is said, always unable to prevent the return of liberals in that quarter, hoped to procure at least the election of some one less formidable than Kossuth had now become, by his "fiery impetuosity, the passionate glow of his eloquence, and his unbounded influence with the people." The latter, it is said, compelled the opposition to put him forward, at a time when that party still hesitated at naming a candidate peculiarly obnoxious to the ruling powers. One would like to know something more of the process by which the humbly born orator had thus early grown to be a favorite of the people and a terror to its governors. On this point, again, the memoir says nothing; but we may conjecture that the influence first gained by his pen was afterward heightened by frequent public use of his powers as a speaker on topics of popular interest. The manner of his return for the district of the capital at all events leaves no doubt as to the position which he had now reached in the public eye, as one of the foremost hopes of the liberal or national party. Kossuth, now in the flower of his age (41), at once took a commanding place among the opposition members of the Diet. "Of this party Prince Louis Batthyany was the leader, and its orator was Kossuth."

Early in 1848 the outbreak of the French Revolution gave the liberals new vigor. It was from Kossuth's lips that the utterance of their hopes and resolutions first electrified the Diet; and it is said that the arrival of the report of this speech at Vienna gave the signal to the popular outbreak in that city:—it is reported in the volume before us. We have admired its eloquence, and what in England would be termed the "parliamentary tact" with which on a dry financial subject—a question touching the credit of the Hungarian Bank—the whole aspirations and demands of the national party are brought into the foreground by the orator. On this occasion, and indeed throughout the whole memoir, the historic eye will be struck with evidences of a change in the nature of the levers that now raise or depress the political fortunes of Europe. New influences, it is clear, are gradually usurping the once decisive authority of the sword. In this commotion of Hungary—the land *par excellence* of warlike impulses—we find the prominence of relation and powers that can take root only in peace continually brought to notice. Matters affecting credit, commerce and finance are seen to be quite as important as the motions of armies in the field. They figure

among the prime objects to be secured : and with some of these weapons a warfare has been waged between Austria and Hungary not less formidable in effect on the state of both combatants than the shock of hostile troops. The Magyars' armed resistance has been roused by a leader whose panoply is not the soldier's. Everything, in short, even in this struggle, the issue of which must depend for the moment on the trial of military powers, evinces the tendency of such forces, once supreme in determining the fortunes of war, to fall into a secondary position hereafter.

From the period at which we have now arrived, the personal career of Kossuth is merged in the fortunes of his country. Before proceeding to seize some features of these, one may note that Kossuth, when raised to office as we shall presently see him in the Ministry of Finance, came forward at the same time as the editor of a newspaper bearing his own name (*Kossuth Hirlapja*); in which, during an interval of suspense, while the minister often found it needful to temporize in act or to speak with courtly reserve, the journalist indulged himself in a bold expression of his personal opinions and wishes, with a combination of parts—both equally avowed by the actor—which may be described as without a precedent in the political drama. A word on Kossuth's personal appearance, as we find it portrayed in the frontispiece to Frey's memoir, will not be unwelcome. The features, strongly marked and masculine, are decidedly handsome; the form of the countenance is oval; a wide forehead and large quick eyes, under a brow gently arched, give the face an expression highly intellectual; the mouth is small,—and the lips, slightly parted, bespeak an eager temperament. The nose, massive and aquiline, springs boldly from between the eyes, and is defined at its base by muscular outlines which, with the moulding of the chin, imparts a certain tone of firmness to features that would otherwise seem to promise more vivacity than resolution. The face altogether is not unworthy of a distinguished character; and an air of individuality in the portrait induces us to place more reliance on its truth* than we can afford to some of the written sketches in this volume.

Hungary, although its crown has been worn by successive members of the Austrian

* Our description, it will be seen, cannot apply to the ugly lithographed portrait of Kossuth now exhibited in the shop windows: which we hope is no better than a caricature of the features of the "Defender."

family since the battle of Mohacz in 1526, has always remained an independent monarchy,—possessing its own constitution, which each succeeding king has been required to ratify by a solemn oath at his coronation. It has been alleged that until recent times the influence of Vienna tended on the whole toward improvements in the state of the nation at large; while the nobles, to whom the constitution gave the chief power, resisted these as invasive of their special privileges. For the last thirty years, however, while a more popular element has evidently been growing up, as well among the aristocracy as by the formation in the towns of something like a middle class—increasing grounds of complaints against Austria have been supplied by the system of the Metternich cabinet in the government of this kingdom—which, although avoiding any open breach of its independence, had the effect of reducing it in reality to the condition of a mere province of the Empire. The imposition on Hungary of the Austrian commercial system has long been one serious grievance of the kind against which the Hungarians have vainly protested; others were the refusal of a special government wholly residing at Pesth,—and the supreme direction of the affairs of the nation at Vienna, thus virtually excluding natives from the chief offices, and tending to give the whole civil administration a foreign character. In short, the Hungarians charged Austria with "an obstinate refusal to comply with their just and moderate demands" for various liberal measures and necessary reforms; in refusing which, they alleged, the spirit of the constitution was willfully suppressed, with a view to the ultimate destruction of the independence of the nation; and they naturally seized on an occasion that favored the attainment of hopes long deferred.

They no sooner heard of the Vienna revolt, which closely followed the French Revolution in February, 1848, than they hastened thither to take part in the movement. Kossuth—whose Presburg speech, we have seen, gave the first spark to the explosion—was one of a numerous body of Magyars which a fleet of steamers poured into Vienna on the 15th of March; was rapturously welcomed by the populace,—and immediately made himself conspicuous by haranguing the citizens, imploring them "not to trust too readily to the promises of a Court." The Emperor, already terrified by the outbreak of his Austrian subjects, at once conceded the demands laid before him by the Hungarian

deputation. "These were:—1. The formation of a special Hungarian ministry, charged with both the external and internal interests of the nation, its industry and finances, and with the execution of the decrees of the National Assembly—or, in other words, an independent legislative and administrative Hungarian Government. 2. The transfer to Hungary of the administration of the military frontier, hitherto intrusted to the Aulic Council of War at Vienna."

On the return of the Hungarians to Presburg, with the royal assent to these conditions, the Diet was dissolved. A new one, convened at Pesth on the 4th of July, installed a national ministry framed in virtue of the late concession. It was composed of nine of the chief members of the liberal party. Its president was the same Louis Batthyany already described as the head of the opposition;* and Kossuth was in the list as Minister of Finance. "The new ministry," we read, "was the flower of the intellect of the Diet:"—"its soul was the Finance Minister, Kossuth."

Although the nation had thus nominally gained its long-desired object, it soon appeared that the difficulties inherent in its connection with Austria were by no means solved by this victory. Others, raised by the same spirit of popular self-assertion that had won their cause, arose within the limits of the kingdom itself. The Magyar race is not the sole population of Hungary Proper. We have already spoken of the number of Slovaks in the north-eastern region. In the provinces annexed to the kingdom, including Slavonia, Croatia, Transylvania, Dalmatia, and the military frontier, the mass of the people is Slavonian. The Magyar proportion altogether is rated at five millions out of an entire population of twelve. In the kingdom of Croatia, especially, motions of so-called Panslavism had long troubled its relations with Hungary,—on questions of the official language, of education, finance, &c. The position of the latter, indeed, toward the Croats was not very unlike that of Austria toward the Magyars. In both cases the supremacy claimed was obnoxious to its objects,—in both the desired end was national independence. The Slavonians now thought the time ripe for enforcing their claims also; while the new Hungarian Government showed a disposition rather to encroach than to concede.

* Now a prisoner in the hands of the Austrians.

On this chapter Frey's testimony, as *ab hoste*, may be quoted with some confidence.

"Since the time when Hungary had extorted its independent ministry, the bonds that tied the Austrian monarchy together had become so fragile that the slightest touch, the least breath, threatened to dissolve them. Hungary by that act had torn herself loose from the combination formed by the other (Austrian) states; and thereby had made enemies not only of the many champions of the integrity of the Austrian dynasty, but also of the major part of the non-Magyar population of Hungary, and of the Slavonic people of her appurtenant provinces. No wonder, then, that the Slavonic population should have been filled with anxiety and apprehension, while Hungary by degrees proceeded to transform itself into a specific Magyar State, since, by this change, they must have seen their own nationality menaced. *It is true that the Hungarian Ministry at first did take steps which made these apprehensions seem not ill-founded.* * * The notion of the Ministry was that it could make all the Hungarians one united people by Magyarizing them. To this end, the Latin language, hitherto employed in all official business, was abolished, and the Hungarian introduced, not only in the courts of justice, but in the schools and the Diet. This proceeding excited hate and bitterness in nearly all the Slavonic inhabitants of Hungary,—who seized on this as a pretext to conceal their plans inimical to liberty under the show of alarm for their nationality."

The line of conduct which thus provoked reaction even in Hungary Proper, was not likely to be more acceptable to her Slavonic dependencies. Revolt soon broke out on the Theiss and Lower Danube. At the head of the Croats stood the Ban Jellachich; and it is mainly to the consequences of their movement—which the Austrian Emperor at first affected to discountenance as a revolt, but which the Court always secretly and afterward openly encouraged—that the total rejection of the Hapsburg dynasty by Hungary is to be ascribed. This view of the question will not be found in Frey's memoir. But it appears, we think, clearly enough in all the facts which are here supplied by authentic documents.

The National Assembly, we are told, mainly consisted of three parties:—1st. A section of the aristocracy (Magnates), liberal on the whole, but firmly attached to the Austrian connection; 2nd. A middle party, including the new Ministry, whose watchword was the entire independence of a free Hungary,—if possible, under an Austrian King, if not under some other sovereign or form of sovereignty; 3rd. An extreme radical or revolutionary party, represented by some thirty members,—the latter almost

wholly belonging to the Lower Chamber (or *table*, as it is called).

The second and third of these parties soon came into collision,—on the question of the Hungarian troops serving in Italy, as the “radicals” complained, against popular freedom. The Ministers were not prepared on this point to deny to the King what he was constitutionally entitled to command: and we find Kossuth emphatically pleading against the demand for the recall of these troops; nay, promising on certain conditions to urge the Diet to further reinforcements,—a proceeding that the editor finds it hard to reconcile with the thorough-going revolutionary character or the avowed hatred to Austria which he loves to assign to his hero. He explains his conduct as a feint to gain time for a complete Hungarian revolt; and imputes to Kossuth an extreme of dissimulation hardly reconcilable with “fiery impetuosity,” in order to relieve him from the charge of willingness to subserve the ends of Austria in other quarters provided she would frankly leave the Hungarians to govern themselves—and, it may be added, would assist them to put down the Slavonian “*rebellion*.” This soon grew to be the most serious matter they had to deal with. The ultra views of Magyars and Slavonians were seen to be irreconcilable. The Austrian Court, when appealed to by the former, professed its desire to support Hungary against the “rebels” on the Lower Danube; and when Ban Jellachich evaded the mandates from Vienna, actually proclaimed him a traitor. But it was soon apparent that this was a mere pretence of anger. The Emperor was powerless in the hands of his “*Camarilla*.” Its head, the Archduchess Sophia—described in these pages as “a Messalina,” who had enslaved the Ban by her blandishments—had chosen this leader to restore the cause of Absolutism by the aid of the Slavonians; and advantage was eagerly taken of the umbrage unwisely given by the Ministry at Pesth to enlist the provinces on the Austrian side. The alliance, at first secretly suspected, was in time overtly proclaimed; and the civil war of races, which had been raging on the frontier since the month of June, thereupon virtually became one between the old despotism of Vienna and Magyar independence. The conflict grew more bloody and the position of affairs more critical when Austria began to triumph in Italy. The Emperor, indeed, while at his refuge in Innsbruck, had promised everything to a deputation from the Hungarian Assembly; and sent them

home rejoicing at the issue of an Imperial manifest, addressed to the “Croats and Slavonians,”—denouncing the motions of Jellachich as treasonous, warmly insisting on the rights of Hungary, and warning the Slavonic and Croatian provinces to rebel no longer against her supremacy. But the proclamation was disregarded; and the Emperor’s subsequent contradiction by positive acts of every word which he had said in it constitutes the fatal breach of faith on which the Hungarian nation justify their rejection of the House of Hapsburg. The July events in Vienna completed the rupture between the Slavonian and Magyar parties. The final defeat of Charles Albert was known there early in August; and shortly afterward the so-called counter-revolution began. One mainspring of this, it soon became evident, was to be a Croatian army, raised and led by Jellachich. The difficulties of the Ministry at Pesth—whether still desirous, or merely thinking it still expedient, to remain loyal to an Austrian King—daily increased. We have already mentioned the war of finance measures,—the reciprocal denunciations of Pesth and Vienna bank-notes—between the respective Ministries. In the cabinet of Vienna the luckless Latour now began openly to foster insurrection in Hungary:—arms, cannon, and ammunition were supplied to the Slavonian levies from Austrian arsenals. The state of things grew worse until September;—when a last solemn mission was ordered to repair to Vienna, to protest against its continuance, to obtain a definite answer from the Emperor on the menacing preparations of Jellachich, and to entreat him to repair in person to his Hungarian kingdom. The deputation was received with sullen reserve. In reply to the firm and ample statement of their grievances, the Emperor read a brief and evasive reply; while the courtiers, it is said, scarcely affected to conceal an air of contempt and triumph. The deputies returned “with a red flag hoisted on the steamer” that bore them homeward. From Vienna they saw there was nothing to hope:—the independence of Hungary must thenceforth rest on the issues of war. On the same day that the deputies reached Presburg (the 9th of September, 1848) “Jellachich crossed the Drave with an army of 18,000 regular troops and a horde of Servian and Croatian robbers, 26,000 strong,—and, in the robber’s fashion, without any previous declaration of war, in defiance of all national law, pressed on toward the heart of Hungary.”

At this crisis the first volume of the memoir ends:—the next, said to be already in the press, promises to describe the war of independence to which this harsh and faithless transaction gave the alarm. The drama, indeed, is not yet played out to the end;* but while expecting the issue with the interest due to a cause with which all freemen will sympathize, we may collect from its past scenes some leading views as to the opening of the struggle. It is of course solely as a matter of history that it falls within our province,—and history is bound to be impartial. In this point of view the events described in the present volume seem to lead to the following conclusions:—That the Hungarian nation, as a whole, did not at first design, nor for a long time desire, to reject its Hapsburg monarch: and, further, that—whatever change subsequent events might have produced under the new constitution, for a time, at least, Hungary would have taken no part against Austria in her other relations had the latter shown a sincere determination to observe the concessions which the Emperor had nominally acceded to, nor given countenance in secret to the Slavonian “rebels:”—that the Magyars, while asserting their own nationality, were not disposed to admit the claims of the Slavonian population to equal privileges; and that in disputing them at the outset they committed an error—if not an injustice. The effect of this was to throw into the arms of Austria all the Slavonian provinces: among which it is probable that the Servians, if not the Croats, were at first by no means prone to make common cause with absolutism. If, therefore, the Vienna Court was justly suspected of insincerity from the beginning, any measures that by alarming the Slavonian races tended to provoke a Panslavic union, were precisely such as a sagacious policy would have avoided. It is probable, indeed, that but for the temptation offered by the symptoms of a civil war of races in the Hungarian kingdom, the “Camarilla,” however inclined, would not have ventured, in the then state of Europe, upon a counter-revolution. The latter being once declared, the cause of Hungary of course became the cause of liberal institu-

* The above was written before the arrival of the recent accounts of serious reverses, said to have been suffered by the Hungarians—of an alleged surrender of their best army, and of the disappearance of Kossuth. What consequence may ensue upon this new state of things, time alone can reveal:—this, in the meanwhile, may be firmly believed,—that a warlike people, determined to be free, can never be *permanently* enslaved.

tions and of good faith against despotism and treachery: and it has been maintained with a resolution and gallantry that cannot be too warmly admired. Still, it may be apprehended that its maintenance has been embarrassed, if not its success endangered, by mixing up the question of supremacy of race over race with those national claims of the righteousness of which there can be no question. This combination tended to give Jellachich a power over the provincial inhabitants not of Croatia only, which he could not otherwise have wielded,—while it may have paved the way for the Russians, as champions of a Panslavic principle, in many quarters where their intrusion would formerly have excited the liveliest resentment.

We add, in illustration of what is above said of Kossuth's energy and spirit, the following remarkable letter to Lord Palmerston, written after the failure of the Hungarian cause.

KOSSUTH'S LETTER TO LORD PALMERSTON.

Widdin (Turkey), Sept. 20.

Your Excellency is no doubt already informed of the fall of my country—unhappy Hungary, assuredly worthy of a better fate.

It was not prompted by the spirit of disorder, or the ambitious views of faction; it was not a revolutionary leaning which induced my native country to accept the mortal struggle maintained so gloriously, and brought, by nefarious means, to so unfortunate an end.

Hungary has deserved from her kings the historical epithet of “generous nation,” for she never allowed herself to be surpassed in loyalty and faithful adherence to her sovereign by any nation in the world.

Nothing but the most revolting treachery, the most tyrannical oppression, and cruelties unheard of in the words of history—nothing but the infernal doom of annihilation to her national existence, preserved through a thousand years, through adversities so numerous, were able to arouse her to oppose the fatal stroke aimed at her very life, to enable her to repulse the tyrannical assault of the ungrateful Hapsburgs, or to accept the struggle for life, honor, and liberty, forced upon her. And she has nobly fought that holy battle, in which with the aid of Almighty God she prevailed against Austria, whom we crushed to the earth, standing firm, even when attacked by the Russian giant, in the consciousness of justice, in our hope in God, and in our hope, my lord, in the generous feeling of your great and glori-

ous nation, the natural supporter of justice and humanity throughout the world. But this is over: what tyranny began has been by treachery concluded; on all sides abandoned, my poor country has fallen, not through the overwhelming power of two great empires, but by the faults, and I may say the treason, of her own sons.

To these untoward events, I pray God that my unhappy country may be the only sacrifice, and that the true interests of peace, freedom, and civilization through the world may not be involved in our unhappy fate.

Mr. Francis Pulsky, our diplomatic agent in London, has received ample information as to the cause of this sudden and unlooked-for change in the affairs of Hungary, and is instructed to communicate it to your Excellency, if you are graciously pleased to receive the same. It is not antipathy to Austria, though so well merited at the hands of every Hungarian, but a true conviction which makes me say, that even Austria has lost far more by her victory, gained through Russian aid, than she would have lost in merited defeat through honorable arrangement. Fallen from her position of a first-rate power, she has now forfeited her self-consistency, and has sunk into the obedient instrument of Russian ambition and of Russian commands.

Russia only has gained at this sanguinary game; she has extended and strengthened her influence in the east of Europe, and threatens already, in a fearful manner, with outstretching arms, not only the integrity, but the moral basis, of the Turkish empire.

May it please you, my lord, to communicate to your Excellency a most revolting condition which the Turkish government, at the suggestion of Russia, is about to impose upon us poor homeless exiles.

I, the governor of unhappy Hungary, after having, I believe, as a good citizen and honest man, fulfilled to the last my duties to my country, had no choice left me between the repose of the grave and the inexpressible anguish of expatriation.

Many of my brethren in misfortune had preceded me on the Turkish territory. I followed thither in the hope that I should be permitted to pass to England, and there, under the protection of the English people—a protection never yet denied to persecuted man—allowed to repose for a while my wearied head on the hospitable shore of your happy island.

But even with these views I would rather have surrendered myself to my deadliest enemy than to cause any difficulties to the

Turkish government, whose situation I well knew how to appreciate, and therefore did not intrude on the Turkish territories without previously inquiring whether I and my companions in misfortune would be willingly received, and the protection of the Sultan granted to us.

We received the assurance that we were welcome guests, and should enjoy the full protection of his Majesty the Padisha, who would rather sacrifice fifty thousand men of his own subjects, than allow one hair of our heads to be injured.

It was only upon this assurance that we passed into the Turkish territory, and according to the generous assurance we were received and tended on our journey, received in Widdin as the Sultan's guests, and treated hospitably, during four weeks, whilst waiting from Constantinople further orders as to the continuation of our sad journey to some distant shore.

Even the ambassadors of England and France, to whom I ventured in the name of humanity to appeal, were so kind as to assure me of their full sympathy.

His Majesty, the Sultan, was also so gracious as to give a decided negative to the inhuman pretensions of our extradition demanded by Russia and Austria.

But a fresh letter from his Majesty the Czar arrived in Constantinople, and its consequence was the suggestion sent to us by an express messenger of the Turkish Government, that the Poles and Hungarians, and in particular myself, Count Casimir Batthyany, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Hungary, under my government, and the Generals Messaros and Perczel (all here), would be surrendered unless we chose to abjure the faith of our forefathers in the religion of Christ, and become Mussulmans. And thus five thousand Christians are placed in the terrible alternative either of facing the scaffold or of purchasing their lives by abandoning their faith. So low is already fallen the once mighty Turkey, that she can devise no other means to answer or evade the demands of Russia.

Words fail me to qualify these astonishing suggestions, such as never have been made yet to the fallen chief of a generous nation, and could hardly have been expected in the nineteenth century.

My answer does not admit of hesitation. Between death and shame the choice can neither be dubious nor difficult. Governor of Hungary, and elected to that high place by the confidence of fifteen millions of my

countrymen, I know well what I owe to the honor of my country even in exile. Even as a private individual I have an honorable path to pursue. Once governor of a generous country—I leave no heritage to my children—they shall, at least, bear an unsullied name. God's will be done. I am prepared to die; but as I think this measure dishonorable and injurious to Turkey, whose interest I sincerely have at heart, and as I feel it my duty to save my companions in exile, if I can, from a degrading alternative, I have replied to the Grand Vizier in a conciliatory manner, and took also the liberty to apply to Sir Stratford Canning and General Aupich for their generous aid against this tyrannic act. In full reliance on the noble sentiments and generous principles of your Excellency, by which, as well as through your wisdom, you have secured the esteem of the civilized world, I trust to be excused in enclosing copies of my two letters to the Grand Vizier and Sir Stratford Canning.

I am informed that the whole matter is a cabal against the ministry of Reschid Pacha, whose enemies would wish to force him to our extradition, in order to lower it in public estimation, and render impossible its continuance in office. It is certain that in the grand council held on the 9th and 10th of September, after a tumultuous debate, the majority of the council declared in favor of our extradition, the majority of the ministry against it. No decision was come to in consequence of the altercation which took place; but, notwithstanding, the ministry thought fit to make us the revolting suggestion I have named.

This mode of solving the difficulty would not, I am convinced, save the ministry, because a protection only given in contradiction of the Sultan's generous feeling, at the price of five thousand Christians abandoning their faith, would be revolting to the whole Christian world, and prove hardly calculated to win sympathies for Turkey in the event of war with Russia, which, in the opinion of the most experienced Turkish statesmen, is approaching fast.

As to my native country, Turkey does, I believe, already feel the loss of the neglected opportunity of having given to Hungary at least some moral help to enable it to check the advance of the common enemy. But it appears to me that it would be a very ill-advised mode of gaining Hungarian sympathy by sending me to an Austrian scaffold, and forcing my unhappy companions to ab-

jure their religion, or accept the same alternative.

No friends to the Turkish government would spring up from my blood shed by her broken faith, but many deadly foes. My lord, your heart will, I am sure, excuse my having called your attention to our unhappy fate, since it has now assumed political importance. Abandoned in this unsocial land by the whole world, even the first duties of humanity give us no promise of protection unless, my lord, you and your generous nation come forward to protect us.

What steps it may be expedient that you should take, what we have a right to expect from the well-known generosity of England, it would be hardly fitting for me to enter on. I place my own and my companions' fate in your hands, my lord, and in the name of humanity throw myself under the protection of England.

Time presses—our doom may in a few days be sealed. Allow me to make an humble personal request. I am a man, my lord, prepared to face the worst; and I can die with a free look at Heaven, as I have lived. But I am also, my lord, a husband, son, and father, my poor true-hearted wife, my children, and my noble old mother, are wandering about Hungary. They will probably soon fall into the hands of those Austrians who delight in torturing even feeble women, and with whom the innocence of childhood is no protection against persecutions. I conjure your Excellency, in the name of the Most High, to put a stop to these cruelties by your powerful mediation, and especially to accord to my wife and children an asylum on the soil of the generous English people.

As to my poor—my loved and noble country—must she, too, perish for ever? Shall she, unaided, be abandoned to her fate, and unavenged, be doomed to annihilation by her tyrants? Will England, once her hope, not become her consolation?

The political interests of civilized Europe, so many weighty considerations respecting England herself, and chiefly the maintenance of the Ottoman empire, are too intimately bound up with the existence of Hungary for me to lose all hope. My lord, may God the Almighty for many years shield you, that you may long protect the unfortunate, and live to be the guardian of the rights of freedom and humanity. I subscribe myself, with the most perfect respect and esteem,

(Signed) L. KOSSUTH.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CHATHAM—SHERIDAN—BURKE—FOX. *

The Modern Orator. Being a Selection from the Speeches of the Earl of Chatham, Sheridan, Edmund Burke, Lord Erskine, and Charles James Fox, with Introductions and Explanatory Notes. In 2 vols. 8vo. London: Aylott & Jones, Paternoster Row.

MESSRS. Aylott and Jones have established a strong claim upon the gratitude of all to whom the cause of English literature is dear. They have come forward in a very spirited manner to save from oblivion some of the brightest flowers in the whole garland of English eloquence. In *The Modern Orator*, compiled under their auspices, we have collected within a moderate compass, not specimens only, but the very cream of all that Chatham, Sheridan, Burke, Erskine, and Fox, ever addressed to either House of Parliament. The speeches of each statesman, moreover, are prefaced by a short sketch of his life; while explanatory notes enable the reader fully to apprehend both the general drift of the several orations that come before him, and the particular points which, in the progress of his argument, the speaker has contrived either to achieve or to miss. It is impossible to overestimate the value or importance of such a publication. While it brings within the reach of thousands, knowledge, from which, without some help of the sort, they must have been entirely shut out, it supplies the more fortunate few with a manual, easily referred to, and just sufficiently extensive to recall to their recollection whatever, in this department of literature, an educated man would be loath to forget. No doubt there are fuller biographies extant of all the great men referred to here. And the intrinsic worth of these must remain to the end of time precisely what it was when each first came under the scalpel of the critic. But experience has long ago shown, that biographies continue to be popular in an inverse ratio to their bulk; because you cannot forever keep alive the literary appetite that gulps down a couple of quartos, or half-a-dozen bulky octavos at the outset. Look at Tomlin's *Life of Pitt*, Lord Holland's *Memoirs of Charles James Fox*, and Moore's

Life of Sheridan. (Who that has not passed his grand climacteric ever thinks of referring to these, except for a purpose?) And even Prior's *Life of Burke*, though comparatively a recent publication, lives but in the memory of a passing generation, and will soon take its place on the top-shelves, among the books "which no gentleman's library ought to be without." Messrs. Aylott and Jones have, therefore, done good service, both to the memory of the glorious dead and to the taste and political education of the living. They have embalmed, so to speak, the rich imagery, the terse argument, the glorious declamation of the former, in a shrine which, being accessible to all, has a good chance of commanding the devotion of true worshipers to the end of time; while before the living age they bring models of imitation, which, as they may be studied without fatigue, and remembered in their just proportions, so they cannot fail of giving a bias to the tastes, and strengthening the reflective powers of the young and the ardent of many generations.

Chatham, Sheridan, Erskine, Burke, Fox—what a galaxy of illustrious names! Whig though they be (with the exception, at least, of Burke, and he was a Whig at the outset), it is impossible not to feel when we come into their presence that we are indeed standing upon holy ground. But why should our spirited publishers stop there? Has not England produced another Pitt, attaining, even in his youth, to higher eminence than his father succeeded in making at mature age? Are Canning's silver tones forgotten? Has Wilberforce quite passed from men's memories? or Huskisson, or Scott, or Murray, or Thurloe? And might not passages of surpassing power and interest be culled from the speeches of still earlier statesmen, such as Hyde, Falkland, Hampden, Cecil?

Perhaps this hint of ours may not be thrown away. The firm which has dared to put forth these two volumes, cannot fail of meeting with such encouragement as shall lead to more. And then, without doubt, the same judgment and skill which have been brought to bear upon the present selection, will find scope and room enough to disport themselves on another.

The first of the great men with whom *The Modern Orator* deals was born in St. James's parish, Westminster, on the 15th of November, 1708. His grandfather, when governor of Madras, had purchased for £20,400, a diamond, which was long considered the largest in the world; and subsequently sold it to the Regent Orleans, on account of the King of France, for £135,000. Thus enriched, he became the proprietor of a handsome estate near Lostwithiel, in Cornwall, which he bequeathed, together with a considerable portion in money, to his son Robert. Of this Robert, by Harriet Villiers, sister to the Earl of Grandison, William Pitt, afterward Earl of Chatham, was the second son.

William Pitt was sent at an early age to Eton, where he greatly distinguished himself, and became a favorite both with the masters and his schoolfellows. Among the latter, he seems to have associated chiefly with George, afterward Lord Lyttleton; Henry Fox, afterward Lord Holland; and Henry Fielding. He entered Trinity College, Oxford, as a gentleman commoner; but never took a degree. An attack of gout in early life induced him to quit the university, and to seek in travel through France and Italy the health which had been seriously impaired. After his return, he obtained a commission in the Blues, and in February, 1735, took his seat in the House of Commons as member for Old Sarum. He at once, and without any apparent effort, made his presence felt in the great council of the nation. A strikingly handsome figure, a dignified and graceful manner, a voice full, rich, clear, and singularly flexible, supplied all that is wanting to complete the exterior graces of an orator; and neither the style nor the matter of his speeches disappointed the expectations which these outward signs might have stirred. Butler, in his *Reminiscences*, says of Lord Chatham, that "his lowest whisper was distinctly heard; his middle tones were sweet, rich, and beautifully varied; when he elevated his voice to its highest pitch, the house was completely filled with the volume of the sound."

His great *forte*, like that of his immortal son, seems to have been "invective," the force of which was much enhanced by the lightning glance of an eye which few could bear when turned upon them without shrinking.

He delivered his maiden speech in parliament on the 29th of April, 1736, when Mr. Pulteney, then Paymaster of the Forces, moved an address of congratulation to George II. on the marriage of Frederick Prince of Wales with the Princess Augusta of Saxe Gotha. To our less courtly ears, there is a tone of too much adulation about this speech, which, however, the editors of *The Modern Orator* have, with great judgment, preserved. And as it lauded the Prince on account of his many virtues, among which dutiful obedience to his royal father was not forgotten, the royal father, who hated the royal son consumedly, never forgave the insult. The young statesman was most unceremoniously deprived of his cornetcy of Horse, and went, as in duty bound, into violent opposition. As a matter of course, the dutiful Prince of Wales took to his arms the man whom the King his father delighted not to honor. Mr. Pitt was appointed Groom of the Bedchamber to his royal highness, and forthwith took a prominent part in assailing the policy and person of Sir Robert Walpole.

The first heavy blow struck by the ex-cornet at the prime minister was delivered in March, 1739, when he fiercely attacked Walpole's convention with Spain, and contributed not a little, by the force of his eloquence, to bring it into disrepute. The cabinet carried its motion, but by a majority of only twenty-eight votes—a thing quite unprecedented in the good old times of undisguised corruption; and the chief of the cabinet felt the same hour that his power was shaken. Nor is this to be wondered at. There was a vigor in Pitt's onslaught which a better cause might have found it hard to withstand; brought against the truckling of the great Whig premier, it was quite irresistible.

"This convention, sir, I think from my soul, is nothing but a stipulation for national ignominy; an illusory expedient to baffle the resentment of the nation; a truce, without a suspension of hostilities on the part of Spain; on the part of England, a suspension, as to Georgia, of the first law of nature, self-preservation and self-defence; a surrender of the rights and trade of England to the mercy of plenipotentiaries; and, in this infinitely highest and most sacred point—future security, not only inadequate, but directly repug-

nant to the resolutions of parliament and the gracious promise from the throne. The complaints of your despairing merchants, and the voice of England, have condemned it. Be the guilt of it upon the head of the adviser: God forbid that this committee should share the guilt by approving it!"

Pitt was now one of the acknowledged leaders of the opposition, and he gave the enemy no respite. On the 19th of October, 1739, war was declared against Spain; and the reluctant minister having once drawn the sword, seemed resolute to wield it effectively. But here, again, Pitt stood like a rock in his way. On the 27th of January, 1741, Sir Charles Wager, First Lord of the Admiralty, introduced into parliament a bill for the encouragement and increase of seamen, and for the better and speedier manning of the navy. The measure had more than one very weak side, and they were all pounced upon directly by the prince's groom of the bedchamber. Among other arrangements proposed there was one which empowered justices of the peace, upon application under the sign manual, or by the Lord High Admiral, or the commissioners executing that office, to issue warrants to constables within their jurisdiction, to search either by day or by night for seamen; and for that purpose to enter, and if need were, to force open the door of any house, or other place, in which there was reason to suspect that seamen were concealed. Pitt rose, as soon as the opportunity offered, and thus noticed the arguments of the Attorney and Solicitor-general (Sir Dudley Ryder and Sir John Strange), who had preceded him:

"Sir, the two honorable and learned gentlemen who spoke in favor of this clause were pleased to shew that our seamen are half slaves already, and now they modestly desire you should make them wholly so. Will this increase your number of seamen? or will it make those you have more willing to serve you? Can you expect that any man will make himself a slave if he can avoid it? Can you expect that any man will breed his child up to be a slave? Can you expect that seamen will venture their lives or their limbs for a country that has made them slaves? or can you expect that any seaman will stay in the country, if he can by any means make his escape? Sir, if you pass this law, you must, in my opinion, do with your seamen as they do with their galley-slaves in France—you must chain them to their ships, or chain them in couples when they are ashore. But suppose this should both increase the number of your seamen, and render them more willing to serve you, it will render them incapable. It is a common observation, that when a man becomes a slave, he loses half his virtue.

What will it signify to have your ships all manned to their full complement? Your men will have neither the courage nor the temptation to fight; they will strike to the first enemy that attacks them, because their condition cannot be made worse by a surrender. Our seamen have always been famous for a matchless alacrity and intrepidity in time of danger; this has saved many a British ship, when other seamen would have run below deck and left the ship to the mercy of the waves, or, perhaps, of a more cruel enemy, a pirate. For God's sake, sir, let us not, by our new projects, put our seamen into such a condition as must soon make them worse than the cowardly slaves of France and Spain."

Harassed by the ceaseless attacks of his eloquent opponent, and deserted first by one and then by another of his ancient supporters, Sir Robert Walpole accepted a peerage, and, as Earl of Orford, withdrew from the administration. Mr. Pelham, Mr. Sandys, Lord Carteret, and their friends, now took the chief management of affairs. But their policy, and in particular their system of continental alliances, differed in nothing from that of Walpole, and they became, as he had been, the objects of Pitt's vehement denunciations. He attacked their inconsistency on the 9th and 23d of March, 1742, when Lord Limerick moved for an inquiry into the proceedings of the defunct cabinet; and in December of the same year exposed, with equal bitterness and ability, the injustice and extravagance of the Hanoverian alliance. It was proposed by the minister that England should take into her pay 16,000 Hanoverian troops, in order that they might be employed in the Netherlands, in support of Maria Theresa, queen of Hungary. Pitt rose immediately after Henry Fox, who had spoken in support of the arrangement, though with a qualification, and said,—

"Sir, if the honorable gentleman determines to abandon his present sentiments as soon as any better measures are proposed, the ministry will quickly be deprived of one of their ablest defenders; for I consider the measures hitherto pursued so weak and so pernicious, that scarcely any alteration can be proposed that will not be for the advantage of the nation."

He then went on, in a strain of fiery eloquence, to expose the sophistry of men who did not scruple to seek the support of the Crown at the expense of the people's burdens; and summed up his argument in these words:—

"If, therefore, our assistance to the Queen of Hungary be an act of honesty, and granted in con-

sequence of treaties, why may it not be equally required of Hanover? If it be an act of generosity, why should this country alone be obliged to sacrifice her interests for those of others? or why should the Elector of Hanover exert his liberality at the expense of Great Britain?

"It is now too apparent, sir, that this great, this powerful, this mighty nation, is considered only as a province to a despicable electorate; and that in consequence of a scheme formed long ago, and invariably pursued, these troops are hired only to drain this unhappy country of its money. That they have hitherto been of no use to Great Britain or to Austria, is evident beyond a doubt; and, therefore, it is plain that they are retained only for the purposes of Hanover."

In 1744 another change of administration took place. The Duke of Newcastle was called to the chief management of affairs, and proposed to the king that Pitt should take office as Secretary at War; but George II. could not forgive Pitt's opposition to the Hanoverian interests, and positively refused to receive him. Considerable inconvenience followed, which was overcome chiefly by Pitt's disinterested entreaty to his friends not to refuse office on his account; and the Newcastle cabinet continued to hold the reins till the 10th of February, 1746. But they had felt their own weakness from the first, and having again failed to overcome the king's disinclination to receive Pitt, they resigned. Mr. Pulteney, now created Earl of Bath, thereupon became First Lord of the Treasury. His effort to form a cabinet broke down, and Pitt's friends returning to their places, brought him along with them; first, as Vice-treasurer for Ireland, and then on the 6th of May as Paymaster to the Forces, with a seat in council.

As the second son of a country gentleman, William Pitt had always been poor. Indeed, it was the *res angusta* which alone induced him to accept office in the household of Frederick Prince of Wales, and he seized the very first opportunity that presented itself of resigning it. In 1744 the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough died, and left him a legacy of £10,000, "on account," as her will expresses it, "of his merit in the noble defence he has made of the laws of England, and to prevent the ruin of his country." This fortune, though not great, was sufficient to place him in a position of comparative independence, and he immediately ceased to be groom of the bedchamber to the prince. The emoluments of office as paymaster of the forces proved, moreover, an acceptable addition to his income; though, to his honor be it recorded, he did not pocket a shilling

beyond the bare salary allowed; and at the period concerning which we now write, this deserves to be accepted as very high praise, for there was no man then in public life, from the highest to the lowest station, but looked upon the appropriation of waifs and strays as fair plunder. Chancellors and prime ministers openly accepted presents, not from foreign courts alone, but from private persons. Till Pitt's incumbency there had never been a paymaster who omitted to appropriate to his own use the interest on public balances, or to exact a fee of one-half per cent. from moneys paid in the form of subsidy to any of the Continental powers. Pitt refused from the first to enrich himself by any such discreditable means. He paid the balances, as often as they accrued, into the Bank of England, and declined the fee which his predecessors used to expect as a matter of right. Pitt was arrogant, overbearing, and very difficult to manage, but he was quite as disinterested as his son; and we defy any man, in high life or in low, to exceed either of them in that respect.

In November, 1754, Pitt married Hester, daughter of Richard Grenville, Esq., of Wootten, in the county of Buckingham, and sister of Viscount Cobham, afterward Earl Temple, and of George and James Grenville. In 1755, he received an intimation from the king that his majesty had no further occasion for his services; and, together with Legge, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, seceded from the cabinet. This was owing to the disapprobation expressed by these two statesmen of the subsidiary treaties with Hesse Cassel and Russia, into which the king, without consulting his council, had entered. But, though deprived of office, they did not enter violently into opposition. On the contrary, when a rupture with France became inevitable, Pitt seconded the proposal of Viscount Barrington, Secretary at War, to increase the army, which was accordingly raised from about 20,000 to 35,000 men. In spite, however, of this indisposition unnecessarily to embarrass the councils of the Government, the war was not well managed. Minorca fell into the hands of the French. Admiral Byng was sacrificed. Oswego in America, and Calcutta in Asia, were both lost. A panic seized the Duke of Newcastle, and after vainly endeavoring to bring Pitt back again he resigned. A new cabinet was accordingly formed, with the Duke of Devonshire at its head, and Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge formed part of it,—the

former as Secretary of State, the latter as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

There was still on the part of the king a rooted dislike to his servant,—a feeling which was carried to a still greater extreme by the Duke of Cumberland. The latter, indeed, refused to take command of the army which was to protect Hanover unless Pitt were removed from office; and once more Pitt, with Legge, and this time with Lord Temple, were sacrificed. But the disfavor of the court was more than compensated to the two former by the respect and admiration of the people. Numerous addresses of thanks poured in upon them from all quarters; and cities and boroughs loaded them with deeds of freedom, each enclosed in a gold box. The king's faction could not make head against this stream, the weight of which was further increased by the abortive issue of the Duke of Cumberland's military operations. Another change of administration became necessary, and the Duke of Newcastle assuming the post of First Lord of the Treasury, Pitt became again Secretary of State, and to all intents and purposes leader in the councils of the nation.

It is unnecessary to dwell at length upon the great events which characterized the interval between 1757 and 1762. However averse he might be to war, Pitt threw himself into the contest which he found raging with wisdom and vigor. The navies of France were swept from the face of the ocean. Canada was conquered, and numerous islands and stations in the West Indies, in Africa, and in Asia, subdued. Nor was his triumph over the prejudices of the Jacobites either less striking or less creditable to himself. He conquered Canada, and several of the West Indies, by bringing against them the stout right arms of the very clans which had followed Charles Edward to Derby, and fought at Falkirk and Culloden. It was a wise policy this which enlisted the military spirit of the Highlanders on the side of the established Government, and consummated by kindness the triumph which Lord Hardwicke's terrible, but necessary laws of proscription, had begun. But Pitt, though a great and most successful minister, was intolerably overbearing in the cabinet; and showed no disposition to yield, even in manner, to royalty itself. He ruled his colleagues with a rod of iron, and lost all hold except upon their fears. Hence a cabal formed itself against him, at the head of which stood Lord Bute; and the first opportunity was taken to force him out of the

king's councils. On the 25th of October, 1760, George II. died. He was succeeded by his grandson, George III.; and Pitt's days of influence and power became numbered. Negotiations for peace had been begun on the side of France, and were proceeding as favorably as an English minister could desire, when Charles III. came to the throne of Spain, with feelings strongly prejudiced in favor of his relative, Louis XV. Pitt was not long kept in doubt respecting the formation of the "family compact," and foreseeing that its consequences would be, not peace with France, but war with Spain, and, perhaps, with Sicily likewise, he determined to anticipate the plans of both. He proposed in the cabinet that the negotiations with France should be broken off, and that England should take the initiative in the inevitable quarrel with them. To his great surprise he found himself outvoted. He tried a second appeal in the council chamber, and was again defeated; whereupon he tendered his advice in writing to the young king, and there, likewise, met with a repulse. No course now lay open to him except resignation. He went with his seals of office to St. James's, where the young king received him with such marks of kindness and respect, that the heart of the proud statesman was touched. His resignation could not, of course, be withdrawn; but he accepted, in token of the gratitude of the Crown, a peerage for his wife, and was not ashamed (he had no reason to be) of becoming a pensioner to the extent of £3000 a year.

A retiring statesman, whose descent into private life is softened by a pension, seldom fails to incur at least temporary unpopularity. This was the case with Pitt; but the storm, though sharp for the moment, soon blew over, and he became again the idol of the people. All that he had foretold as about to happen in regard to Spain came to pass. On the 4th of January, 1762, war was declared against that power, under circumstances far less favorable to England than would have attended the measure had Pitt's suggestions been acted upon. On the whole, however, the country had no cause to complain of the results of the contest. Several of Spain's most valuable settlements, of which Cuba was one, fell into the hands of the English, and the tide of success was flowing without a check, when negotiations for peace were entered into. Pitt heard of these, and left his bed, to which he had been confined for several days, to protest against them. Unable to stand, he was per-

mitted to address the House from the bench on which he sat, but he fairly broke down ere he could reach the pith of his argument. His speech produced a great sensation, though it could not arrest the progress of events. Cuba, the most important conquest which England had ever made, was restored to Spain in exchange for Florida; an arrangement of which, down to the present day, England has good reason to regret the improvidence.

It was about this time, or rather in the early part of the following year, that Sir William Pynsent, a Somerset baronet of ancient family, died and bequeathed to William Pitt the estate of Burton Pynsent, with a rental of £3000 a year. The baronet had no personal acquaintance with the legatee—it is doubtful whether he had ever seen him; but he was a great admirer of Pitt's public character, and seems to have had no near relatives. So considerable an accession to means not previously abundant proved very acceptable to the recipient; but it did not abate one jot of the mental activity of the man. A martyr to gout, he still played a conspicuous part in parliament, though he steadily refused to become again a member of the cabinet which had so unceremoniously thrown him overboard.

From 1761 to 1766 Pitt remained excluded from the king's councils. He was, therefore, no party to the ill-judged Stamp Act, which had well-nigh precipitated, by a year or two, the rupture with the North American colonies; indeed, he opposed it when first brought forward vigorously, and contributed largely, by the eloquence and power of his denunciation, in effecting its repeal. The following extract from his speech on the latter occasion well deserves to be remembered:—

"A great deal has been said without doors of the power, of the strength, of America. It is a topic that ought to be cautiously meddled with. In a good cause, on a sound bottom, the force of this country can crush America to atoms. I know the valor of your troops; I know the skill of your officers. There is not a company of foot that has served in America out of which you may not pick a man of sufficient knowledge and experience to make a governor of a colony there. But on this ground—on the Stamp Act—when so many here will think it a crying injustice, I am one who will lift up my hands against it.

"In such a cause, even your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man. She would embrace the pillars of the State, and pull down the Constitution along with her. Is this your boasted peace? To sheathe the sword, not in its scabbard, but in

the bowels of your countrymen? Will you quarrel with yourselves now the whole house of Bourbon is united against you? While France disturbs your fisheries in Newfoundland, embarrasses your slave-trade to Africa, and withholds from your subjects in Canada their property stipulated by treaty; while the ransom for the Manillas is denied by Spain, and its gallant conqueror basely traduced into a mean plunderer,—a gentleman whose noble and generous spirit would do honor to the proudest grandee of the country. The Americans have not acted in all things with prudence and temper. The Americans have been wronged. They have been driven to madness by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness which you have occasioned? Rather let prudence and temper, come first from this side. I will undertake for America that she will follow the example. There are two lines in a ballad of Prior's, of a man's behavior to his wife, so applicable to you and your colonies, that I cannot help repeating them,—

'Be to her faults a little blind;
Be to her virtues very kind.'

"Upon the whole, I will beg leave to tell the House what is really my opinion. It is, that the Stamp Act be *repealed, absolutely, totally, and immediately*. That the reason for the repeal be assigned, because it was founded on an erroneous principle. At the same time, let the sovereign authority of this country over the colonies be asserted in as strong terms as can be devised, and be made to extend to every point of legislation whatsoever. We may bind their *trade*, confine their *manufactures*, and exercise every *power* whatsoever, except that of taking their money out of their pockets without their consent."

It was during this interval, likewise, that the famous disputes between the House of Commons and John Wilkes occurred. Pitt was no admirer of Wilkes; but he still less admired the unconstitutional and impolitic proceedings of those who, in their abhorrence of a demagogue and a libeler, forgot what was due to the privileges of parliament, and the undoubted rights of the constituencies. He spoke against the sentence of expulsion, which was, however, as is well known, carried into effect.

The king was by this time heartily tired of the bondage in which the great Whig families seemed determined to keep him. His first attempt to emancipate himself, by placing Lord Bute at the head of the administration, had failed. He now endeavored, with the assistance of Lord Rockingham, to shake them off; but Lord Rockingham possessed small influence in parliament, and was quite as much a member of the clique at heart as many who followed more openly in the wake of the house of Russell. No-

thing now remained, therefore, except to call upon Pitt to form an administration. He did so, "and produced," says Burke, "such a piece of diversified mosaic, such a tessellated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white—patriots and courtiers, king's friends and Republicans, Whigs and Tories, treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was, indeed, a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on." Nor would the state of his own health permit the framer of the cabinet to watch, as it was right that he should, over its proceedings. The business of the House of Commons was too much for him, and he passed into the Lords as Earl of Chatham. Had he consulted his own fame more, and what he believed to be the best interests of the crown less, he would have retired from the cabinet as soon as the truth was forced upon him that physical strength enough to guide its deliberations was wanting. He failed to do this; and cannot, therefore, escape his share of responsibility for measures which resulted in the catastrophe which he had on former occasions contributed to postpone.

In the year 1767, Charles Townsend introduced into the House of Commons a bill for taxing America, by levying duties on certain articles which the Americans were not permitted to import, except from Great Britain. We need not so much as refer to the consequences of this measure; but it is due to Lord Chatham not to place out of record, that, as the scheme was none of his, he hastened, in 1768, to mark his disapproval of it by withdrawing from the Government. It is just, also, to bear in mind, that almost from the date of his return to power till his resignation he labored under the pressure of a malady, which though not, perhaps, such as deserves to be described as an aberration of intellect, entirely unfitted him from taking part in public affairs. The portion of blame which attaches to him, as compared with that justly attributable to his colleagues, is very small. But if he erred in suffering himself to be made an involuntary party to the beginning of the strife, he more than made amends by the unwearied zeal which marked his efforts to heal the breach. In 1770, his health being somewhat re-established, he returned to public life; and as a peer of parliament advocated measures of conciliation, which were unhappily rejected. At last, as is well known, the Government, which had repeatedly declined to entertain fair and honorable propositions from

the enemy, gave up all for lost, and resolved to have peace on any terms. This was quite as much at variance with Lord Chatham's sense of right as the original ground of the war. He resolved, therefore, to oppose the motion; and rose from a sick bed, to which he had been long confined in the country, that he might carry his design into force. He proceeded to London, and sat in the Lord Chancellor's room till informed that the business of the debate was about to begin. Let the editor of the work which we are here reviewing tell the rest:—

"He was then led into the House of Peers by two friends. He was dressed in a rich suit of black velvet, and covered up to the knees in flannel. Within his large wig, little more of his countenance was to be seen than his aquiline nose and his penetrating eye, which retained all its native fire. He looked like a dying man; yet never was seen a figure of more dignity; he appeared like a being of a superior species. The Lords stood up, and made a lane for him to pass to his seat, whilst, with a gracefulness of deportment for which he was so eminently distinguished, he bowed to them as he proceeded. Having taken his seat on the bench of the earls, he listened to the speech of the Duke of Richmond with the most profound attention.

"After Lord Weymouth had spoken against the address, Lord Chatham rose from his seat slowly and with difficulty, leaning on his crutches, and supported by his two friends. Taking one hand from his crutch, he raised it, and, casting his eyes toward Heaven, said, 'I thank God that I have been enabled to come here this day to perform my duty, and to speak on a subject which has so deeply impressed my mind. I am old and infirm—have one foot, more than one foot, in the grave—I have risen from my bed to stand up in the cause of my country—perhaps never again to speak in this house!'

"The reverence—the attention—the stillness of the House was most affecting; if any one had dropped a handkerchief the noise would have been heard. At first Lord Chatham spoke in a very low and feeble tone; but as he grew warm, his voice rose, and became as harmonious as ever; oratorical and affecting, perhaps more than at any former period, both from his own situation, and from the importance of the subject on which he spoke. He gave the whole history of the American war; of all the measures to which he had objected; and all the evil consequences which he had foretold; adding at the end of each period, 'And so it proved.'

"In one part of his speech he ridiculed the apprehension of an invasion, and then recalled the remembrance of former invasions,—'A Spanish invasion, a French invasion, a Dutch invasion, many noble lords must have read of in history; and some lords (looking keenly at one who sat near him) may remember a Scotch invasion.'

"My lords," continued he, 'I rejoice that the

grave has not closed upon me; that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy! Pressed down as I am by the hand of infirmity, I am little able to assist my country in this most perilous conjuncture; but, my lords, while I have sense and memory, I will never consent to deprive the royal offspring of the House of Brunswick, the heirs of the Princess Sophia, of their fairest inheritance. Where is the man that will dare to advise such a measure? My lords, his majesty succeeded to an empire as great in extent as its reputation was unsullied. Shall we tarnish the lustre of this nation by an ignominious surrender of its rights and fairest possessions? Shall this great kingdom, that has survived, whole and entire, the Danish depredations, the Scottish inroads, and the Norman conquest; that has stood the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada, now fall prostrate before the house of Bourbon? Surely, my lords, this nation is no longer what it was! Shall a people that, seventeen years ago, was the terror of the world, now stoop so low as to tell its ancient inveterate enemy, Take all we have, only give us peace? It is impossible!

"I wage war with no man, or set of men. I wish for none of their employments; nor would I co-operate with men who still persist in unretracted error; or who, instead of acting on a firm, decisive line of conduct, halt between two opinions, where there is no middle path. In God's name, if it is absolutely necessary to declare either for peace or war, and the former cannot be preserved with honor, why is not the latter commenced without hesitation? I am not, I confess, well informed of the resources of this kingdom; but I trust it has still sufficient to maintain its just rights, though I know them not. My lords, any state is better than despair. Let us at least make one effort; and if we must fall, let us fall like men!"

"When his lordship sat down, Earl Temple

said to him, 'You forgot to mention what we talked of, shall I get up?' Lord Chatham replied, 'No, no; I will do it by and bye.'

"The Duke of Richmond then replied; and it is said that, in the course of his speech, Lord Chatham gave frequent indications of emotion and displeasure. When his grace had concluded, Lord Chatham, anxious to answer him, made several attempts to stand, but his strength failed him, and, pressing his hand to his heart, he fell backward in convulsions. The House was immediately thrown into a state of the greatest agitation, and an adjournment was at once moved and carried. Lord Chatham was first taken to the house of Mr. Sargent, in Downing Street; and when he had in some measure recovered, he was removed to his own residence at Hayes; where, after lingering for a few days, he expired on the 11th of May, in the seventieth year of his age. On the evening of his death, the House of Commons, on the motion of Colonel Barré, voted him a funeral and a monument in Westminster Abbey at the public expense. A few days afterward, an annuity of £4000 was settled upon the heirs of the Earl of Chatham, to whom the title should descend; and a public grant of £20,000 was made for the payment of his debts."

We regret that our limits will not permit us to pursue this interesting subject further. *The Modern Orator*, however, a work which can well afford to stand or fall upon its own merits; and we heartily recommend it to the careful study of all who either delight in observing the forms and shapes which genius of the highest order once took in others, or are themselves desirous of catching a ray from the fires which still continue to burn, even amid the ashes of the mighty dead.

STATISTICS OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

It is calculated that from the 1st Jan., 1840, to the 1st August, 1845, there were issued from the press in France 87,000 new works, volumes, and pamphlets; 3700 reprints of ancient literature and French classic authors; and 4000 translations from modern languages—one-third of the latter from the English, the German and the Spanish coming next in numbers, and the Portuguese and the Swedish languages having furnished the smallest contributions. Nine hundred dramatic authors are named of pieces produced on the stage, and afterward published; 60

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only of comedies and dramas not acted. Among the published works are 200 on occult sciences, cabalism, chiromancy, necromancy, &c., and 75 volumes on heraldry and genealogy. Social science, Fourierism, communism, and socialism of all sizes; 6000 romances and novels; and more than 800 works of travel. According to a calculation, for which the authority of M. Didot's (the publisher) name is given, the paper employed in the printing of all these works would more than twice cover the surface of the 86 departments of France.

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

JASMIN, THE MODERN TROUBADOUR.

Las Papillotos (The Curl-papers) de Jasmin, Coiffur, de las Académios d' Agen et de Bordéou. Agen: Prosper Noubel, 1843-1845.

EVERYBODY has heard of the Troubadours, and most people have some notion of their own as to who and what they were. These notions, however, are, we suspect, rarely definite, and still more rarely just. Wonderful, on comparison, would be the discrepancy between them—amusing would be the variety in its conceptions, which, on this as on many other questions, that respectable class termed “well-informed people” would exhibit. A few learned men are tolerably acquainted with the subject, and know the rank in the history of literature to which the troubadours are entitled, but we believe they are few indeed. Most people associate with the name of these minstrels only confused and misplaced ideas of ladye-loves, bowers, a peculiar garb, the dark ages and guitars. Their works are less known than those of the Fathers. The Druids do not possess a more dim and shadowy existence in the imagination of the mass. Many have no farther acquaintance with the matter than that, like a bandit, a pilgrim, or a Jew, a troubadour makes an excellent character for a fancy ball.

But however different may be the opinions entertained on other points connected with the troubadours, on one at least there would probably be all but unanimity; nearly all, we are persuaded, would agree in asserting that the time of those worthies is long since gone by, and that it is centuries since the last of the tuneful brethren sang his latest lay. Men, nevertheless, often coincide only in their errors, and this we proclaim to be one. The golden age of the troubadours may be past, but the race is not extinct; time may have modified the externals, but the spirit remains. For, dwelling in their very country and singing in their very language, differing in short from his predecessors in little more than this, that he far excels the best of them in genius, there exists at this present day a real living troubadour; his name is Jasmin, and we have seen him.

The poetry of this singular man is not known in this country as it deserves to be. A short notice of it, indeed, appeared some years ago in a weekly periodical, and one or two of his smaller pieces have even been translated into English; but we are persuaded, that by a great majority, even of those best acquainted with modern French literature, the poet of Agen has never been heard of. In France itself his reputation is not so widely or so universally spread as is that of many of his contemporaries much his inferiors in merit; nor, indeed, is it wonderful that it should be so, when we consider that the language in which he writes is now looked on only as the *patois* of a province, and that it is, in fact, nearly unintelligible to those who know no French but French of Paris. Yet, notwithstanding this serious disadvantage, the sterling excellence of his poetry has won a way for it; and if, with the mass, it is not everywhere so popular as on the banks of the Garonne, its beauties have universally been appreciated, at least, by the more competent and discerning. The most distinguished critics of the capital itself, not always too ready to discover or to recognize provincial merit, hailed him with enthusiasm, when, rambling like a true minstrel, he appeared amongst them reciting his verses; and in the difficult saloons of a city, where unaided genius to be successful must be genius indeed, the Gascon bard conquered for himself a fame of which any man might well be proud. Ampère, Charles Nodier, Saint-Beuve, and Lamartine were among the loudest in their praises; the last, indeed, went so far as to say that Jasmin was “the truest and greatest poet of the age;” and the exaggerated terms of this testimony must not be allowed to detract from its real value.

As for his native Gascony, where the language in which Jasmin writes is not only well understood, but, as being now the *patois* of the people, is to them peculiarly expres-

sive and heart-touching, he is there held in universal honor. His countrymen of that province are intensely proud of him. He is to them what Burns is to the Scottish peasantry, only, he meets with his honors in his lifetime. Fêtes and banquets await him when he visits any of their towns, multitudes crowd to hear him recite his poems, his progress from place to place is a perpetual triumph, and the unabating enthusiasm that everywhere greets him shows that the fame which Toulouse, the city of Clemence Isaure, acknowledged years ago by presenting him with its golden laurel, has since been successfully maintained.

Agen is a small town prettily situated on the reedy Garonne. In its principal square is to be found a small shop, the front of which, shaded by an overhanging blind of blue cloth, bears the legend, "*Jasmin. Coiffeur de jeunes gens.*" For, the truth must be told, "the truest and greatest poet of the age" keeps a shop, and is a hair-dresser—the fingers that sweep the lyre handle also the scissors, and scraps of verses serve to test the heat of curling-irons. Can such things be? Can a man who is a hair-dresser hope for immortality? Has he any right to bear up against the prejudices to which he must feel himself obnoxious? That ploughmen and shepherds may tune their pipes and sing, we can all readily understand; idyls and georgics come naturally from their occupations; but a hair-dresser—with all due respect to the worshipful company of barbers—seems inexorably forbidden to make any acquaintance with the muse, more especially if he be hight Jasmin, to remind us of his own oily perfumes, and if, farther, he entitle his writings, "Curl-papers," to suggest more homely ideas still. Let no Latinist punster quote to us the line,

Dum canimus sacras alterno pectine nonas,

to us there is no profession so prosaic as a barber's, and for a poet to be found among its members is indeed a prodigy. But Jasmin is that prodigy. The little room behind his shop is full of gifts, presented to him in homage of his genius; admirers in every social and intellectual rank have sent their offerings, and kings are among the contributors. He writes after his name, "Member of the Academies of Agen and Bordeaux." At his button-hole he wears the ribbon of the legion of honor—in his case, at least, bestowed upon no unworthy grounds. And the little table beside his counter is covered

with favorable reviews by critics whose judgment is stamped with authority, mingled with complimentary letters from correspondents whose approbation is indeed high praise. All these Jasmin makes no ostentation either of exhibiting or of concealing; he has not been spoiled by the flattery he has received; but he is conscious of his own merits, and disdains the mock modesty it would be affectation to assume.

In appearance he is a fine manly-looking fellow, in manners he is hearty and simple. From the first prepossessing, he gains upon you at every moment, till when he is fairly launched into the recital of one of his poems, and his rich voice does justice to the harmonious Gascon in which they nearly all are written, the animation and feeling he discovers become contagious; your admiration kindles; cold as you may generally be, you are involved in his ardor. You forget the shop in which you stand; all idea of his being a hair-dresser vanishes; you rise with him into his superior world, and experience in a way you will never forget, the power exercised by a true poet pouring forth his living thoughts in his own verses.

Amongst Jasmin's productions is a piece entitled *Mous Soubenis*,—My Souvenirs. It appeared in 1832. Nothing can give a better idea at once of the man and of the poet than this work; for it not only yields us a retrospect of his life, but exhibits in a peculiar degree the mixture of pathos and humor, of playfulness and passion, which distinguishes him. We shall, therefore, make the acquaintance of the modern troubadour by means of this autobiography. We translate word for word when we quote in prose.

"Aged and broken, the other century had only a couple of years more to pass upon earth, when, at the corner of an old street, in a house where dwelt more than one rat, on Thursday in Shrovetide, behind the door, at the hour when they toss pancakes, of a hunchbacked father and a lame mother, was born a baby, and that baby was I."

The hunchbacked father was a tailor; and, though he could not read, he too was a poet, of a much lower degree, however, than his son. He composed burlesque and occasional couplets for the *charivaris* common in the country; but none of these effusions have come down to us—the poor tailor-satirist rests mute and inglorious. Though a thin, weak child, yet "nourished by good milk, and nestling in a warm cradle stuffed with lark's feathers," Jasmin grew, "just as if he had been the son of a king." At the

age of seven he was strong enough to accompany his father to the *charivaris*, whither he went with a horn in his hand, a paper cap on his head, and seemingly much pride of position in his heart. But the greatest delight of his childhood was to go "barefoot and barehead" to gather sticks for his parents in the willow-islands of the Garonne, with a party of some score of his companions. To this day it enchants him to remember how, "as the clock struck noon the cry would arise, *à l'illo, amits!*—to the island, friends!" How they then set off, singing, *L'aguel que m'as dounat*, a favorite song in that country; how, their faggots and their work finished an hour before nightfall, they spent that time in swinging upon the pliant branches, and how they then returned home again, "thirty voices chaunting the same air and chorus, while thirty bundles of wood danced on thirty heads."

All his amusements, however, were not so innocent. He was a sad robber of orchards; nor does he seem even yet reformed in principle, for his mouth evidently still waters at the recollection of his exploits—

"Over the hedge and over the wall,
What lots of cherries and plums we stole!
Peaches and grapes and nectarines,
Up the trees and along the vines!
Pears and apricots past belief—
Oh! I was such a famous thief!
Leaping like squirrels, on we came,
Scourges of gardens, and proud of the name."

But, amid the gaiety and carelessness of Jasmin's early years, there was a care which cast a gloom over his happiest moments; and it arose from a cause which does not usually much sadden a child. The future poet had an eager thirst for education; the poverty of his parents did not admit of his receiving it. The thought of school, and of his being debarred from it, constantly haunted him; his poor mother would whisper the word to his grandfather, and then look wistfully at her boy; but there was no help, they had not the means, and his singular desire of knowledge could not be gratified. He could only wish.

The family had evidently a hard battle to sustain. Jasmin's childhood was one of hunger and privation. We find him afterward alluding to his forced fasts, in some humorous verses addressed "To a Curé of Marmande, who at a great dinner wished to make him observe Lent." We think we hear some troubadour of Raymond's court discharging his pleasantry at the penance-pronouncing St. Dominic, or some of his monk companions.

"Cries our abbé, 'Sinners all,
Fast, and of your ways repent!
If you've sinned in carnival,
Now atone by keeping Lent.
Sinners, oh! to be forgiven,
Pay your heavy debt to Heaven!"

"Me your words in no way touch;
You and all the curés know
In advance I've paid so much,
Nothing of the kind I owe,
Why should I be told to fast?
Heaven's my debtor for the past!"

But even hunger cannot sink the buoyancy natural to childhood. Jasmin was always merry. Every season had its own pleasures, cheap and natural, but not the less enjoyed. In winter, for instance, they consisted in listening to dreadful stories told by an old woman.

"What delight and what pain I felt when she recounted the 'Ogre and little Tom Thumb,' when she painted a hundred ghosts, with the noise of a hundred chains, in an old ruin, when she rehearsed the 'Sorcerer' or 'Bluebeard,' or described the '*Loup-garou*' howling in the street. Half dead with fear, I dared not breathe, and when, as midnight sounded, I returned home, it seemed as if sorcerers and *louns-garoux* were always at my heels."

So much for imaginary terrors. The actual things of life and their stern reality were soon forced upon him in a way that left its trace for ever. It was a Monday. At play with his companions, he was their king, and they formed his escort. In the midst of his reign he sees two porters approach, bearing an old man seated on a willow chair. They come nearer and nearer, near enough at last for him to distinguish his grandfather. He throws himself round his poor relative's neck, and asks him anxiously and in wonder, what ails him, why he has left home, where he is going. "To the workhouse, my son," replies the weeping old man. "*Acòs aquí que lous Jansemins mòron*—it is there the Jasmins die. He embraced me," continued Jasmin, "and was carried away, shutting his blue eyes—five days afterward my grandfather was no more." Then, for the first time, the boy felt what poverty really is. This event struck deep into his mind; the recollection of it has since been constantly present to him, and on one occasion, at least, it exercised a salutary influence on his fortunes. When, at last, more prosperous days came, he found great satisfaction in making a bonfire of the old willow chair in which his forefathers, "all the Jasmins," had been carried to their

almshouse death-bed. With this incident the first canto closes.

The second begins with an inventory of the family furniture, in which figure, among other things, "three old beds in ruins; six old curtains, which the wind from the cranies would have caused to belly out like sails, if they had not been eaten by time and rats into the semblance of sieves; a sideboard frequently subjected to threat of bailiff—it was the only thing worth seizing—and an old wallet hanging in a corner." He had not before remarked the scantiness of their possessions, but his eyes were now opened. He saw how slender were his parents' means, and he learned things he had never dreamed of before: that the severe looking woman, who came every morning with an iron pot, bore in it to his grandmother, "sick though still not old," the soup of charity; that the old wallet was what his grandfather used to carry from farmhouse to farmhouse seeking the scanty doles of his former friends; that no old man ever died in their house, but "that as soon as they took to crutches they were sent to the hospital." So it had been from father to son. "*Paoure Pepy!*—poor grandfather."

One day, however—a bright day for him—his mother entered the house joyfully. "Jacques," said she, "Jacques, my son, you shall go to school! Your cousin the school-master takes you for nothing." Six months afterward the boy could read—he was diligent and had a good memory—six more and he assisted the priest at mass—six more, and as a chorister he struck up the *Tantum ergo*,—six more and he entered the seminary gratuitously,—six more and he was expelled from it with shame on his face and curses on his head. And this, too, was in the very moment of his first great triumph. He had gained a prize—it was only an old cassock—but it was still a prize. His mother came and saw it; full of joy was that poor mother, and between her kisses she said to him, "Poor thing! you have a good right to learn; for, thanks to you, they send us every Tuesday a loaf of bread, and this year times are so bad, that God knows it is welcome." Jasmin, very proud, promised repeatedly that he would become a *grand avant*, and his mother went away radiant with joy. His father, it was arranged, was to lay his professional hands on the cassock and alter it to the boy's size. But that vestment Jasmin was never destined to wear. He fell, both literally and figuratively. "The devil, that ns tigator of evil," led him, it seems, near a

ladder, at the top of which a plump servant maid was perched, occupied—type of innocence—in feeding pigeons in a dove-cot above her. He mounted the ladder one, two, three, four steps, Kitty turned and uttered a scream, the ladder was thrown over and both came together to the ground, she uppermost. Kitty continued screaming, and when the luckless wight got upon his legs again, he found scullions, cooks, canons, and little abbés, all the house, in fact, assembled around him. Kitty told the story in her own way, with embellishments, the culprit assures us, and his punishment was immediately pronounced—

'So wicked and so young! As Heaven is my guard,
I'll see that such conduct shall meet its due reward!
Dry bread and prison from to-day, through all the carnival!
Such was the peremptory sentence of the principal."

Shut up in his cell, Jasmin was far from being miserable. He had, it seems, visions of lovely women, who,

"Sweet consolors of disgrace,
Changing it to happiness,
Breathing smiles and beaming light,
Hovered round him all the night—
Never o'er a couch so bare
Wantoned dreams so fresh and fair."

From these pleasant visions, however, Jasmin awoke to the direful reality of hunger,—a reality which causes him emphatically to deny the truth of the proverb, "*qui dron minjo*"—he who sleeps dines. To tantalize him more, from the valiant spits hard at work in the kitchen, ascended, coming through the keyhole, and impelled by the "great devil," an odor of unctuous and most delectable meats. It is the carnival, and he is in prison, alone and hungry. He becomes desperate, his eye flashes with rage, and at that moment it falls on a cupboard in the wall—high up, but secured only by a wooden pin. The means of ascent are speedily furnished by a table, some washing lines, and four chairs; on this ladder, at the risk of his neck, he climbs. Opening the cupboard, he beholds in the interior four pots; "trembling like a king upon his throne," he draws one of them toward him; something soft and black flows out on his face and trickles to his mouth; he tastes—"triumph! it is quince marmalade!"

"But at this moment who is coming up stairs?—who fumbles at the door?—who opens it?—who enters? O, terror! it is the principal himself—bearing a pardon!" But what a sad and unexpected sight meets his eye! Of course it was all over with Jasmin. There had been forgiveness for his other transgression, but for this there was none—a boy who eats a canon's own particular choice quince marmalade, puts himself beyond the pale of mercy. With a cry of "Out, you devil, out!" the enraged ecclesiastic shook the frail scaffold; Jasmin, followed by a pot or two, tumbled from his bad eminence, and was summarily expelled from the seminary. His face being still besmeared with the stolen sweets, the carnival-keepers, as he ran through the streets, saluted him with jeering cries of "A mask! a mask!" but escaping from his tormentors, he at last got home, sore with his fall, and very hungry. Here he found the table laid, and some beans cooking—but there was no bread. "You need not wait for it," said his mother to her children, sadly but tenderly; "it will not come."

They were without bread. "O poverty! O repentance! O well-turned ankles and quince marmalade! O Kitty, and O canon!"—the ration had been stopped because of his misconduct the previous day! After a while his mother casts a glance at her hand, and then exclaiming, "Wait a little—yes, you shall have it!" she goes out. She soon returns with a loaf, and all the family regain their spirits; Jacques alone is serious and watchful—watchful of his mother—serious, for he has his fears. They finish their bean-porridge—she prepares to cut the loaf—he observes her closely—observes her left hand. Alas! it was true—"n' abîo plus soun anèl"—she had sold her marriage ring!

This is the end of the second canto, or "pause." Jasmin here passes over a year of his life, and at the opening of the third canto the schoolboy has become apprentice to a hair-dresser, and is now, as he says, almost a man. Engaged the greater part of each day in adorning outwardly the heads of others, he devoted all his spare hours to storing the interior of his own. Every night the ray of a lamp, shining from a garret window, lit up the neighboring elm-tree; and in his bed, waking the night through, he lulled asleep his griefs by reading, forgetting for a time the ring, the wallet, and the workhouse. So he lived, "unhappy and contented." He also now began to write verses, addressed

in the first place, strangely enough, to the heroine of a novel, to pray her to be his guardian angel. She was, he says, ever in his thoughts: and when, during his occupations of the day, the terrible thought of the workhouse presented itself—as it seems constantly to have done—he had for solace only this sweet unsubstantiality. This of course prevented his minding his proper business, and he confesses it.

"How often, when dreaming, in terror or hope,
My razor too heedlessly played!
And over a visage of lather and soap
What staggers and stumbles it made!"

No doubt many a worthy citizen of Agen had cause to curse the ideal Estella who possessed the thoughts of the awkward and romantic barber's boy.

But from romance-reading Jasmin came to play-going. One evening he chanced to mingle with a crowd assembled before a large house; the doors suddenly opened, and the throng, entering precipitately, bore him along in its current.

"Where am I? Heavens! Why is that curtain raised?
How fine! Another country! Am I crazed?
How well they sing! How soft they speak,
yet clear!
But all to see and all to hear
My ears and eyes too much are mazed.
'Tis Cinderella!' loud I cried—'tis she, I say.'
'Silence!' my neighbor muttered;
'Why so, sir? What is this, where are we pray?' I stuttered:
'You fool! you're at the play!'"

This gave a new direction to his thoughts; that night Cinderella supplanted poor Estella in his affections. He talked in his sleep, made long speeches, and disturbed his master's house. The ire of the old barber was of course kindled, and in the morning he ascends to his apprentice's garret to scold him. The scene which follows is inimitable. The dreamy, imaginative, easily impressed boy, lying on the floor of the room, and just awakened from silvery visions of fairyland and the beautiful Cinderella; the practical, sober, methodical, but withal good-natured master, standing with authority over him, and questioning him,—the professional pride of the worthy man as he tells the lad that he is unfit to be a barber, and had better turn player,—his horror at finding himself unexpectedly taken at his word,—his broken remonstran-

ces, half indignation, half pity, and the unlooked-for effect of his chance expression, "Infatuated boy! do you wish to die in the workhouse?"—which, by the terrible reminiscences it calls up, restores the stage-struck apprentice to his proper senses,—are all sketched with so masterly a hand, in a few vigorous lines, that the incident, than which nothing could in itself be more commonplace, becomes eminently interesting and dramatic. But it is the peculiar merit of Jasmin, as, indeed, it is his professed aim, to depict the natural, to adhere closely to the true, to represent every-day occurrences, and simply by putting them in their proper light, or by directing on them the illumination of his poetry, to give to even the most ordinary personages and events the effect and attraction which are usually considered as being confined to the romantic, the exciting, and the improbable.

Two years went by after the memorable visit to the theatre; Jasmin was now nearly eighteen years of age, the future began to brighten, and at last an important day in his history arrived—his own little "saloon" (saloon) for hair-dressing was opened. It was not much frequented at first, customers were few and fortune niggardly, "mais se non plèou, rouzino"—if it did not rain, it drizzled. And soon he became completely happy. "He found in the world," he says, "a spirit that pleased him," he fell in love, that is to say. His wooing was successful; his marriage day came; "in a renovated hat, in a blue coat,—new for the second time, and with a shirt of coarse stuff, having a calico front," he carried away his bride, the pleasing, good-natured little woman whom we have seen at Agen.

His later history he passes lightly over.

"You know the rest," he says, addressing himself to M. Florimond de St. Amant, to whom the "Soubenis" are dedicated. "Fifteen years have passed; the 'Curl-papers' and other songs have attracted to my shop a little stream of so silvery a nature, that in my poetic ardor I broke to pieces the terrible chair. My fears are gone; so much so, that reading the other day that Pegasus is a horse which carries poets to the almshouse, I filled the whole house with my laughter. 'I, for my part, have been carried by that steed, not to the almshouse, but to a certain notary's office; and now, in the full pride of my greatness, I rejoice to see myself figuring on the list of the tax-gatherer, being the first of my family who has had that honor. It is true, the honor costs something; but no matter, our house shelters us against wind and rain, though behind it is certainly but imperfectly roofed in. But my wife says to me, 'Cour-

age! every verse you make is a tile, and it is rafters you are squaring when you write;' and she who at first, when my verses were not so argentiferous, used to lock up my paper and split my pen, now offers me, with a courteous air, the finest pen and the smoothest paper."

It is pleasing to find that both the parents of Jasmin lived to see and to profit by their son's success; for the "Soubenis" conclude with a scene in which they, as well as his sisters, are introduced in a comfortable family picture, the only drawback on the happiness of the party being their indignation at some complimentary verses which termed the poet "a son of Apollo," and thereby, as they thought, cast doubts on the fair character of his mother.

In the same little shop Jasmin still remains. But his fame soon went forth. In 1835 we find him reciting his verses amid the applause of the critical Academy of Bordeaux; and in 1840, raising to extraordinary enthusiasm an immense mixed multitude at Toulouse. Passing over, however, his other triumphs, we come to his reception at Paris, an account of which he gives in a piece entitled "My Journey." The scene is the saloon of M. Augustin Thierry, the learned and accomplished author of the "History of the Norman Conquest." The illustrious writer, whose eye a "thick drop serene" has obscured for ever, is seated as usual in his arm-chair, a melancholy calm upon his fine features, his devoted wife is beside him, around him are assembled the most distinguished people of Paris—poets, critics, orators—the learned, the witty, the imaginative. The eyes of all are turned upon a man who, with the embarrassment of modesty, but with the just confidence of conscious power, prepares to read a poem of his own. He announces it as "The Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillè." There is a movement of curiosity, not a few looks of incredulity, one or two of the party manifest something approaching to a sneer—for the pretended poet is a hair-dresser, and writes in *patois*.

The effect is chilling for the poor man; his southern ardor feels the frost of the atmosphere. He has an awful reverence for the great men round him, and he is crushed by their superiority. Their conventional politeness, so different from Gascon warmth, is painfully scrupulous; he is a stranger, too, and so alone.

How shall he move such an audience? How shall his simple "Abuglo" touch their hearts? He sees that they are resolved not to be influenced in his favor by the mere cu-

riosity of the thing—by the phenomenon of a barber making tolerable verses, and venturing so boldly to recite them on such ground; he sees he must stand or fall by his real merits. Let him describe his own emotions.

"A crowd of learned men and women waited coldly till I should open my lips, to measure my mind and my words. And it is not in Paris as on the banks of the Garonne. At home all are my friends, here all are judges; and he who comes to establish his name, if he does not gain a throne, finds nothing but a tomb. Doubtless they had an amicable air toward me—they even called me a poet; but I saw, by the expression of their eyes, how difficult my proof would be; and then, none of them understood our sweet, smooth language. I was dumb—I was afraid. I changed from hot to cold, and from cold to hot. In vain the magnificent countenance of the blind man grew bright with kindness toward me—in vain his guardian angel, his gentle companion, touched me with her golden wing. I trembled—I wished to go away."

But at last he took courage. He began his "Abuglo," and from the first his success was complete. He was frequently interrupted by the applause of his hearers. That evening was decisive. Twenty-six times, he tells us, within fifteen days, he repeated his recitation, the last of them being before the then royal family at Neuilly. Covered with applause and honor, he returned to his beloved Agen; and the year after he received a substantial proof of the estimation in which his poetry was held, an annual pension of a thousand francs being allotted to him by the Minister of Public Instruction.

Since then he has remained perfectly contented in his native town, making occasional tours, and reciting his works to admiring crowds in the different places of the south, but refusing all solicitation to leave his present position. One of the most pleasing of his many pleasing poetical epistles is on this subject, and contains his reasons for not following the advice of a "rich agriculturist near Toulouse, who incessantly wrote to him to go and establish himself in Paris, where he would make his fortune." It is too long to quote entire, but we select from it some passages, of which even the author of the ode, "Rectius vives," would have had no cause to be ashamed.

"Why do you always repeat to me," he says, "that money is money, and that fame is only fame? My eye is fixed on a laurel; a little sprig of it will, I hope, one day be mine; and compared with that sprig, all the riches of the world are to me as nothing. Besides, I do not know how to use wealth—wealth would spoil me. I cannot em-

ploy it usefully as you do; you, who while you enrich yourself, enrich a hundred others."

"No! I should do as upstarts always do,
Become, perhaps, stiff, haughty, proud,
And ape high lords as best I could,
And in a handsome carriage go.
Deny, whilst to the great I bend,
My kindred, and each former friend.
And act so, that from naught refraining,
Full soon my coffers would be drained.
When, now no more rich, proud, disdainful,
I should be wretched, poor, disdained.

"In Agen, then, content and poor,
Leave me as now to work and sing.
Each summer happier than a king,
I glean my little winter store.
And then I carol out the day
Beneath the shade of ash or thorn,
Too happy if my head grow gray
In the same place where I was born.

"When once is come the summer sky,
And grasshoppers are heard to ply
Their chirp of *zigo, ziou, ziou*,
The wandering sparrows quit their homes, and fly
The nests where first they felt their feathers grow;
The wise man is of other stuff,
He ever loves the ancient roof
That sheltered first his youthful head.
He loves, when all things verdant beam,
In manhood to go forth and dream
Upon the turf where as a child he played.

* * * * *

"I rest then here; not rich, but free;
With water from my spring, with bread of rye;
In gay saloons there's many a sigh,
There's many a laugh beneath the tree;—
And I for my part laugh at anything,
I wept too long—'tis time to laugh and sing;
For, wiser now than in my youth, I hold
That in this tinsel world below,
In which our days so soon will have been told,
And where all things are empty show—
Content is better far than gold."

In the preceding translation we have endeavored to preserve something of the rhythm of the original, which, in almost all Jasmin's productions, is very arbitrary. He mingles short lines with long lines at pleasure; one of fifteen syllables shall, for instance, precede one of two; to a series of stately hexameters shall succeed a flight of trochaics, in many of which the verse is composed of a single word. Such license, though common enough among French writers in the composition of fables and the like, has never been considered by them admissible in the more elevated style; but Jasmin's innovation

is as successful as it was daring. But if his rhythm is irregular, his rhymes are still more so. It is not by such rudders that his courses are steered. His rhyming lines follow each other in every possible order, they are of most unequal and disproportioned lengths; the same assonance often unites three, four, or even five, and these are sometimes consecutive, sometimes widely separated: in short, the movement of his verses is an intricate and fantastic dance, where the partners are perpetually meeting and leaving each other, where dissyllabic pigmies are coupled with monstrous Alexandrines, where the eye can discover neither method nor design, but where, nevertheless, there exists an evident harmony, which pleases though it may perplex.

The reader will observe how frequently feminine or double rhymes occur; this is destructive of all Jasmin's poetry, and arises from the genius of the language in which he writes. For we call it a language, and not a *patois*. This representative of the *langue d'oc* is no dialect of the *langue d'oui*. It is a sister of the now dominant speech, and no bastard child—it is the elder sister to boot. No doubt the Parisian *badaud* regards as a *patois*, a tongue in which the troubadours thought and sung, and the possession of which Tasso is said to have envied the Provençals; no doubt municipal authorities and rectors of schools proscribe it—no doubt it is now confined to the people, and shocks politer ears, even in its native province—no doubt it is unintelligible to foreigners, while French is spoken from Lisbon to Moscow. But there is no doubt, either, that this so-called *patois* is an ancient and independent idiom; that it springs from the language which was once common to all the south of France; that it was the medium through which that district contributed so largely to the revival of letters; that with slight modifications it is to this day spoken in thirty-seven departments, and still is the mother tongue, as far as regards the peasantry, throughout a population of fourteen millions: lastly, and what as regards our present subject is more important, that it is a copious, rich, and melodious tongue, and one which, if inferior to the French in grammatical structure and scientific polish, far surpasses it in its capabilities as a language for a poet.

It is true that Jasmin has done much for his favorite dialect. He has refined, polished, and established it; he has purged out of it the expressions and terms which it had

borrowed from the French, replacing them by genuine Gascon substitutes, or at least moulding them to the genius of his idiom; he has restored its former freshness and elegance; he has fixed by his writing the uncertainty of a speech long committed only to oral tradition; he has thrown lustre on it by his genius, and he has given it authority by his success. Agen is thus enabled to reclaim her ancient title of the "eye of Guienne," and, thanks to her faithful son, the Agenais is now the Attic of the southern dialects. Jasmin, of course, regards it with the strongest affection; and in none of his smaller pieces does he exhibit more power and vigor than in the eloquent ode in which he defends it against his friend M. Dumon, and other "*Francimans* who have condemned it to death." A vain effort; for, according to the poet, his mother-tongue has a vitality which will triumph over all attacks, and through all time. But it is time to leave the garb, and turn to the body of Jasmin's poetry. The "*Abuglo de Castèl-Cuillè*" of his longer pieces first claims our attention; for the Chalibari, his earliest poem of any length, though containing fine passages, has been far surpassed by his subsequent efforts, and is, after all, only a burlesque composition, or rather, as Nodier says, the converse of one. The Abuglo—the blind girl—is a simple story, founded on a local tradition; it might be told in two words; let us see what it becomes in Jasmin's hands.

"At the foot of that height on which is perched Castèl-Cuillè, at the season when the apple, the plum, and the almond were growing white through the country, this song was heard one eve of St. Joseph's day."

This fragment, preserved by Jasmin, is, by the way, of very ancient date:—

"All the paths should flower and bloom,
Soon a lovely bride will come.
All the paths should bloom and flower,
Morning brings her nuptial hour.

"And this old *Te Deum* of our humble marriages seemed to re-echo from the clouds, as suddenly a numerous swarm of maidens, fresh and tidy, each accompanied by her swain, advanced to the edge of the rock, chaunting the same words and air, looking there, so near the sky, like so many angels at play. They take their start, and speedily descending by the narrow ways of the steep hill-side, they come on in a long chain toward Saint-Amant. And the gleesome things, by the small footways, go like madcaps, still singing—

"All the paths should flower and bloom,
Soon a lovely bride will come.
All the ways should bloom and flower,
Morning brings her nuptial hour.

All this was because Baptiste and his betrothed were about to collect the *jonchée*."

That is to say, that according to the custom of the country, they were about to gather, in the woods, branches, and particularly laurel branches, to strew on the road to the church, and at the doors of those invited to their approaching marriage.

"The sky was all blue, not a cloud was to be seen, a fine March sun was beaming, and through the air a light breeze scattered his breaths of perfume."

The party of course are gay as gay can be. Gamboling and singing, they sport about, like happy lads and lasses as they are. The arch bride runs off, crying, "the girls who catch me will be married this year;" all pursue her, all soon come up with her, and then all press round her "to touch her fine new apron or her pretty cotton petticoat." But how does it happen that amidst all their mirth, and laughter, and fun, Baptiste the bridegroom is silent and sad? "What a couple are he and Angela! To see them so indifferent to each other, one would think them great folk"—people in high life—a sore sarcasm, Jasmin; "what is the matter with Baptiste to-day—what is weighing on his mind?" Why is he so depressed?

"It is because in that neat cottage, half way up the hill, dwells the blind girl, the orphan of a veteran, the young and tender Marguerite, the fairest maiden of the hamlet, and because Baptiste had formerly been her lover. The altar had even been prepared for them, but one day Marguerite was stricken with measles, or some similar scourge, and lost her sight. All changes at the voice of an obstinate father; their love, but not their happiness, continued; persecuted at home, Baptiste left the place, and now, only three days after his return, seduced by a little gold, he is about to marry Angela, thinking ever of Marguerite."

We have already a glimpse of the course the tragedy will take. Suddenly, under the mulberry-trees, the bridal party espy old lame Jeanne the fortune-teller, whom every one likes "because she always promises good luck—a lover to one, a good marriage to another, a fine infant to a third." This

time, however, the sibyl assumes a severe air, turns her look sternly on Angela, and taking her hand makes the sign of the cross on it with a reed, as she pronounces the inauspicious words, "Heaven grant, giddy girl, that in espousing to-morrow the faithless Baptiste, you do not dig a grave." As she speaks two large tears roll from her old eyes, and the evil augury checks, for a moment at least, the merriment of all who hear it; "but what matter two drops of troubled water falling on a silvery stream?" All speedily regain their spirits, "and the glee-some things, by the small footways go like madcaps, singing louder than ever

"Let the paths be flower and bloom,
Soon a lovely bride will come.
Let the paths be bloom and flower,
Morning brings her nuptial hour."

So ends the first canto. At the opening of the second we find Marguerite, emaciated by her sufferings, but still fair as an angel, sitting alone in her cottage, and soliloquizing on her forlorn condition. As yet she is ignorant of the full extent of her misfortune, but, though hoping, she has doubts. This passage is of exquisite beauty; nothing can be more true and more touching than its pathos, and we shall be pardoned if we give it almost entire.

"He has returned, and he does not come to see me! And he knows that of my night he is the star, the sun! And he knows that for six months, alone, here, I hope for him! Oh, that he would come to keep what he has promised me! For without him, in this world what can I do, what pleasure have I? Sorrow crushes my life, and makes it horrible! Day for the rest, day for others always; and for me, unhappy girl, ever night, ever night! How dark it is far from him! Oh! how sad is my soul! When will Baptiste come? When he is beside me I think no more of the day. What has the day? A blue sky: but the blue eyes of Baptiste are a heaven of love that brightens for me, a heaven full of happiness, like the one up there above—no more sorrow, no more weariness. I forget earth, sky—all, all that I have lost, when he presses my hand and is beside me. But when I am alone I remember all. What is Baptiste doing? He no more hears me calling him. A shoot of creeping ivy, I have need of a branch to support me, or I die. Ah! in mercy that he would come, to lighten my burden! They say we love better when we are in sorrow; what, then, when one is blind!

"Who knows, perhaps he has abandoned me. Unhappy girl that I am, what do I say! It were time, indeed, to bury me! What a dark thought! It terrifies me—let me banish it. Baptiste will come back to me, oh, he will come back. I have nothing to fear. He could not come so soon. He

is weary, he is ill, perhaps; perhaps his affection is preparing some surprise for me. But I hear some one—oh, no more sorrow—my heart does not deceive me—it is he—it is Baptiste!"

The door opens, but Paul her little brother enters alone. He has seen the bridal party; he tells about it; he asks, wondering, why they alone had not been invited. "Angela about to be married!" exclaims his sister, "what a secret they have kept it; nobody has told me a word about the matter; and who is the bridegroom?" "Why, sister, your friend Baptiste," replies the unconscious child.

The blind girl utters a sharp cry, and falls insensible. It is by the bridal song, "Let the paths be flower and bloom," that she is at length roused. Her little brother recommences his prattle, and she learns from him the hour fixed for the marriage next day. "Good," says the poor stricken maiden, as a terrible resolution takes possession of her. "Be consoled, Paul; we shall be there."

Jeanne, the good-hearted fortune-teller, enters, and thinking the blind girl still ignorant of Baptiste's faithlessness, tries to weaken her love for him preparatory to the discovery which must sooner or later come. Marguerite acts her part so well that the old woman is deceived. "She knows nothing of it," she says, as she leaves the cottage, "I will save her;" and in this state of dramatic uncertainty the canto ends.

"The gray dawn slowly arriving, finds two young girls waiting for it very differently occupied. The one, the queen of a day, surrounds herself with flatterers, puts on her cross and her nuptial crown, decks her bosom with a large bouquet, and ambles, and struts, and admires herself with pleasure. The other, blind, is in her little room, with neither crown nor bouquet, but she feels her way to a drawer where she knows something lies, and taking it, she hides it in her bodice, sickening in her heart. The one, light and vain, forgets, amid the sound of kisses and songs, to repeat her morning prayer. The other, her forehead bathed in a cold sweat, joins her hands, kneels down, and says in a low voice, as her brother unbars their door, 'Oh, my God, pardon me for it!'"

Marguerite and Paul, the child leading his sister by the hand, take their way to the church. This day the sky is overcast, and there is a drizzling rain; as they go on, the wind bears down the perfume of the laurel strewed on the path, and the blind girl shudders as it reaches her. "Paul, pray be done with your rattle," says Marguerite; "where are we?—we are surely going up hill?"

"And do you not see we are quite close now?" replies the boy. With what a bold and successful touch do these few words portray the thoughtless impatience of the child, who asks his blind sister if she does not see how near they are; and the excited sensibility of the poor girl, who can no longer endure the irksomeness of the noisy boy. What skill, or if it be not skill, what poetical instinct is displayed in the contrast the characters in this situation yield! Paul sees an osprey. "Oh, the naughty bird!" he cries, "he brings bad luck, does he not? Do you not remember, sister, when our brother said, the night we were watching by him, 'Ah, my little girl, I am very ill; take care of Paul, for I feel I am going.' You wept, and he wept, and I too; we were all weeping. Well, there was an osprey screaming on the roof at the time. And our father died, and we carried him here. There is his grave; the cross at its head is still there—tarnished, though."

The words of the boy act strongly on poor Marguerite, she is shaken in her resolution. A voice seems to call to her from the tomb, "My daughter, what are you about to do?" She recoils—but Paul, who is eager to see the ceremony, draws her on; and when the unhappy girl hears the laurel branches cracking under her feet, she is no longer mistress of herself; nothing now can stop her, she advances eagerly, as if to a fête, and presently she and her companion have disappeared in the old church.

The ceremony is begun. The priest is at the altar; the ring is blessed; Baptiste holds it in his hand. But before he places it on the small finger waiting to receive it, he has a word, one word, to pronounce. It is spoken; at the instant a voice exclaims, "It is, indeed, he!" and suddenly, to the confusion of all, the confessional opens, and the blind girl comes forth. Hoping, perhaps, to the last, or refusing to believe anything but her own senses, she had waited to the end—till she should hear, since she could not see, the perfidy of her lover; but now, all was over. "Hold! Baptiste," she cries, "since you have willed my death, let my blood serve you instead of holy water at your bridal;" and, as she speaks, she draws from her bosom the knife she had concealed there.

But doubtless her guardian angel was watching over her, for so great was her sorrow, that at the moment she was about to strike herself, she fell dead. And that evening, in place of songs, the *De profundis* was chaunted; a bier, with flowers on it, was

carried to the cemetery, young girls clothed in white and shedding tears accompanied it; nowhere was there any mirth; on the contrary, every one now seemed to say,

"On the paths be tears and sighs,
Low a lovely maiden lies.
On the paths be sighs and gloom,
Beauty passes to the tomb."

Such is the Abuglo. If the guardian angel who saves Marguerite from the guilt of suicide is something of a *Deus ex machina*, the knot, in the way the story is told, is certainly worthy of his intervention. Jasmin might, indeed, have otherwise arranged his catastrophe; there is no necessity for imputing to Marguerite the intention of suicide; and we believe most manufacturers of tales would have eschewed such a plot. We leave it to be judged whether they would have been in the right, or whether Jasmin is. To our mind, the whole conception of the poem, as well as the treatment of the subject, down to the minutest detail, are perfect: plan, grouping, coloring, light and shade, harmony, finish, effect,—nothing is wanting to complete this little masterpiece. It falls on the heart like a song of willows by the Lady Ophelia; and it leaves an impression like the music of Carrol, "sweet but mournful to the soul, as the memory of joys that are past." Some of its beauties will be perceived through the medium of our translations; to point them out would be superfluous, those who cannot see them will not. That such there be, we have no doubt; there are always critics to sneer at writers like the barber of Agen, whose muse, as he himself says, is but a peasant girl, and whose poetry is only the poetry of nature. But it is not for such that we write.

We pass to "Françonette," the longest and most elaborate of all Jasmin's works. It is quite of another character from the "Abuglo;" it is more ambitious, more dramatic, and more vigorous; the graceful simplicity of the other is replaced by a more artistic style of execution. The composition and perfecting of these twelve hundred lines occupied two years; yet Jasmin is a ready writer. Perhaps there is too much polish in the work; at all events, we like it less than the earlier one. We believe, however, that the general opinion tends the other way.

"It was the time when Montluc the Sanguinary, with heavy blows, cut the Protestants to pieces, and in the name of a God of Mercy in-

undated the earth with blood and tears." It was a reign of terror, "the very name of Huguenot scared the people, persecution had relaxed only for want of victims."

Nevertheless, merry-making and love-making were not altogether unknown; and one Sunday, in the month of August, there was as fine a fête as ever was seen. The rustic holiday is described with picturesque and appropriate homeliness; we have before us various local amusements—the cosmopolitan Punch, a man beating a cymbal, lemonade, the dance on the green to the music of fifes, everywhere a crowd. Amongst the dancers is Françonette, "the queen of the fields, she whom all the country round—for, as well as the town, the country has its pearl of love—had surnamed the 'fairest of the fair.'" The fairest of the fair—"but do not suppose, Moussus, that she was sad, sighing, pale as a lily, with die-away eyes, half-closed and blue, and a feeble frame bending with languor, like the willow that weeps on the bank of a limpid stream"—Jasmin has no mercy either on those who think health vulgar and disease attractive, or on the sickly school whose writings are nothing but "words, words, words"—you would be much mistaken if you did; "Françonette has a pair of eyes bright as two bright stars, one would think roses by handfuls might be culled from her plump cheeks, her hair——" But it is easier to satirize the descriptions of others than to achieve a happy one ourselves, and we therefore omit the rest of the portrait; for, with all our partiality for Jasmin, we do not think it a successful one. The truth is, that no conception of female loveliness is ever to be realized from an analysis of features and a catalogue of charms; it is by simply relating the effect produced by it on others that attempts of this kind are most successful; and Homer taught us this long ago, when he represented to us the perfection of Helen by telling the impression her appearance made on even the old men of Troy.

To return to Françonette. "Her beauty made many a maiden angry, made many a man sigh, for these latter all contemplated her and adored her as the priest adores the cross." This is better than saying that "her lips were like cherries, and her teeth whiter than snow." The young girl rejoiced at it, and her brow was radiant at the homage paid her. But one thing is wanting to her: Pascal, the handsomest youth in the country, whose praise is in every mouth, seems to regard her coldly—

he even avoids her. She naturally has a spite at him for this, thinks she hates him, and in her terrible vengeance only awaits an opportunity to dart him a bewitching glance that shall enchain him for ever—

“What then? We see that every day
Girls who drink of admiration,
From being vain, become coquettes,
A common case—’twas Françonette’s.
Already somewhat vain of adulation,
She was beginning the coquette to play.
’Tis true there was but little *ruse* in her,
Yet none were loved, and many thought they
were.”

Her old grandmother, as in duty bound, gave her sage counsels: “You know you are promised to the soldier—Marcel loves you, and counts on your marrying him—go, girl, restrain your flighty disposition;” but the excellent dame’s words had little effect, and Françonette continued to be the cause of much jealousy, heartburning, and unhappiness.

However, the swains in that quarter made none of those odes, so learned and so tender, which others, elsewhere, go and carve upon a poplar or a willow, and then die. Oh, no! they could not write: and what is more, those innocent fellows, whose heads were turned by their love, much preferred suffering and—living. But how many tools were handled the wrong way! how many vines were ill-dressed! how many branches badly pruned! how many furrows unevenly ploughed!

At the fête, Françonette was of course in full glory, and had no lack of suitors for her hand in the dance, especially as it was the custom then, and may be yet, for all we know, that he who can succeed in tiring out his partner has the right to claim a kiss from her. Françonette, however, is not easily tired; on the contrary, she outlasts all who come, and half a dozen youths have retired out of breath without having gained the prize. Marcel, her lover, at last comes forward; he is a soldier and a favorite of Montluc’s; in person powerful and handsome, but awkward; in character, a braggart, quarrelsome, and unscrupulous. He advances with a confident smile, but he has displeased Françonette by boasting that he is beloved by her, and she is resolved to punish his insolence. It is, therefore, in vain that he exerts himself; panting, purple in the face, and fairly beaten, he is obliged to retire. On the instant Pascal takes his

place, and he has not made two steps before Françonette smiles, is tired, and offers her cheek to the young peasant. All applaud; but Marcel, rising in fury, administers a buffet, and a sound one, to his rival. The indignant Pascal closes with his antagonist, masters him, and throws him with violence. The principles of our ring being then, as now, unknown in France, the bystanders call vociferously on Pascal to “finish” his fallen adversary; but the young man, though bleeding from a wound in the wrist, received, no one knew exactly how, acts generously, and at that moment the appearance of Montluc prevents any outrage on the part of the rest. Pascal is conducted away in triumph, and Marcel rises with murmured threats of vengeance.

The second canto opens with a scene between Pascal and his mother, who, though with some difficulty, dissuades him from going to a merry-making at which he had hoped to meet Françonette. We next have a lively picture of this merry-making. Françonette is there, triumphant and enchanting as usual. A certain Thomas sings a very pretty song, entitled “To the Siren with the heart of ice;” and it turns out that the author of it is the absent Pascal—a discovery of course highly pleasing to Françonette, who was evidently the siren alluded to. She has conquered the indifferent Pascal, and it is rather a satisfaction than otherwise that he complains of her being cold.

A game of forfeits follows. In the course of it, Laurent, a rich wooer of Françonette’s, gains the right to a kiss from her—there is always much kissing in your French forfeits—and, on her running off to avoid him, pursues her with more eagerness than success; for, just as he catches the fugitive, he slips, falls, and breaks his arm. This, of course, threw a gloom over the party, but there was worse to come; and if, in these days, we should not be much alarmed at the apparition or the words of “an old man with a beard reaching to his girdle, who enters like a phantom at the bottom of the hall,” we must remember in what age and in what locality it was that “the sorcerer of the black wood” paid this unwelcome visit.

“Ye imprudent,” said the wizard to the affrighted assembly, “I have come down from my rock to open your eyes, for your fate affects me. Ye love Françonette, ye say. But learn, unhappy people, that her wretched father, whilst she was yet in the cradle, passed over to the Huguenots, and sold her to the devil; and now the demon watches over his purchase, and follows

her everywhere, though invisibly. Ye saw how he punished Pascal, ye see how he has punished Laurent, at the moment they were about to salute her: ye are warned. Woe to him who shall wed her! For on the bridal night the evil one will take possession of her—nay, he will appear in person and strangle her husband."

Having so said, the bearded man withdrew as he came, leaving universal consternation behind him. Françonette, however, does not immediately succumb to the blow dealt her. She hopes for a moment that her companions will treat the matter as a joke; she smiles to them, poor thing, in a confident way, and takes two steps forward amongst them. But all recoil at her approach, cries of "Keep back!" are addressed to her from every side: the impression made is but too apparent; she can bear up no longer against her situation, and falls senseless upon the floor.

The next day the affair was known everywhere, and every one of course offered confirmation of the sorcerer's words, some going so far as to recollect, that always when the rest of the country was smitten with frost or hail, Françonette's fields were spared. All believe the terrible story, and soon she cannot venture forth without being assailed by cries of "There goes the girl who is sold to the demon!"

We have already quoted some of the opening lines of the third canto, in which are finely described the desolation of poor Françonette, and the bitter change she experiences from the former idolatry, and the present abandonment of all around her. The poem goes on to tell how, nevertheless, there remains to her one ray of consolation; Pascal, she learns, defends her against all the malicious reports of which she is the victim. Marcel, too, secretly informs her grandmother that his love for Françonette has not abated, and that he will make her his wife whenever she will; but she shows no inclination to take him at his word. A hope rises in her breast. At the suggestion of her old relative, she resolves to attend church on Easter Sunday, and to bring home as a charm some of the consecrated bread. She trusts "that so Heaven will restore her the happiness she has lost, and prove on her countenance that she is ever amongst its children."

The festival arrives, and she appears in the sacred edifice to the great astonishment of all. But her late friends inflict a terrible affront on her by withdrawing from the place where she kneels, and leaving her

alone in the midst of the large circle they so form; while the uncle of Marcel completes the outrage by passing before her without giving her a share of the consecrated bread, which it was his office to offer to all the faithful. It was a terrible trial for her; but Pascal, who had seen all, interrupts for an instant the collection of the alms-offering which he had been making, and presents her with the "crown" itself, "adorned with a fine bouquet."

"What a sweet moment for Françonette! But why is her forehead covered with red? It is because the angel of love has at last kindled a spark of his flame in her bosom. It is because something strange and new grows in her palpitating heart—something quick as fire, soft as honey. It is because she now lives with another life. She carries the consecrated bread—the piece of honor—to her grandmother, and then shuts herself up in her little chamber, alone with her love. First drop of dew in time of drought! first ray of the sun in winter! ye are not so sweet to the breast of the earth, in sadness, as that first flame was to the spirit of the softened girl! She allows herself to be carried away by the happiness of loving; she does what we all do—she indulges in a delicious day-dream, and, without stone or hammer, builds herself a little castle, where, round Pascal all is bright, all is radiant and streaming with joy."

But a moment after, the recollection of the sorcerer's prediction demolishes all her airy work. "She had dreamed of love; she, unhappy girl, to whom love was forbidden! she, whose bridegroom must, in their nuptial chamber, find his tomb!" With a bursting heart she kneels before an image she had; as she prays, a new hope presents itself; if she could offer a taper to the Virgin on Lady-day, and if her offering should be accepted, she would prove the falsehood of the calumnies raised against her. Her resolution taken, the days go by, and she thinks of nothing else. Often she trembles, for how much had she at stake on her success; still hoping, for she felt sure her prayers had been heard.

The fourth and last canto opens with the arrival of Lady-day. Françonette's intention has been noised abroad, and there is much curiosity far and near as to the result. There is also some pity for her, and many wish that a miracle may be worked on her behalf: she sees the sympathy of the people, and takes courage. Her hopes increase as she sees near her Pascal, praying devoutly. With a beating heart, she lights her taper, presents herself in her place, and awaits the

old priest, who is to hold to her the image of the Virgin. He comes, but just as he extends it, that she may kiss it, a loud clap of thunder breaks, resounds, and rolls away; her taper is extinguished, and with it three of those on the altar.

"Cièrge escantit : prièro repoussado !
Et tounère : maledictioun !"

"Taper quenched in thunder burst !
Prayer repelled ! Woe ! Heaven-accursed !"

With a superstitious people this is decisive. Françonette is condemned by the ordeal she herself chose. "It is, then, true; she has been sold to the demon—Heaven has abandoned her !" A murmur of horror arises from the congregation, and when the unhappy girl, "breathless and with a vacant look, rises to go out, all shudder and shrink from her touch."

Meanwhile the thunderstorm had fallen on her native village of Roquefort, the lightning had demolished the belfry of the church, and the hail had destroyed the vintage of the year. The inhabitants are inconsolable and excited; it needs but a small spark to inflame their passions to madness; and thus, when a voice exclaims "Françonette's land remains unscathed !" the frenzied population cry with one accord, "Let us drive her out! let us burn her! woe to the accursed one!"

The unfortunate girl, meantime, half dead with grief, has regained her home, and motionless in her little chamber gives course to her despair. "Poor bouquet!" she says to the flowers she had received with the consecrated bread from Pascal, "when I first had thee, thy perfume was happiness and I breathed it. Relic of love! I have borne thee in my bosom, but now thou art faded, and with thee my happiness also. Brave Pascal, farewell! my wounded heart weeps at the word—but farewell and for ever! Born in an ill hour, not to drag you down along with me I must hide from you my love, and yet to-day I feel that I love you more than ever—that I love you with a love that nothing can cure, with a love that in this world makes one live a queen, or die! Yet death is nothing if it spare you!"

But the mob arrives, they set fire to her farm-yard and utter terrible threats against her old grandmother and herself. At this moment Pascal and Marcel appear; the former energetically takes the part of the victim, but Marcel does more, he declares that in spite of everything he is still ready to marry

her if she will but consent. "And I too am ready," cries Pascal, to the confusion of his rival; "choose between us, Françonette!"

There was little doubt how Françonette would decide, but the unhappy girl has herself almost come to believe that she would be fatal to any one who loved her. "Oh! no marriage," she replies; "Pascal, I kill with my love—go—forget me and be happy without me!" But at length, as he insists, she yields. Pascal is enraptured, the crowd shudder, the soldier is thunderstruck. Pascal addresses him: "I am happier than you," he says, "but you are a brave man; to conduct me to the tomb I have need of a bridesman,—I have no longer a friend who will fill the office—do you!"

Marcel pauses; it is evident that a great battle is waging in his heart; his eye flashes, his brow overcasts, he fixes his look on Françonette in silence, and becomes deadly pale. At last, recovering himself, he laughs forcedly, as he replies, "Since she wishes it—she—I will."

A fortnight after, a bridal procession descended the side of the green hill; a curious crowd, trembling for Pascal's fate, is assembled to see it pass; Marcel leads the nuptial party, a secret pleasure in his countenance, an expression impossible to define in his eye. One would have thought it was his own triumph; the festivities on a grand scale are at his expense, "everything rains in abundance, everything is at the will of the guests, except pleasure, for none either laugh or sing." It is more like a funeral than a wedding, for it is now too late to save Pascal, and all are sure as to the lot that awaits him.

The evening comes. Suddenly Pascal's mother enters. "Oh, my son!" she exclaims, "leave this place. I have been to the fortune-teller. The sieve has turned—your death is certain! Pascal! if you enter your nuptial chamber, you are lost. You are lost if you remain here. And I, who love you so much, what will become of me if you die? Is a mother, then, nothing?" Pascal's eyes grow dim, but in this last trial he remains firm. "Marcel," he says, "if any evil befall me, take care of my mother; but my love for Françonette is too strong."

"I can hold out no longer!" cries the soldier, wiping away a tear; "your mother has disarmed me—be happy, Pascal. All the tale about your bride is false. But thank your mother; for without her you should nevertheless have perished—and I as well. Listen!" Marcel then tells him how, exas-

perated at Françonette's preference of Pascal, he had bribed the sorcerer to invent the calumny, so singularly seconded by chance; how, when his rival was finally accepted, he undertook the office of bridesman only the more easily to work out his revenge; and how, under the chamber prepared for the married pair, he had placed a barrel of gunpowder, which, at the moment they entered, he would have fired, and so have destroyed all three together. "But your mother, Pascal, recalled to my mind my own, whom I have lost—live for yours; from me you have nothing more to fear. I have now no one to love, and I return to the wars." He disappears, and all breathe again. Pascal retires joyously with his bride.

The next day, so strong was the superstition, the people were still anxious about his fate. Some had heard strange sounds in the air during the night; others had seen shadowy shapes upon the wall. They doubt if Pascal lives; but when at last his door opens, and he comes out all safe and sound, with Françonette all blooming and blushing, fear gives place to shame and repentance. The bliss of Pascal makes all the young men envious; "and the poor fellows, badly cured of their passion for the 'fairest of the fair,' say, as they see her looking like a blowing rose, so happy and so lovely, 'Ah! never more will we believe in sorcerers!'"

Such is a sketch of Jasmin's "Françonette," many fine passages of which we have been obliged, from our limits, to pass over without notice; in particular, we have had to omit numerous striking and faithful details of local usages, manners, and superstitions; for these, though serving materially to the completeness and embellishment of the poem, would probably be unintelligible without explanatory notes. It is possible, that with all its beauties, Françonette may read somewhat coldly to many; if so, it will arise from the plot mainly turning on a superstitious feeling which no longer exists, and the extent of which we cannot readily understand. The choice of such for the mainspring of the action is certainly scarcely to be considered judicious; and we believe, that however admirable "Françonette" may be considered as a work of art and genius, it will never become by any means so generally popular as other works of Jasmin, which depend for their interest on more universal and eternal sympathies, such as "Maltro l'Innoucento" for instance, which we have not space and time to examine.

Our space compels us also, notwithstanding

ing their merit, to leave almost unnoticed the numerous smaller productions of Jasmin. The "Third of May," the "Ode to the remains of the Polish Nation," and the poem on Marshal Lannes, may be mentioned as exhibiting uncommon vigor and boldness; the "Journey to Marmande" for its pleasantry and humor; the "Address to the Tonneins Musicians" for the excellent spirit and good feeling it breathes. "Oh!" exclaims the poet in the last, "let charity fall secretly and noiselessly, *for it is as bitter to receive as it is sweet to give.*"

There are many epistles full of grace and spirit to various *Moussus* and *Madamos*; there are one or two pretty songs, a few impromptus, elegies, and epitaphs, and the usual amount of flattering dedications and complimentary stanzas, some of which are remarkably delicate and well-turned. In these last, by the way, our countrywomen come in for their share of incense, "Miss Arabella Sheridan," and a certain "Jeune Miss voyageuse," whose incognito is preserved, being honored with special tributes. The following is an extract from a eulogy on Jacques Laffitte; in translating it we have endeavored to preserve something of the spirit of the original rhythm.

"The great clear-flowing stream of the Adour,
Between its banks of moss and flower,
The image of thy life might be
Did ever pure its waters glide—
But, flowing to the troubled sea,
It mingles with the yeasty tide;
Whilst thou, even far in the world's wide ocean,
'Midst all its sand and foam and motion,
Preservest in thy honor's truth,
The crystal clearness of thy youth!"

The poem of "The Third of May," which we have mentioned, is remarkable for the magnificent prosopopœia with which it opens; this is a favorite figure with Jasmin, and he wields it with great success. The grandeur of the following example is not to be surpassed; it is the beginning of the short poem on the death of Foy, the orator and soldier.

"His limbs were feeble, painful was his breath—
'Strike him!' cried Slavery to attentive Death—
'He is the only man resists my sway—
Strike! and the future's mine if thou hast him
to-day!"

Two short extracts must close our quotations. The first is an illustration of what is very common in Jasmin's poetry—the conveying of a sarcasm, a lesson, or a truth, under a homely, or even comic form of expres-

sion. Describing the pleasure to be derived from the simplest sources, he says that to him—

"In everything enjoyment's hid.
If to a wedding I am bid,
And I've enough of money stored—
I hire a carriage—off I fly,
And then I think that ne'er a lord
Was followed by more dust than I."

The following are two lines which Nodier justly admires and criticises; they are from a description of a winter morning.

"Quand l' Aurôro fourrado en raoubo de sati,
Desfarrouillo, sans brut, las portos del mati."

"When Aurora, in robe of satin clad, unbars, without noise, the gates of morn." The highest praise we can give this fine couplet is to say that they recall to us Shakspeare's

"But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

Such is Jasmin. Lively in imagination, warm in temperament, ardent, humorous, playful, easily made happy, easily softened, enthusiastically fond of his province, of its heroes, of its scenery, of its language, of its manners, he is every inch a Gascon, except that he has none of that consequential self-importance, or of the love of boasting and exaggeration, which, falsely or not, is said to characterize his countrymen. Born of the people, and following an humble trade, he is proud of both circumstances; his poems are full of allusions to his calling, and without ever uttering a word of disparagement against other classes, he everywhere sings the praises of his own. He stands by his order; it is from it he draws his poetry, it is there he finds his romance. And this is his great charm, as it is his chief distinction. He invests virtue, however lowly, with the dignity that belongs to it—he rewards merit, however obscure, with its due honor. Whatever is true, or beautiful, or good, finds from him an immediate sympathy: the true is never rejected by him because it is commonplace, nor the beautiful because it is every-day, nor the good because it is not also great. He calls nothing unclean but vice and crime. He sees meanness in nothing but in the sham,

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the affectation, and the spangles of mere outward show.

But while it is in exalting lowly excellence that Jasmin takes especial delight, he is not blind, as some are, to excellence in high places. All he seeks is the sterling and the real. He recognizes the sparkle of the diamond as well as that of the dewdrop. But he will not look upon paste.

He is thus pre-eminently a poet of nature; not, be it understood, of inanimate nature only, but of nature, also, as it exists in our thoughts, and words, and acts—of nature as it is to be found living and moving in humanity. But we cannot paint him so well as he paints himself. We well remember how, in his little shop at Agen, he described to us what he believed to be the characteristic of his poetry; and we find in a letter from him to M. Léonce de Lavergne the substance of what he then said to us:—

"I believe," he says, "that I have portrayed a part of the noble sentiments which men and women may experience here below. I believe that I have emancipated myself more than any one has ever done from every school; and that I have placed myself in more direct communication with nature. I have let fall my poetry from my heart. I have taken my pictures from around me in the most humble conditions of men, and I have done for my native language all that I could."

We have seen no new work of Jasmin during the last three years. He is still comparatively young; we are sure he is not idle; we expect, therefore, even still greater things from the modern troubadour.

We had intended, in reviewing the writings of the hair-dresser-poet, shortly to have noticed those of others in similar, and even humbler ranks of life among his countrymen—such as Moreau, the type-founder; Roly, the carpenter; Festeau, the watchmaker; Eliza Fleury, the embroideress; Lapointe, the shoemaker; Ponty, the mason; Reboul, the baker; and several others. Their productions possess no inconsiderable degree of interest, more especially when they are considered in connection with the present state of things in France; but space fails us, and if we pursue the subject it must be at another opportunity. As it is, we may say that all of them fall far short of Jasmin.

From Fraser's Magazine.

GESTA ROMANORUM.

It is a strange old quilt of diverse patches,
Sombre and gay, to suit the tastes of all.—*Old Play.*

DEAR, quaint Charles Lamb, in his *Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading*, lisps out this drollery:—

"I can read anything which I call a *book*. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such. In this catalogue of *books which are no books—biblia a-biblia*—I reckon Court Calendars, Dictionaries, Pocket-books, Draught-boards, bound and lettered on the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacs, Statutes at Large; the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and, generally, all those volumes which 'no gentleman's library should be without;' the histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew), and Parley's *Moral Philosophy*. With these exceptions, I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding.

"I confess that it moves my spleen to see these *things in books' clothing* perched up on shelves, like false saints, usurpers of true shrines, intruders into the sanctuary, thrusting out the legitimate occupants. To reach down a well-bound semblance of a volume, and hope it some kind-hearted play-book, then, opening what 'seem its leaves,' to come bolt upon a withering Population Essay! To expect a Steele, or a Farquhar, and find—Adam Smith!"

We can keenly sympathize in the disappointment that "Elia" so whimsically describes, having "many a time and oft" put forth our hand to grasp what we fondly deemed would prove a cluster of delicious thoughts, and found, to our chagrin, that its grapes had been gathered from a vine of Sodom. It was, therefore, with no small delight that, on taking down the book that gives its title to the present article, from a very dusty shelf in our library, some months ago, we discovered we had lighted on a treat,—a choice collection of tales, possessing an intrinsic interest of subjects, and a still greater extrinsic interest, arising from the circumstance of their having furnished warp for the woof of many a bard of fame.

Being of a benevolent disposition, we wish

to enable others to taste of that which has afforded pleasure to ourselves; and so, for the benefit and delectation of those of our readers who may not have met with the *Gesta*, we shall proceed to give a brief history of the work, and then invite their attention to a few specimens of its contents, interspersed with extracts and remarks that will tend to show the influence it has had on English poetical literature.

For infants "the strong wine of truth" must be mingled with "the honeyed waters" of amusing story; and when man's mind is childish, through imbecility or want of education, it too must have instruction conveyed to it in the concrete rather than the abstract, being unable, or unwilling, to admit a principle, unless that principle be clad in an example. The monks of the middle ages were aware of this fact, and, therefore, in their preaching, endeavored to fix the attention of their benighted hearers by striking narratives; striving afterward, by the somewhat strained "applications" they tacked on to them, to awaken their sluggish, slumbering consciences. The *Gesta Romanorum** is an assortment of such tales, carelessly copied from Oriental, classical, and German writers, and generally stated to be the composition of Petrus Berchorius, who was Prior of the Benedictine Convent of St. Eloi, in Paris, in 1362. Pisistratus, however, might as justly be called the author of the *Iliad*; for all that Berchorius did was to string together "stirring stories," that, long before his time, had been told by orators in cope and cowl, to make their congregations change their weary gaping into wonderment. An imitation of the work, slightly differing in contents from the original, and qualified with a dash of nation-

* We would observe, *en passant*, that the recorded "Gests" are by no means exclusively those of the Romans.

alism to suit the taste of its probable readers (just as now-a-days French *vaudevilles* are adapted to Adelphi audiences), was produced in England by a monk, at a very early period; and to this version Shakspeare appears to be indebted for the plots of several of his plays.

So much by way of introduction. Now for our specimens, selected both from the continental and the insular edition.*

NO. I.—A SAUCY THIEF.

A fair face was the Emperor Leo's chief delight. To enjoy it to the full, he caused three images to be made in the form of women, dedicated a temple to their service, and ordered all his subjects to worship them. The first stretched forth its hand, as though in the act of benediction, having on one of its fingers a golden ring, which bore as its motto, "My finger is munificent." The second had a golden beard, and on its brow was written, "I have a beard: if any one be beardless, let him come to me, and I will give him one." The third was clad in a golden cloak, whilst on its breast gleamed forth in shining characters, "I care for nobody." These three images were made of stone. When they had been placed upon their pedestals, the emperor decreed that if any one should take away ring, beard, or cloak, he should be doomed to some most ignominious death. It happened, notwithstanding, that a low scoundrel entering the temple, and perceiving the ring upon the finger of the first image, immediately drew it off. He then went to the second, and took away the golden beard; and, to finish up his work, robbed the third image of its golden cloak. The theft was soon discovered, and the culprit dragged before the emperor. When charged with the crime, he replied with great coolness, "My lord, suffer me to speak. When I entered the temple the first image held out its finger toward me, as though it would tempt me to take the ring; and when I read the motto, 'My finger is munificent,' I thought it would be very rude to refuse the obliging offer, and, consequently, took it. When I approached the second image, and saw its golden beard, I reasoned thus with myself, 'The maker of this statue never had such an appendage to his chin, for I have often

seen him; and, without question, the creature should be inferior to its creator: *ergo*, I ought to take the beard.' Any scruple as to the propriety of appropriating it that might still trouble me, was removed when I perceived, in characters most clearly legible, 'I have a beard: if any one be beardless, let him come to me, and I will give him one.' I am beardless, as your majesty may see, and, therefore, took away the proffered beard for two good reasons: firstly, that the image might look more like its maker; and, secondly, that I might cover up my own bare chin. I carried off the golden cloak, partly from a feeling of benevolence, because I thought that a mantle of metal would in summer be burdensome to the statue, and in winter but a poor protection from the cold; and partly from a feeling of indignation at its haughty boast, 'I care for nobody.'"

"My good sir," retorted the emperor, "the present trial is one of law, and not of logic. You are a robber, and so you must be hanged!" And he was.

Instead of the prosy moralization* that follows this story in the *Gesta*, we will give Gower's happy rendering of it:—

Ere Rom-e came to the creáncet
Of Christ-es faith, it fell perchance
Cæsar, which then was emperor,
Him list-e for to do honour
Unto the temple Apollinis;
And made an image upon this,
The which was cleped† Apolló,
Was none so rich in Rom-e tho.§
Of plate of gold, a beard he had,
The which his breast all over spradde.||
Of gold also, withouten fail,
His mantle was of large entayle.¶
Be-set with perrey** all about.
Forth right he stretched his finger out,
Upon the which he had a ring—
To see it, was a rich-e thing,
A fine carbuncle for the nones,††
Most precious of all stones.
And fell that time in Rom-e thus,
There was a clerk, one Lucius,
A courtier, a famous man:
Of every witt‡ somewhat he can,
Out-take§§ that him lacketh rule,
His own estate to guide and rule;
How so it stood of his speaking,
He was not wise in his doing;
But every riot-e at last
Must need-es fall, and may not last.
After the need of his desert,

* In fitting these with an English dress, we have derived considerable assistance from the Reverend Charles Swan's elegant translation of the *Gesta*. The notes appended to it have also been laid under contribution.

* We shall make it our rule to omit the "applications."

† Belief.	‡ Called.	§ Then.
Spread.	¶ Cut.	** Pearls.
†† Purpose.	‡‡ Knowledge.	§§ Except.

So fell this clerk-*e* in povérte,
 And wist not how for to risé,
 He cast his wit-*es* here and there,
 He looketh nigh, he looketh far,
 Fell on a tim-*e* that he come
 Into the temple, and heed nome*
 Where that the god Apollo stood;
 He saw the riches, and the good;†
 And thought he wold-*e* by some way,
 The treasure pick and steal away.
 And thereupon so slily wrought,
 That his purpóse about he brought.
 And went away unaperceived:
 Thus bath the man his god deceived—
 His ring, his mantle, and his beard,
 As he which nothing was afeard,
 All privily with him he bare;
 And when the wardens were aware
 Of that their god despoiled was,
 They thought it was a wondrous case,
 How that a man for any weal
 Durst in so holy plac-*e* steal,
 And nam-*e*-ly, so great a thing!
 This tale cam-*e* unto the king,
 And was through spoken over-all.
 But for to know in special,
 What manner man hath done the deed,
 They soughten help upon the need,
 And maden calculatió,
 Whereof by demonstratió
 The man was found-*e* with the good.
 In judgment, and when he stood,
 The king hath asked of him thus:—
 “Say, thou unsely† Lucius,
 Why hast thou done this sacrilege?”
 “My lord, if I the cause allege,”
 (Quoth he again) “me-thinketh this,
 That I have done nothing amiss.
 Three points there be, which I have do,
 Whereof the first-*e* point stands so,
 That I the ring have ta'en away.
 Unto this point this will I say,—
 When I the god beheld about,
 I saw how he his hand stretched out,
 And proffered me the ring to yere;§
 And I, which wold-*e* gladly live
 Out of povérte thro' his largess,
 It underfang,|| so that I guess;
 And therefore am I nought to wite.¶
 And, overmore, I will me 'quit,**
 Of gold that I the mantle took:
 Gold in his kind, as saith the book,
 Is heavy both, and cold also;
 And for that it was heavy so,
 Methought it was no garn-*e* ment††
 Unto the god convenient,
 To clothen him the summer tide:‡‡
 I thought upon that other side,
 How gold is cold, and such a cloth
 By reason ought-*e* to be lothe§§
 In winter tim-*e* for the chiel.
 And thus thinking thought-*es* fele,|||

As I mine eye about-*e* cast,
 His larg-*e* beard-*e* then at last
 I saw; and thought anon therefore
 How that his father him before,
 Which stood upon the sam-*e* place,
 Was beardless, with a youngly face.
 And in such wise, as ye have heard,
 I took away the son-*nes* beard,
 For that his father had-*e* none,
 To make him like; and hereupon
 I ask for to be excused.”

Confessio Amantis.

The poem from which we have made this long extract is indebted to *Gesta* in many other places, but we must hasten on to a legend which Spenser has worked into the second book of the *Faërie Queene*. Our readers will readily recognize, in the following tale, Sir Guyon's temptation in the “House of Richesse.”

NO. II.—MEMENTO MORI.

In the city of Rome stood an image, on the middle finger of the right hand of which was traced, “Strike here!” Many wondered what the inscription meant, but no one had discovered its signification, when a learned clerk, hearing of the image, came to examine it. He noticing the shadow that the sunlight made it cast, took a spade and began to dig where the shade of the finger fell. He soon came upon a flight of stairs, which led down into a cave. Descending these steps, he entered the hall of a princely palace, in which there were a number of men seated at table. They were all attired in the most costly fabrics of the loom, but not a sound escaped their lips. In one corner of the apartment he observed a bright carbuncle, gleaming like a little sun. Opposite, and aiming at it, stood an archer, on whose brow was written, “I am what I am: my arrow is inevitable; yon stone of light cannot escape its stroke.” The clerk, amazed at what he saw, entered the bed-chamber, where he found lovely ladies clad in purple, but all as silent as the grave. He next went to the stables, and admired the magnificent horses tethered in their stalls; he touched them—they were stone! He visited in succession every building in this strange domain, and having feasted his eyes on all their various riches, returned to the hall, purposing to effect a precipitate retreat, for a feeling of awe began to creep over him. “I have seen wonders to-day,” said he to himself, “but should I tell them to my friends, they will all say that I have been dreaming, unless I take back something solid to convince them that

* Took.	† Goods.	‡ Foolish.
§ Give.	Accepted.	¶ Blame.
** Acquit.	†† Garment.	‡‡ Time.
§§ Warm.	Many.	

I have been in a land of realities." Whilst he was thus soliloquizing, he cast his eyes upon a table covered with golden cups. He put forth his hand and took a goblet, but had no sooner placed it in his bosom than the archer struck the carbuncle with his arrow, and shivered it into a thousand fragments. The whole building instantly was filled with Egyptian darkness, and the hapless clerk sought in vain for some mode of egress. After having long wandered in the gloom of its labyrinthine passages he died a wretched death.

NO. III.—WORDS ARE WIND.

Shakspeare, as we have hinted above, was a great filcher from the *Gesta*, but we have only room here to give the original of his *King Lear*, with a few other selections illustrating the detached portions of his plays.

The wise Emperor Theodosius had three daughters. Wishing to discover which of them loved him the best, he said to the first,—"How much do you love me?" "More than myself," was the reply. Pleased with her affection, he gave her in marriage to a mighty king. Then he came to the second, and asked her how much *she* loved him? "As much as I do myself," she answered. The emperor married *her* to a duke. Afterward, he inquired of his third daughter,—"And how much do *you* love me?" "As much as you deserve, and no more," was her somewhat pert response. Her father thought that an earl was good enough for her. Some time after this the emperor was beaten in battle by the King of Egypt, and driven from the land he had long ruled so wisely. In his distress he naturally thought of his affectionate first-born; and, writing an epistle to her with his own hand, entreated her, in most pathetic words, to succor him. Her husband was willing to assist his father-in-law to the utmost of his power; but the unnatural daughter declared, that five knights only should be sent him, to remain with him until he could regain his crown. Theodosius was heavy of heart when he saw but five horsemen riding toward him, instead of the countless spears that he had hoped soon to see bristling on the horizon; but he concealed his emotion, and wrote off for aid to his second daughter. She was willing to find him food and clothing fitting for his rank, during the continuance of his misfortune; but would not suffer her "doughty duke" to lead an army into the field in his behalf. The emperor, almost in despair, applied, last of all, to his third daughter; and she, shedding

full floods of tears when she heard of her father's melancholy circumstances, prevailed upon her lord to raise a valiant host, by means of which Theodosius was quickly enabled to resume the imperial purple. Grieved that he had given her credit for so little affection, when, as he had found, it was the ruling passion of her heart, he willed his sceptre to his loving child.

We shall now endeavor to prove that the Swan of Avon could occasionally condescend to assume the character of a mocking-bird in thoughts as well as plots, by giving a brace or two of what we think our readers will admit to be *very parallel* passages:—

The mercy of a king is like refreshing dew,
gently falling on the summer grass.—*The Three Monarchs.*

The quality of mercy is not strained:
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath.

Merchant of Venice.

He is like a hanging apple. The surface is fair, but there is a wasting worm at work within; and it soon falls to the ground, rotten at the core.
—*Human Life.*

An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple, rotten at the heart.

Merchant of Venice.

The prince who is gentle as a lamb in war, but fierce as a tiger in peace, is unworthy of regard.
—*Reconciliation.*

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger.

Henry V.

In the *Game of Shaci*, the subjoined abominable libel on woman occurs:—*Casta est quam nemo rogavit.* We are aware that we ought to beg pardon of the ladies for echoing such a slur on the softer sex, even in Latin; but if any of our fair readers should feel inclined to take umbrage at it, we hope they will permit us to remind them that it is the silly slander of a melancholy old monk, who, being moped to death by his single wretchedness, maligned—like the fox in the fable—what he could not obtain. Congreve, in *Love for Love*, adopts the saying we have quoted, but makes *man* come in for a share of his satire:—

A nymph and a swain to Apollo once prayed:
The swain had been jilted, the nymph been betrayed:

Their intent was to try if his oracle knew
E'er a nymph that was chaste, or a swain that
was true.

Apollo was mute, and had like to 've been posed,
But sagely at length he this secret disclosed :
He alone won't betray in whom none will confide ;
And the nymph may be chaste, that has never been
tried !

No one needs to be told of what elegant
poem the following story is the ground-
work :—

NO. IV.—“HIS WAYS ARE NOT AS OUR WAYS.”

Once upon a time there lived a hermit, who in a solitary cell passed night and day in the service of his God. Not far from his retreat an humble shepherd tended his flock. Happening one day to fall into a deep slumber, a robber carried off his sheep. The owner of them, turning a deaf ear to the excuses of his servant, ordered him to be put to death for his negligence,—a proceeding which gave great offence to the hermit. “Oh, Heaven!” he exclaimed, “the innocent suffers for the guilty, and yet is unavenged by God! I will quit his service, and enter the giddy world once more.” He accordingly left his hermitage; but the Almighty willed that he should not be lost, and an angel, in the form of man, was sent to bear him company. Having made each other's acquaintance, they walked on together toward a crowded city. They entered it at night-fall, and entreated shelter at the house of a most noble captain. He took them in, gave them a sumptuous supper, and then conducted them to a bed-chamber decorated in the highest style of art. In the middle of the night the angel rose, and, going stealthily to an adjoining apartment, strangled their entertainer's only child, who was sleeping in his cradle there. The hermit was horror-struck, but durst not reprove his murderous companion, who, though in human form, exercised over him the influence of a superior being. In the morning they arose, and went on to another city, where they were hospitably treated by one of the principal inhabitants. This person possessed, and greatly prized, a massive golden cup: in the night the angel stole it. Again the hermit held his peace through fear. On the morrow they continued their journey, and having met a pilgrim on a bridge, the angel requested him to become their guide. He consented, but had not gone many yards with them, before the angel seized him by

the shoulders, and hurled him into the stream below. The hermit now came to the conclusion that his companion was the devil, and longed for an opportunity of leaving him secretly. As the vesper bell was ringing they reached a third city, and again sought shelter; but the burgess to whom they applied was a churl, and would not admit them into his house. He said, however, that if they liked, they might sleep in his pigsty. Not being able to procure a better lodging, they did so; and in the morning their surly host received as his remuneration the purloined goblet. The hermit *now* thought the angel was a madman, and told him they must part.

“Not until I have explained my conduct,” said the angel. “Listen, and then go thy way. I have been sent to unfold to thee the mysteries of Providence. When thou wast in thine hermitage, the owner of a flock unjustly put his slave to death, and by so doing moved thy wrath; but the shepherd, being the victim of ignorance and precipitate anger, will enjoy eternal bliss, whilst the master will not enter heaven until he has been tormented by remorse on earth, and purified by fire in purgatory. I strangled the child of our first host, because, before his son's birth, he performed many works of mercy, but afterward grew covetous in order to enrich his heir. God, in His love, is sometimes forced to chasten, and beneath the tears of the sorrowing parent his piety will spring again. I stole the cup of our second host, because, when the wine smiled brightly in it, it tempted him to sin. I cast the pilgrim into the water, because God willed to reward his former faith with everlasting happiness, but knew that, if he lingered any longer here below, he would be guilty of a mortal sin. And, lastly, I repaid the niggard hospitality of our third host with such a bounteous boon, to teach him for the future to be more generous. Henceforth, therefore, put a seal upon thy presumptuous lips, and condemn not the All-wise in thy mole-eyed folly.” The hermit, hearing this, fell at the angel's feet, and pleaded earnestly for pardon. He received it, and returned to his hermitage, where he lived for many years, a pattern of humility and faith, and at length sweetly fell asleep in Christ.

The next of our eclogæ has been moulded by the plastic hand of genius into many forms. Perhaps the best known of these is the ballad of Beth-Gelert, in which Mr. Spencer has told the legend, as localized in Wales, in a very touching manner.

No. V.—IL FAUT QUELQUEFOIS TENIR LA MAIN.

The knight Folliculus was exceedingly fond of his infant son, and also of his falcon and his hound. It happened one day that he went out to a tournament, to which, without his knowledge, his wife and servants too went afterward, leaving the babe in his cot, the greyhound lying in the rushes underneath it, and the falcon on his perch above. A serpent that lived in a hole near the castle of Folliculus, thinking from the unusual silence that it must be deserted, crept out of its retreat and entered the hold, hoping to find some food. Seeing the child, it would have devoured him, had not the falcon fluttered its wings until it awoke the dog, which, after a desperate conflict, killed the wily intruder, and then, almost fainting through loss of blood, lay down at the foot of the cradle, that in the *mêlée* had been overthrown. The knight, on his return home, seeing the jaws of his greyhound red with gore, and not being able at first to find his child, thought that the dog had destroyed him; and, frantic with fury, plunged his sword into its faithful heart. Then, hearing a cry, he lifted up the cradle-coverlet, and saw his rosy boy just waking from a happy dream, whilst the huge coils of the dead serpent showed the peril he had so narrowly escaped, and the injustice that his father had so hastily committed. The knight, detesting himself for his cruel deed, abandoned the profession of arms, broke his lance into three pieces, and went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where, after a few years, he died in peace.

No. VI.—A MESSENGER OF MERCY.

The Emperor Menelay made a decree, that if any guiltless captive could escape from his bonds and reach the imperial palace, he should be protected from his oppressors. Soon after the promulgation of the law, a knight was wrongfully accused, and cast into a dark dungeon. The light of his eyes was dimmed when he was thus cut off from the company of his brethren; but one mild summer morn, a nightingale came in through the little window of his cell, and sang so sweetly that he almost forgot he was deprived of liberty. As the knight treated his minstrel very tenderly, she flew into his bosom daily to cheer him with her song. One day he said to her, "My darling bird, I have given thee many a dainty, wilt thou not show me a kindness in return? Like to myself, a creature of the mighty God, oh, help me in

my need!" When the bird heard this, she flew forth from his bosom, and after having remained away from him for three days returned, bringing in her mouth a precious stone. Having dropped it in his hand, she again took flight. The knight wondered at the strange conduct of his songster, but happening to touch his fetters with the stone that she had given him, they instantly fell off. He then arose, and touched the doors of his prison: they opened. He rushed forth into the fresh, free air, and ran rapidly toward the emperor's palace. Here he was joyfully received, and his innocence being satisfactorily established, his persecutor was sentenced to perpetual banishment.

This pretty little tale very probably suggested those beautiful lines in the *Prisoner of Chillon* :—

A light broke in upon my brain,—
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery:
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track,
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seem'd to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more;
It seem'd like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine.
Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For—Heaven forgive that thought! the while,
Which made me both to weep and smile;
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal—well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone,—
Lone—as the corpse within its shroud,
Lone—as a solitary cloud,

A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
Th hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

Our readers are convinced by this time, we should imagine, that many a thread in the mantle of the English Muse originally figured in the party-colored pallium of the *Gesta*.* We shall conclude our article with a couple of anecdotes, which, though unconnected with our literature, we think will amuse by their piquancy.

NO. VII.—AN ARTFUL DODGE.

A certain soldier suspected his wife of having transferred her affections from himself to another; but not being able to *prove* the fact, he requested a cunning clerk to assist him in demonstrating his lady's infidelity. The clerk consented, on condition of being allowed to converse with the fair frail one. After having chatted on a variety of indifferent topics for some time, he took her hand, and pressed his finger on her pulse, at the same time mentioning in a careless tone the name of the person whom she was presumed to love. The lady's blood, at that sweet

* N.B.—Our samples are *literally* samples. We have not raked up a few instances of plagiarism, but out of very many deeds of plunder have exposed some of the most barefaced.

sound, rushed through her veins like a swollen stream; but when her husband became the theme of their discourse, it resumed its usual tranquil flow. The clerk communicated the result of his experiment to the bamboozled Benedick; but whether the affair furnished employment to the "gentleman of the long robe," as the newspapers say, or whether the soldier did by his own act abate the nuisance that had marred his peace, we are not informed.

NO. VIII.—OBSEQUIUM AMICOS, VERITAS ODIUM PARIT.

A lady, during the absence of her lord, received a visit from her gallant. One of her handmaidens understood the language of birds, and a cock crowing at midnight, the faithless spouse inquired the meaning of his chant. "He says," replied the maiden, "that you are grossly injuring your husband." "Kill that cock instantly," said the lady. Soon after another cock began to crow, and his notes being interrupted to signify that his companion had died for revealing the truth, he shared his fate. Last of all a third cock crew. "And what does he say?" asked the lady. "Hear and see all, but say nothing if you would live in peace." "Oh, *don't* kill him!" retorted she.

Lectores, scripsimus,—plaudite aut tacete!

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

GAZE on this Gothic relic of the past,—
See o'er its towers does Ruin surely creep;
Time has her mantle o'er each buttress cast,—
On such gray battlement Time's shadows sleep.
What will not fade?—all records cease at last;
A few short years, temple and tablet sweep
Into the mighty gulf that gathers all:
The slow destroyer, Time, sees tottering empires fall.

Publish thine edict, Death! call from the tomb
Thy prostrate victim, the forgotten dead;
Bid the unconscious sleepers hither come,
And quit for once their cold eternal bed.
At thy command, see, flickering through the gloom,
Heroes and kings, poets and statesmen tread:
What earthly potentate or victor sees
Such subjugated hosts—triumphs so great as these!

How silently gray Ruin's footstep falls
On arch and aisle, column, and roof, and court,
Wearing away the massive mouldering walls
Of this old Abbey, where the sinner sought
The old confessor in his older halls,
And peace and pardon with his money bought!
Victims of superstition, dark and deep,
Your errors with your ashes, should forgotten sleep!

OWEN HOWELL.

From the Edinburgh Review.

PEPYS'S DIARY.

Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, F. R. S., Secretary to the Admiralty in the Reigns of Charles II. and James II., with a Life and Notes. By RICHARD LORD BRAYBROOKE. 3d Edition, considerably enlarged. 5 vols. London: 1848-9.

A VARIETY of circumstances have combined to diffuse a more general knowledge of these agreeable volumes than can usually be anticipated by the reviewer of a new publication. Though they really contain, in their present complete form, much attractive novelty, yet the substance of their contents has been long before the public. Even the series now before us appeared in a succession of single volumes; each of which naturally revived the consideration so deservedly due to the whole. Nor can we well omit to mention that the admirable parodies of a popular periodical have familiarized every English reader with those peculiarities of style, sentiment, and character which necessarily furnish the distinctive features of such a book as this. Notwithstanding, however, these forestalments of our functions, we are loth to be altogether deprived of so pleasant a subject of disquisition: and we indulge our inclinations the more readily, from the conviction we feel that the volumes in question will supply not only ourselves, but many a successor, with inexhaustible materials for reflection, reference, parallels, and observation.

Who and what Mr. Samuel Pepys was, has been often heretofore related, and will appear, we trust, more particularly as we proceed. Dying in his seventy-second year, on the 26th of May, 1703, he bequeathed to Magdalene College, Cambridge, an extraordinary accumulation of literary treasures. Of these the most conspicuous portion was his private library of books and manuscripts; collected, as tradition says, by no very scrupulous means, and certainly with no inconsiderable expenditure of pains and money. The circumstances of the collection and the bequest were equally curious. There is no reason to believe that Pepys, at least in the

early part of his life, had any strong tendency to what is called "book-learning." He was, it is true, of sedentary habits, of a most inquisitive disposition, and gifted besides with many of those tastes or fancies which lead to the acquirement of a good deal of multifarious knowledge. But he certainly was not, in our sense of the word, either a scholar or a student. He neither was nor pretended to be deeply or accurately read in any branch of learning or science. He was an admirable man of business, an excellent accountant, endowed, as is evident, with a prodigious faculty of methodical arrangement, and probably as efficient a public servant, in this respect, as ever lived. But of his literary capacities there remain few records more substantial than the diary now under review. All the duties of his pretensions and station he discharged, on the whole, with great liberality and zeal. If not a learned man, he was a "patron of literature and the fine arts," and, as his noble editor most truly remarks, "the numerous books dedicated to him furnish ample testimony of his munificence." He was besides a virtuoso, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a short-hand writer. He was reputed of a good fancy in architecture, in hangings, in jewelry, in costume, and in pictures. He subscribed fifty plates to Willoughby's *Historia Piscium*, as many pounds to the new buildings of Magdalene College, and a handsome cup to the Clothworkers' Company. He played a pocket flageolet wherever he found an echo, sang catches in public gardens to the admiration of the promenaders, and criticised the performances in the Chapel Royal, with the authority not merely of an amateur, but an artist. He attended at the representation of every new play, and at the exhibition of every new philosophical experiment. He

bought all the new mathematical instruments as they were invented, and occupied himself for a reasonable time with each successive novelty. While we are upon the subject of his personal qualifications, we may just record one fact—in exemplification of our own care in perusing his diary. His features have been perpetuated by Sir Godfrey Kneller, in what we must presume to be a striking portrait—though we make bold to say that, unless great allowance is due to the leveling effects of full-bottomed wigs and laced cravats, the individual specimens of the human race must have all resembled each other much more in those days than at present. Such as he was depicted, however, on canvas, he is now to be seen, in the very front of Lord Braybrooke's first volume; but we are not aware that any person has yet discovered his exact height. We have now, therefore, to state that since, on the 4th of Jan., 1669, he "could just stand under the arm of the tall woman in Holborne," which said woman appears, by a subsequent entry, to have been "exactly six feet five inches high." Mr. Pepys, in the 37th year of his age, could not greatly have exceeded the stature of five feet three! If any reader should think the fact thus elicited of small importance, we can assure him that it is just such a one as the ingenious author of the Diary would have been most anxious to see recorded.

With all these qualifications, however, Mr. Pepys was certainly not a bookworm. We rarely find him engaged in the same study for three weeks together; and though his cursory remarks upon the publications which he did not read, often show considerable acuteness and judgment, yet his selection of books for perusal was not very discriminating, and seems to have savored a good deal of that taste which is still catered for in the drawing-room of a London club-house. But, fortunately for posterity, he was something of a bibliomaniac, and certainly contrived to form a remarkably good and interesting library; comprising not only many curiosities of early typography, but copious specimens of the fugitive literature of his day. Six large folio volumes, for instance, are filled with broadsides, songs, and ballads of every description, each of which is now almost unique; while the marketable value of the whole has been computed by thousands of pounds sterling. In addition to these treasures is an admirable library of the choicest books, bound after the choicest fashion, of the days of the Stuarts. These

volumes were selected with infinite care and deliberation, and the reader of the Diary will frequently meet with a record of the precise time and price at which Mr. Pepys secured particular prizes. Thirty years, at least, before his death, we find that he had resolved on no account to fill more than a certain number of "presses;" and accordingly, as he acquired any new or valuable publication fitted for a place on his shelves, he weeded his library of its least dignified or considerable specimens, to make way for the new-comers. At the beginning of each year, too, with the help of his wife and maid, he was wont to "set them up" afresh; and we are favored with particular records of the appearance which the "presses" made at any one period, compared with the show of the previous year. The 14th of January, 1668, seems to have been devoted to this amusement. "To my chamber, having a great many books brought me home from my bookbinder, and so I to the new setting of my books against the next year—which costs me more trouble than I expected, and at it till two o'clock in the morning." Even this, however, did not content him; for on the 2nd of the next month we again find him "all the morning setting my books in order in my presses for the following year,—their number being much increased since the last, so as I am fain to lay by several books to make room for better—being resolved to keep no more than just my presses will contain." After this exercise he adjourns to "a very good dinner, of a powdered leg of pork and a loin of lamb roasted."

This library, thus perfected by thirty years' rectification and refinement, Mr. Pepys at length bequeathed to Magdalene College, Cambridge; on conditions which included its preservation for ages to come in the self-same plight in which he had left it. The "presses" were to remain unmutated and undefaced, and were to be kept in an apartment exclusively devoted to themselves. Their contents were neither to be increased nor diminished by a single volume, but were to remain exactly in their original state and form. As he willed, so it has been. In a certain room of what was once called "the new building" of Magdalene College, and on the exterior wall of which may still be deciphered the inscription BIBLIOTHECA PEPYSIANA, was this collection for many years deposited; until, at a recent period, it was removed to an apartment in the new lodge lately erected for the Master of the College. There it now remains,—the "presses" and

their contents being just as they were left, the former in all the glory of black mahogany and glazed doors,—the latter in their original bindings, and, probably enough, in their original order.

But the most precious specimen of this treasury was that with which we are now concerned. Amongst the books in the presses were six large volumes filled with writing in short-hand; which remained undeciphered, if not unnoticed, for a century and a quarter. At length, some twenty or thirty years ago, they attracted the attention of persons competent to estimate their value, and the cipher was soon after submitted to a gentleman of St. John's College for interpretation. The problem proved not very difficult of solution: the cipher employed being but slightly varied from one commonly in use in those times, and even regularly taught in certain schools, for the purpose of enabling students to write rapidly from dictation. The contents of the mysterious volumes were, accordingly, soon translated into the vulgar tongue; and they were found to be nothing less than a faithful and particular Diary of Mr. Pepys's life and conversation from the 1st of January, 1660, to the 31st of May, 1669. This Diary, or rather, a large selection from it, was first published by Lord Braybrooke in 1825; and the speedy sale of two large editions proved how accurately its interest had been estimated by its noble editor. For reasons, however, to be hereafter noticed, it was not then thought proper to publish the journal in full,—its records being subjected to an expurgatorial process, which is now shown to have been conducted with rather excessive severity. When, therefore, a third edition of the Diary was determined upon, it became a question of some interest to decide whether the original scheme should or should not be abandoned, for a more unreserved communication of the author's thoughts. Fortunately for the reading portion of the public, this question was decided in the affirmative; and the result now finally appears in the five volumes specified at the head of this paper.

Trite as the biography has become, the convenience of our readers may, perhaps, be consulted by such a recapitulation of the leading facts of Mr. Pepys's life as will conduce to the ready appreciation of the Diary he left behind him. He was born on the 23rd of February, 1632; but whether at Brampton, in Huntingdonshire, or in London, appears to be now only ascertainable from the internal evidence supplied by his journal.

It is plain that he was in very early youth familiar with the Metropolis and its suburbs; but on the other hand Brampton was the residence of his father, and he was undoubtedly first sent to school at Huntingdon. Subsequently he went to St. Paul's, and received the completion of his education at Cambridge, where he was originally entered at Trinity; but having been attracted, apparently by a scholarship, to Magdalene, he commenced his academical residence at that college in 1651. Concerning his exploits at this seat of learning his biographers have unhappily been able to rescue only a single fact from oblivion,—and that, too, not particularly to his honor. In the Registrar's book of Magdalene is recorded the following:—"Memorandum, Oct. 21, 1653. That Pepys and Hind were solemnly admonished by myself and Mr. Hill, *for having been scandalously overserved with drink* y^e night before. This was done in the presence of all the Fellows then resident, in Mr. Hill's chamber. JOHN WOOD, Registrar." Whether this admonition produced any permanent effects is, we fear, rather doubtful. We do not, it is true, meet with many confessions of his absolute intoxication, which certainly would not, had it occurred, have been omitted from his records—and he even remarks once that his father did, "for the first time in his life, discern that I had been drinking." On the other hand, the notices of protracted and rather outrageous merry-makings are so frequent, that we suspect a scientific faculty of resisting the effects of liquor must have been among the endowments or academical attainments of Mr. Pepys. At least, he speaks with the air of a critic in such matters. "April 10, 1660. Did see Mr. Creed make the strangest emotions to shift his drink, that ever I saw!"

Mr. Pepys, however, must certainly have proceeded through the regular university course, for we find mention of his M. A. degree and its cost (£9 15s.); and in 1662, being at Cambridge on his way to Huntingdonshire, he exercised his franchise as a member of the senate. "Oct. 10. Dr. Fairbrother telling me that this day there is a congregation for the choice of some officers in the University, he after dinner gets me a cap, gowne, and hood, and carries me to the Schools, where Mr. Pepper, my brother's tutor, and this day chosen Proctor, did appoint a M. A. to lead me into the Regent House, where I sat with them, and did vote by subscribing papers thus, *Ego SAMUEL PEPYS eligo Magistrum Bernardum Skelton alterum e Taxatoribus hujus Academiae, in*

annum sequentem." Our Cambridge readers will not fail to observe how much has been abolished, and how much retained, in the corresponding ceremonies of the present day. It is a great pity that Pepys did not leave some record of the state of the University during the Protectorate, which was the period of his attendance: as such a note from such a hand would have been in the highest degree edifying. He visited the old place more than once in after times, but only in his journeys to the north or east; nor does he speak of it with half the interest he professes for the localities round about London. He happened, however, to be there in 1661, just at the restoration of the old *régime*; and although it was mid-July the students seem to have been all in residence, and the colleges full. "July 15. Up by three o'clock this morning, and rode to Cambridge, and was there by seven o'clock; when, after I was trimmed, I went to Christ College, and found my brother John, at eight o'clock, in bed, which vexed me. Then to King's College, where I found the scholars in their surplices at the service with the organs—which is a strange sight to what it used, in my time, to be here." It was certainly clear enough that things were altered in respect of ceremonies; for when, a few days afterward, he went to church at Impington, "At our coming in, the country people all rose with much reverence; and when the parson begins, he begins '*Right Worshipfull* and dearly beloved' to us." Presently he is informed "how high the old" (*i. e.* the restored) "doctors are in the University over those they found there—though a great deal better scholars than themselves—for which I am very sorry." It should be borne in mind, however, in estimating any little touches of this sort, that the sympathies of Pepys, for many years after the Restoration, are clearly with the vanquished party.

Though Mr. Pepys's father was a tailor by trade, yet he was connected by descent with the Earl of Sandwich; and in the house of this relative our hero found refuge and occupation, when an early marriage had rendered both these advantages unusually desirable. In 1658 he attended his patron, then Sir Edward Montague, upon his expedition to the Sound; and was appointed on his return to a subordinate clerkship in the Exchequer. Two years afterward he was made clerk of the Acts of the Navy—a place which he filled with great credit during the whole of the period embraced in the Diary. Nor was this the end of his promotion in the state; but

as his subsequent career is less materially connected with the volume before us, we need not enter into its particulars.

This brings us at length to his famous Journal. The dates of its commencement and termination (Jan., 1660—May, 1669) have been already specified, and these would of themselves suffice to apprise the reader of the general Historical information to be expected from its contents. Its essential character, however, depends in a very slight degree on such matters as these. Without making any exception in favor either of the published memoirs of Fletcher, Lord Byron's valet, or of any other production of ancient or modern diarists, we unhesitatingly characterize this Journal as the most remarkable production of its kind which has ever been given to the world. It is difficult to add much, beyond example, in the way of illustration. We can hardly yet satisfy ourselves of the description properly due to such a development of human nature. Of one point, however, we entertain little doubt;—that its contents were never compiled with the remotest view to publication. No eyes but those of Samuel Pepys could have ever been intended to scan the entries of his journal. Nor do we think, upon a general retrospect, that these daily records were made with any idea of subsequently reducing them to any publishable form—for their substance has certainly little reference to the political, and but incidentally to the social, history of the country. It is true that Mr. Pepys undoubtedly contemplated, *inter alia*, a connected history of matters relating to that department of the administration in which he spent so many years of his life; but for this purpose we know that he made an entirely separate collection of materials. Indeed, the internal evidence of the volumes themselves is hardly reconcilable with any other supposition than that they were written from a mechanical habit acquired by the author of committing daily to paper, under the protection of a cipher, his every action, motive, and thought; and with the sole view, apparently, of recurring to them in after times, for his own amusement and information. In this respect nothing that has ever been compiled in the shape of autobiography makes any perceptible approach to the fullness and genuineness of Mr. Pepys's Diary. Rousseau's Confessions will bear no kind of comparison; nor will any of the French essays by which that seductive tale has been followed. Perhaps the reflections of Silvio Pellico in his prison supply a somewhat nearer match;

but the two productions are hardly homogeneous enough to be compared. But little information is discoverable in the Diary itself of the motives which led to its compilation. Once, on visiting Sir W. Coventry in the Tower, he found him alone "writing down his journall, which, he tells me, he now keeps of the material things; upon which I told him (and he is the only man I ever told it to, I think), that I kept it most strictly these eight or ten years; and I am sorry almost that I told him—it not being necessary, nor may be convenient, to have it known." This entry shows that the precaution of a cipher had some reference to the political perils of the times; although, as far as Mr. Pepys's memoranda go, "the material things" assuredly form but a small portion of their substance. Many of our readers will probably be able to tax their own recollections for the motives which suggest the keeping of a temporary journal; and we are inclined to think, upon the whole, that the ideas which resulted in the relic now before us, differed but very little from those of the most ordinary school-girl, tourist, or idle recluse.

As regards the historical value of this production, we have already rated it rather low: though this opinion must be taken with a certain qualification. It is according to the definition which the term "history" receives that it must rise or fall in the reader's estimation. If history is to be characterized by that "dignity" which precedents have sanctioned, or composed with that grave formality which some quarterly reviewers demand, the journal of Mr. Pepys will be next to useless. It tells us comparatively little of wars, treaties, speeches, proclamations or debates; and this little is told in a sorely undignified spirit, and with an accuracy of detail by no means unimpeachable. Every now and then, indeed, we are able to detect errors in dates, Christian names, and even records of appointments, which would infallibly ruin the author in the eyes of modern critics. In fact, the very style in which such information is communicated precludes the possibility of giving it an unconditional acceptance. It is mostly mere gossip, retailed at second, or even at third hand. "Comes my lord so and so to me, and tells me that he has seen Mr. so and so, who does say," &c. The facts, therefore, which would be available for such histories as were written in the last century are few in number, and not extraordinary in value. But the picture wholly changes, if History is considered in the light of a science which is to inform us, besides the great events of the

period, of the customs, habits, and opinions of our forefathers; to give us a real and lively notion of the days in which they lived, and to teach us the relative civilization of the age in question, as compared with that which preceded and those which have followed it. These five volumes, in short, would be everything to a Macaulay, but nothing to a Smollett. We doubt even if Hume would have availed himself of the Diary, to add or change half a dozen lines in his reign of Charles II.; for although Mr. Pepys paints the court, the monarch, and the times in more vivid colors than any one else, yet the general lights and shades of the picture were correctly enough known before, and could hardly have been amplified or deepened without a departure from that sententious "dignity" which opinion prescribed.

Even, however, when thus liberally viewed, the character of Mr. Pepys's Journal is far more personal than historical. The entries have an almost exclusive reference to himself—his family, his position, his prospects, his most secret motives, and his most inward thoughts. It is therefore as a picture of a single mind that the monument is most perfect—although, in point of fact, the mind thus portrayed is one of the most ordinary and commonplace imaginable. Certain intellectual qualities of a common enough kind, Mr. Pepys doubtless possessed in an unusual degree; but his moral and religious stature might be well matched out of any company numbering a score of individuals. The little dirty motives, the more generous impulses, the secret reservations, the half-formed hopes, and the private confessions which he so faithfully chronicles, reveal nothing but the commonest operations of the commonest conscience; the only singularity being in the incredible *naïveté* and candor with which these feelings and reflections are committed to writing. Nineteen men out of twenty might make a journal as edifying as that before us, if they would but describe their own sentiments with equal fidelity. The secret cipher must have marvelously aided in giving that confidence which the practice required; for certainly no person who ever yet lived would have recorded such facts for any information but his own—and this is the peculiarity which distinguishes the Diary before us from all others. We have known persons of respectable abilities who kept a careful record of the most ordinary transactions of their daily lives—their company, their dinners, the party round the table, and even the dishes

upon it. In this as in other practices, accidental beginnings may easily beget permanent habits. But no example, to the best of our knowledge, has ever been elsewhere known of an individual who, without prickings of conscience or persuasions of creed, deliberately sate down every evening, and put upon record, not only all the most insignificant events, but all the childish, sneaking, ludicrous, or miserly thinkings and doings which had characterized the past day of his life.

It is this predominant personality of the Diary which renders it so difficult to give a satisfactory view of its contents, in any form but that of a complete and unreserved transcript of the whole. The present edition is, in this respect, incomparably superior to the others, and, from the same cause, inferior still to what it might be made. We do not say that its absolutely literal or unreserved publication would be consistent with the reasonable requirements of public decency; on the contrary, we are well enough inclined to believe, from the specimens which have now been allowed to pass, that those rejected upon the second scrutiny were indeed inadmissible. But the fact nevertheless remains, that the Journal in our hands is still incomplete; and the misgivings thus naturally created are strengthened by the involuntary observation that in the former instance, the most valuable and characteristic portion of the Diary was often that which was suppressed. The cases, it is true, are not exactly parallel; for in the former the guiding motive of the noble editor was a well-intended regard for the public patience; whereas in the present he has been solely actuated by the observances due, even above the truth of history, to public decorum; but in such a publication as this, complete satisfaction is not to be expected where anything is known to be behind. With respect to the "historical value" of the two editions, there can, as we have already remarked, be no comparison between them. If the phrase be taken in its most formal import, at least forty-nine fiftieths of the whole Journal might have been suppressed without loss on this score; so that the original edition retained comparatively little which was worth preserving, while it utterly demolished the instruction which it might have been made to convey. For although we regret to see that the additions and insertions are not marked in the new issue, yet the reader who will trouble himself to compare the two will find that, in the old edition even the published extracts were not given *verbatim*, but that sentences and paragraphs were

so curtailed and condensed as wholly to ruin that true portraiture of the author's own character and thoughts which was the most striking feature of the Diary. Moreover, notwithstanding the risk incurred by omissions, when the information desired by the student is to be picked and gleaned from incidental allusions and involuntary disclosures, we are yet ready to grant that two volumes out of the five might have been spared even in this view of the subject, were it not for the loss in credibility and faithfulness which would thus be suffered by the remainder. But, taking the whole composition for what it is, and for what it may teach us, it is scarcely possible to suppress a single passage without serious detriment; and if we want to be satisfied with what we now possess, we must endeavor to persuade ourselves that the statements of the noble editor imply on this occasion no prudish or unscrupulous use of his privilege.

"I found," says Lord Braybrooke, "after once more carefully reading over the whole of the MS., that a literal transcript of the Diary was absolutely inadmissible. I determined, therefore, in preparing the forthcoming edition, to insert in its proper place, every passage that had been omitted, *with the exception only of such entries as were devoid of the slightest interest*, and many others of so indelicate a character, that no one with a well-regulated mind will regret their loss; nor could they have been tolerated even in the licentious days to which they relate." With these assurances we suppose we must be content; but the "interest" of a passage is what every inquisitive reader likes to determine for himself; and we cannot forbear recollecting that on a previous occasion, Lord Braybrooke suppressed as "uninteresting" the particulars of a dinner which included a *boiled haunch of venison*!

There is one very remarkable characteristic of this Diary which we do not remember to have ever seen noticed, and that is the prodigious faculty of memory in the writer which its entries discover. That this was in some degree artificially aided is probable enough. We know from the Journal itself that its composition involved two stages. The events of the day were first jotted down with great brevity, and with the use of no more words than would serve to recall them; after which these notes were expanded into the entries which we now see. No doubt, too, the operation was greatly facilitated by daily practice; but even after all allowances are made on these scores, the results to an

attentive observer will appear very extraordinary. Page after page retails with seeming accuracy the particulars of conversations which must necessarily have lasted through several hours, and which it would be thought almost impossible to take down except by the aid of shorthand. That these details are generally accurate, we are very willing to believe; but the circumstances should be remembered, in estimating the information so conveyed. After such specimens, however, of his method and diligence, we can no longer wonder at the value set on the official services of the Clerk of the Acts.

We have said that Mr. Pepys's character and disposition were of an ordinary cast; but we hardly know whether such an assertion does not set the average merits of human nature somewhat too high. Considering how unreservedly and minutely he has anatomized and exposed his own qualities, and what a respectable share of our sympathies he carries off after all, it may, perhaps, be doubted whether many characters would bear the same exposure with as much security. If his generosity was somewhat qualified by selfish considerations, yet the blemish would certainly never have been detected but for his own miraculous candor. Did ever monk or penitent write like this? "Nov. 11, 1668. By coach to my cosen Roger Pepys, who did, at my last being with him this day se'nnight, move me as to the supplying him with £500 this term, and £500 the next, for two years upon a mortgage, he having that sum to pay, a debt left him by his father—which I did agree to, *trusting to his honesty* and ability, and am resolved to do it for him; *that I may not have all I have lie in the king's hands!*" "Dec. 13. 1667. Comes to me Mr. Moore, and he and I alone awhile, he telling me my Lord Sandwich's credit is like to be undone, if the bill of £200 be not paid to-morrow; and that if I do not help him about it, they have no way but to let it be protested. So, finding that Creed hath supplied them with £150 in their straits, and that this is no bigger sum, *I am very willing to serve my lord*, though not in this kind; but yet I will endeavor to get this done for them, and *the rather because of some plate* which was lodged the other day with me by my lady's order." This plate, which Pepys forthwith carried off to a goldsmith's to be valued, turned out to be worth £100 — no bad security for the £50 which he advanced in his patron's need. Unluckily, however, Lady Sandwich shortly afterward reclaimed it, and our hero lost his pledge, "which troubled him."

A less imperative call on his gratitude was one day made by the necessitous monarch himself. The hint was not very pleasantly received, "there being," as our journalist observes, "no delight in lending money now, to be paid by the king two years hence." However, he went to "Westminster, to the Exchequer, to see what sums of money other people lend upon the Act, and find of all sizes, from £1000 to £100, nay to £50 and to £20 and to £5, for I find that one Dr. Reade, Doctor of Law, gives no more, and others of them £20, which is a poor thing methinks that we should stoop so low as to borrow such sums. Upon the whole I do think to lend, since I must lend, £300, though God knows, it is much against my will to lend my money . . . but I find it necessary I should, and so will speedily do it, *before any of my fellows begin—and lead to a bigger sum!*"

To appreciate these and similar entries, it is necessary to be acquainted with the gradual progress of Mr. Pepys's circumstances; and, indeed, this little financial history supplies a very good illustration of several characteristics of the age. Our hero was in the habit of making up "monthly balances" of his property and effects, so that we are enabled to trace his worldly advancement with unusual precision. He began life with that stimulative capital—nothing. His first record of his plight gives "My own private condition very handsome—and esteemed rich, but indeed very poor; besides my goods of my house, and my office (not the Clerkship of the Acts), which is at present somewhat certain."—"June 3. 1660. At sermon in the morning: after dinner into my cabin to cast my accounts up, and find myself to be worth near £100, for which I bless Almighty God, it being more than I hoped for so soon, being, I believe, not clearly worth £25 when I came to sea, besides my house and goods." This, however, soon improves by the gettings of his new office. A year afterward, "To my father's. There I told him how I would have him speak to my uncle Robert concerning my buying of land—that I could pay ready-money £600 and the rest by £150 per annum, to make up as much as will buy £50 per annum; which I do, though I am not worth above £500 per annum, *that he may think me to be a greater saver than I am.*" About this time (1662) his expenses seem to have been, rather to his disquiet, about £500 a year. "March 2nd. Talking long in bed with my wife about our frugall life for the time to come, proposing to her what I could

and would do if I were worth £2000; that is, *be a knight* and keep my coach—which pleased her." This desirable consummation, however, was some time in coming. Through the year 1663 he barely kept his "£700 beforehand with the world," and could show but twice as much in April, 1665. Thereafter, however, he "did rapidly gather," and in the same month of the year following was worth £5200. "One thing I reckon remarkable in my own condition is, that I am come (Christmas, 1666) to abound in good plate, so as at all entertainments to be served wholly with silver plates, having two dozen and a half." His "gathering" indeed is nothing strange, considering that his clerkship brought him £3560 in 1665, and £2986 in 1666, though in this latter year his expenditure made a clear jump from £500 to £1000. There were evidently pretty pickings in the Admiralty; nor did many things come amiss even to our conscientious clerk. "April 3, 1663. I met Captain Grove, who did give me a letter directed to myself from himself. I discerned money to be in it; and took it, knowing, as I found it to be, the proceed of the place I have got him to be, the taking up of vessels for Tangier. But I did not open it till I came home, *not looking into it till all the money was out, that I might say I saw no money in the paper*, if ever I should be questioned about it! There was a piece of gold and £4 in silver."—"Oct. 27, 1667. After dinner, I down to Deptford to look upon the Maybolt which the king hath given me; and I did meet with Mr. Braithwayte, who do tell me that there are new sails ordered to be delivered her and a cable, which I did not speak of at all to him. So thereupon I told him I would not be my own hindrance so much so as to take her into my custody before she had them, which was all I said to him." Yet, after all this, it was not until the eighth year of his lucrative office that he thought himself qualified to set up a coach and a footman, though the price of the vehicle, when brought home, was but £53—less than he had often given for a necklace or jewel for his wife—and but a few months before, when seen in so handsome a hackney that it was taken for a private coach, he was "somewhat troubled." The launch of the new equipage will tend greatly to the edification of any reader inclined to moralize. Nothing could exceed the pains lavished on the turn-out. The wheels were blue, the horses black, and the reins green;—the boy's livery, green, lined with red. But after all these preparations and anticipations, the day

proved dirty and stormy, the reins were splashed, the coach befouled, and all the trouble lost for lack of spectators and admirers.

Such, in those days, was the housekeeping of a gentleman of £3000 a year: though of course Mr. Pepys's management is not to be taken as an average specimen of economy. The current prices of household articles are constantly specified and commented on. Coals fetched from 20s. to 30s. a chaldron, though "during the (Dutch) war poor people were forced to give 45s., 50s., and £3;" indeed, "such is the despair of having any supply from the enemy's being abroad, and no fleet of ours to secure them, that they are come this day (26th June, 1667) to £5 10s. per chaldron." Dinners at an ordinary—such at least as Mr. Pepys ordered—were rather costly, running from 7s. to a guinea. A "hundred of sparrowgrass," brought home from Fenchurch Street, cost 18d. "We had them, and a little bit of salmon my wife had a mind to; cost 3s. So to supper." The first dish of green peas tasted by Mr. Pepys in the year 1668 was on the 22nd of May—"extraordinary young and pretty." The same year a pound of cherries, on the 2nd of June, cost 2s. The theatre was perhaps not an advantageous market for the purchase of fruit; but oranges, when retailed by Nell Gwynn's sisterhood, fetched 6s. a dozen—"there I sat, with my wife and Deb. and Mrs. Pierce and Corbet and Betty Turner, it costing me 8s. upon them in oranges, at 6d. a piece." The general character of the meals particularized in the Diary is decidedly solid. Mr. Pepys and his wife, for instance, often sit down alone to two substantial joints of meat. One noticeable fact is the constant occurrence of venison, at tables which it would scarcely reach now-a-days; and, what is more, the substitution of the coarser parts of the buck for the haunch is noted, even in the case of thrifty households, as a censurable piece of parsimony; while a pasty made of mutton instead of venison scandalizes the journalist beyond all measure. The current histories of the East India Company mention the first order for tea as having been given in 1668—100 lbs. weight—a circumstance which gives an interest to the following entry of the previous year. "June 28th, 1667. Home, and there find my wife making of tea—a drink which Mr. Pelling, the Potticary, tells her is good for her cold and defluxions."

The expenses of dress bore a considerably greater proportion to the rest of the year's

outgoings than in later times. A night-gown for Mrs. Pepys is mentioned as a great bargain at 24s.: "the very stuff" of a cloak for her lord and master cost £6., and "the outside" of a coat, £8. Nay, a gratifying result, discovered on making up a certain year's balance, is set down especially to an "abatement of outlay" in coats, bands, periwigs, &c. At this time £80 was not thought an extravagant price for "a necklace of pearl" for Mrs. Pepys, so that we can the less wonder at the valuation subsequently set upon her stock of jewelry. "A fairing" to Knipp, stood our hero in five guineas, but then "he had not given her anything for a great while." Altogether, what with theatres, gardens, and the incidental demands on the purse of so gallant a gentleman, we suspect that pocket-money must have formed a large item in Mr. Pepys's expenditure. Furniture, too, was decidedly dear. "A set of chairs and a couch" are set "at near £40;" and "three pieces of hangings for my room" at "almost £80." In this matter, however, he was very fastidious, and no doubt proportionately extravagant. The tapestry at Audley End he condemns as poor, and takes a general delight in comparing other houses with his own. "Oct. 16. To my aunt Wights; the first time, I think, these two years, and there mighty kindly used, and had a barrel of oysters; and so to look up and down their house, they having hung a room since I was there—but with hangings not fit to be seen with mine." A cabinet, "very pretty, of walnutt tree," cost £11, and "a looking glass for the dining room," £6 7s. 6d. Pictures must have told largely in the list of outgoings. The painter had £30 for Mrs. Pepys's miniature, and £8 3s. 4d. were further expended upon the case. One of our hero's fancies in this matter was highly characteristic. "Aug. 29, 1668. After dinner Harris and I to Chyrurgeons' Hall, where they are building it new, very fine, and there to see their theatre which stood all the fire, and, which was our business, their great picture of Holbeins; thinking to have bought it, by the help of Mr. Pierce, for a little money; I did think to give £200 for it, it being said to be worth £1000." This was the famous picture, still preserved by the company, of the grant of their charter by Henry VIII. So went the world, in the way of earnings and spendings, with Mr. Samuel Pepys. Upon the whole, considering his various tastes for books, prints, paintings, and other rarities, it may be concluded that what he terms in his

yearly accounts the "goods of his house" bore a very large proportion to the more convertible part of his property.

As might have been expected from his character and station, the Clerk of the Acts was a regular and devout attendant at church, where few sermons escaped his comments. That either the discourse, however, or the prayers were the chief object of attraction to him he never pretends. His curiosity was excited by the organs, and his interest by a certain class of the congregation. "April 21, 1667. To Hackney church, where very full, and found much difficulty to get pews, I offering the sexton money, and he could not help me. So my wife and mercer *ventured* into a pew, and I into another. A knight and his lady very civil to me, when they came, being Sir George Viner, and his lady, rich in jewels, but most in beauty; almost the finest woman that I ever saw. That which I went chiefly to see was the young ladies of the schools, whereof great store, very pretty; and also the organ, which is handsome and tunes the psalm, and plays, with the people; which is mighty pretty." The next Sunday, "To Barn Elms by water, and there took one turn alone, and then back to Putney church, where I saw the girls of the schools, few of which pretty. Here a good sermon and much company; but I sleepy and a little out of order, at my hat falling down through a hole beneath the pulpit—which, however, after sermon, by a stick and the help of the clerk I got up again." Here follows a still more explicit record: "Aug. 18. I walked toward White Hall, but being wearied, turned into St. Dunstan's church, where *I heard an able sermon* of the minister of the place; and *stood by* a pretty modest maid, whom I did labor to take by the hand; but she would not, but got further and further from me; and at last I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again—which seeing, I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her design! And then I fell to gaze on another pretty maid in a pew close to me, and she on me; and I did go about to take her by the hand, which she suffered a little and then withdrew. *So the sermon ended.*" It is difficult to cap such a story—but we will make a trial with the adventures of the next succeeding Sabbath. "Aug. 25. Myself to Westminster and the parish church, thinking to see Betty Michell, and did stay an hour in the crowd, thinking, *by the end of a nose that I saw*, that it had been her! but

at last the head turned toward me and *it was her mother* — which vexed me." The reader should recollect that the recorder of these passages was a distinguished public servant of grave repute, and with an income of three thousand pounds a year.

Few men, indeed, have ever surpassed Mr. Samuel Pepys in his constant and extensive attachment to the opposite sex. He would quit his office and go any distance for the sight of a comely woman; and the wives of half the citizens of London under Charles II. have been immortalized in his memoranda. He was not averse to any style of beauty in its turn, having recorded on that score only one mighty objection. The effect, however, which a certain head-dress produced upon him was singularly powerful. "May 11th, 1667. My wife being dressed this day in *fair hair* did make me so mad, that I spoke not one word to her, though I was ready to burst with anger. After that, Creed and I into the Park and walked — a most pleasant evening; and so took coach, and took up my wife, and in my way home discovered my trouble to my wife for her white locks, swearing several times, which I pray God forgive me for, and bending my fist, that I would not endure it. She, poor wretch, surprised at it, and made me no answer all the way home, but there we parted; and I to the office late, and then home, and without supper to bed, vexed. 12th, (Lord's Day). Up and to my chamber to settle my accounts there, and by and by down comes my wife to me in her night-gown, and we begun calmly, that upon having money to lace her gown for second mourning, she would promise to wear *white locks no more in my sight* — which I, like a severe fool, thinking not enough, began to except against, and made her to fly out to very high terms and cry, and in her heat told me of my keeping company with Mrs. Knipp, saying that if I would promise never to see her more — of whom she hath more reason to suspect than I had heretofore of Pember-ton — she would never wear white locks more. This vexed me, but I restrained myself from saying anything — but do think never to see this woman — at least to *have her here* any more — and so all very good friends as ever." Whether Mrs. Pepys kept her part of this bargain we cannot ascertain, but the reader will very soon discover how far the connection was interrupted between her husband and Mrs. Knipp. The "poor wretch's" jealous fits occupy no unsubstantial portion of the concluding years of the Journal, and not without evident rea-

son. One of these took a form somewhat extraordinary. "Jan. 12, 1669. This evening observed my wife mighty dull, and I myself not mighty fond — because of some hard words she did give me at noon, out of a jealousy at my being abroad this morning, which God knows, it was upon the business of the office unexpectedly; but I to bed, not thinking but that she would come after me. But waking by and by out of a slumber, which I usually fall into presently after my coming into the bed, I found she did not prepare to come to bed, but got fresh candles and more wood for her fire, it being mighty cold too. At this, being troubled, I after a while prayed her to come to bed; so after an hour or two, she silent and I now and then praying her to come to bed, she fell out into a fury that I was a rogue, and false to her. I did as I might truly (!) deny it, and was mightily troubled — but all would not serve. At last, about one o'clock, she come to my side of the bed, and drew my curtaine open, and *with the tongs red hot at the ends!* made as if she did design to pinch me with them; at which, in dismay I rose up, and with a few words she laid them down, and did by little and little very sillily let all the discourse fall. . . . I cannot blame her jealousy, poor wretch — though it do vex me to the heart." The Diary, however, prematurely as it terminates, does not end without giving us a glimpse of the hour of retribution. There is a certain gentleman whose visits sorely "trouble" Mr. Pepys, "and the more so as I do perceive my wife take pleasure in his company." All this, it has been said, betokens merely such a participation in the current humors of the day as was necessarily to be expected in a gentleman of Mr. Pepys's estate. Perhaps so; but surely in this case our hero's grave strictures on the deportment of his sovereign are a little misplaced. King Charles was a very shameless monarch; but not many of his servants had a right to be scandalized at his doings — and amongst the number certainly not Mr. Pepys. A *great many* entries of this Journal, it should be remembered, are still concealed; and it is hardly too much to suppose that the omissions would not augment the writer's credit for morality.

We have given these personal matters a precedence in our review, not only for interest's sake, but because they really form the staple of the Diary; and have yet nevertheless been less prominently introduced to public notice than other less curious subjects. There is, however, no lack of more purely

historical topics—for some of which curious enough parallels may be found in our own time. Only twelve months ago, or thereabouts, the British Isles were troubled with serious, though not very definite, alarms respecting a foreign invasion. Now in the days when Mr. Pepys was Clerk of the Acts a descent upon our coast did actually take place; and as the phenomenon has never since occurred, perhaps the reader may like to know how Londoners really did feel, and how Government really did act, when an enemy's fleet was not only in the Channel, but abreast Chatham Yard in the Medway. On the 10th June, 1667, "news was brought us that the Dutch were come up as high as the Nore." Upon this all the energies of the Government, or, we should rather say, all the frantic endeavors of the Admiralty, were exerted to procure and dispatch some fireships wherewith to burn the enemy's vessels. By a most extraordinary windfall, Mr. Pepys and his colleagues actually found themselves at this juncture possessed of a little ready money; but this good fortune was so astonishing, that they could hardly either believe it themselves, or persuade others of the fact. And so, "partly we, being used to be idle and in despair, and partly people that have been used to be deceived by us as to money, won't believe us," so that, in the end, they were little the better for their store. Next day they received intelligence that "Sheerness was lost, after two or three hours dispute, and the enemy in possession of that place—which is very sad, and puts us in great fears of Chatham." However, an order from Council was issued, empowering them "to take any man's ships," and indeed some statesmen went further, and argued that "under an invasion, as this is owned to be, the king might take any man's goods." Meantime the "soldiers" were drawn off to Chatham and elsewhere, and all night long the drums beat up for the trainbands, every man of which was to appear on the morrow, "with bullet and powder, and money to supply themselves with victuals for a fortnight" under pain of death.

All, however, availed but little; for presently the sad tidings came that "*the Dutch did brake the chayne!*" This was the very next day; and "some lacquies" told Pepys that "hardly anybody in the court but do look as if they cried." Next morning the mischief thickened; the "Royall Charles" had been captured and manned by the Dutch, and another fleet of theirs had been signaled

in the Hope. At this intelligence our Clerk of the Acts gave all up for lost; and forthwith busied himself about bestowing his family, and, above all, his savings, in some place of security. "So I presently resolved of my father's and wife's going into the country; and at two hours' warning they did go by the coach this day, with about £1300 in gold in their night-bag. Pray God give them good passage, and good care to hide it when they come home! but my heart is full of fear. They gone, I continued in fright and fear what to do with the rest. I cannot have my 200 pieces of gold again for silver,—all being bought up last night that were to be had, and sold for 24s. and 25s. apiece. So I must keep the silver by me, which sometimes I think to fling into the house of office; but then again know not how I shall come by it, if we be made to leave the office. Every minute some one or other calls for this or that order; and so I forced to be at the office most of the day about the fireships that are to be suddenly fitted out; and it's a most strange thing that we hear nothing from any of my brethren at Chatham, *so that we are wholly in the dark.* About noon I did resolve to send Mr. Gibson away after my wife with another 1000 pieces, *under color of an express to Sir Jeremy Smith, who is I hear with some ships at Newcastle, which (the express) I did really send to him, and may possibly prove of good use to the king, for it is possible in the hurry of business they may not think of it at court,—and the charge of an express is not considerable to the king!*" Was there ever such a case of conscience stated before!

Meantime the rulers of the country characteristically displayed their wisdom and courage. The king harangued the city militia, and the Duke of York followed him. "At the council table, D. Gauden did tell me yesterday the council were ready to fall together by the ears, arraigning one another of being guilty of the counsel that brought us into this misery, by laying up all the great ships." The city again was "troubled at their being put upon duty, summoned one hour and discharged two hours after, and then again summoned two hours after that, to their great charge as well as trouble." And at the Admiralty, "the people that come hither to hear how things go make me ashamed to be found unable to answer them, for I am left alone here at the office. The dismay that is upon us all, in the business of the kingdom and navy at this day, is not to be expressed, otherwise than by the con-

dition the citizens were in when the city was on fire—nobody knowing which way to turn themselves." In this strait it was at last determined to protect the capital by sinking some ships below Woolwich and Blackwall,—a measure which was executed in this wise. "Strange our confusion! among them that are sunk *they have gone and sunk without consideration* the Francklin, one of the king's ships, with stores to a very considerable value *that hath long been loaden for the supply of the ships*—and the new ship at Bristol, and much wanted there—and nobody will own that they directed it, but do lay it on Sir W. Rider. They speak also of another ship loaden to the value of £80,000 sunk with the goods in her—or at least was mightily contended for by him, and a foreign ship that had the faith of the nation for her security. And it is a plain truth that both here and at Chatham the ships that we have sunk have *many, and the first of them, been ships completely fitted for fireships at a great charge.*" As to the seamen, "several come this morning to tell me that, if I would get their tickets paid, they would go and do all they could against the Dutch: *but otherwise they would not venture being killed*, and lose all they have already fought for. . . . And, indeed, the hearts as well as the affections of the seamen are turned away; and in the open streets in Wapping, and up and down, the wives have cried publicly, 'This comes of you not paying our husbands! and now your work is undone, or done by hands that understand it not.'" Another redoubtable expedient was one which has recently been rather loudly advocated—the taking up merchants' ships for the occasion to do the duty of ships of war; "but, Lord, to see how against the hair it is with these men, and everybody else, to trust us and the king—and how unreasonable it is to expect they should be willing to lend their ships and lay out £200 or £300 a man to fit their ships for the new voyages, when we have not paid them half of what we owe them for the old services!"

As might be anticipated, a "parliamentary inquiry" followed upon all this; and the curious reader may here again find an amusing parallel to some corresponding proceedings of more recent date. Mr. Pepys, indeed, was not without some apprehension of popular violence. "I have also made a girdle, by which, with some trouble, I do carry about me £300 in gold about my body; that I may not be without something in case I should be surprised; for I think in any na-

tion but ours, people that appear, for we are not indeed so, so faulty as we, would have their throats cut!" By-and-by he was actually summoned before a large committee of the council to explain the measures taken in his department,—an ordeal which he passed pretty safely. "So I away back with my books and papers; and when I got out into the court it was pretty to see how people gazed upon me—that I thought myself obliged to salute people and smile, lest they should think I was a prisoner too." He was, in fact, in so great dread of such a fate, that when going to attend the court he left behind him directions where to find some gold which he had hidden against misfortune. "Guinnys," it will be observed, which were seldom procurable except at a considerable premium, formed the favorite portion of Mr. Pepys's substance; and these were either concealed or hidden upon the first rumor of disturbance. The "diggings" down at his father's house are a match for any stories from San Francisco. At the first sound of the Dutch guns, he dispatched, as we have seen, his wife and his "guinnys" into the country to be buried—or at least the latter. The news of the clumsy way in which this had been managed "did drive him mad;" so, three or four months afterward, he went down himself to reconnoitre; and, "it being now night, into the garden with my wife, and there went about our great work—to dig up the gold. But Lord! what a loss I was for some time in, that they could not justly tell where it was, that I begun heartily to sweat and be angry; but by and by poking with a spit we found it, and then began with a spudd to lift the ground." It seems that the coin had been buried in iron headpieces, the "notes" being inclosed in bags, and placed with them. But both bags and notes now proved to be rotten; and the earth had got in amongst the gold, and the deposit itself was within sight of a neighbor's window, and not half a foot under ground! These things "all put together did make me mad; and at last I was forced to take up the headpieces, dirt and all, and as many of the scattered pieces as I could with the dirt discern by candlelight, and carry them into my brother's chamber; and then, all people going to bed, W. Hower and I did all alone, with several pails of water and besoms, at last wash all the dirt off the pieces and parted the pieces and the dirt . . . and afterward with pails and a sieve did lock ourselves in the garden, and there gather all the earth about the place into pails, and then

sift those pails in one of the summer-houses—just as they do for diamonds in other parts of the world.”

The staunchest Tory would hardly decry the funding system, after reading how people were put to it, to invest their money in the reigns of the last Stuarts. There was, it was true, the resource always open of lending it to his Sacred Majesty; but the alternative could not be described as highly eligible. The destitution to which the Court had reduced itself was inexpressibly scandalous. The Admiralty was soon penniless again after its unexpected piece of luck. On the 20th of August there was “no money to be heard of—nay not £100 on the most pressing service that can be imagined, of bringing in the king’s timber from Whittlewood, while we have the utmost want of it.” The king offered ten per cent. for a loan; and the proposition suggested a pleasant joke in the city, that “the Dutch themselves would send over money and lend it—upon our publick faith, and the Act of Parliament!” Even the king’s personal service, notwithstanding his daily profusion, was liable to shameful deficiencies. We are accustomed to look at the Spanish Court of this period as an example of what royal households might possibly come to; but such a story as the following was never, we do believe, reported from Madrid or Aranjuez, though we recollect a legend of the whole contents of the royal larder being taken one morning to furnish a scant and insufficient breakfast for their Catholic Majesties. “April 22, 1667. The king was vexed the other day for having *no paper laid for him at the Council Table*, as was usual; and Sir Richard Browne did tell his Majesty he all epewothr cod nlu s whose work it was to provide it, who being come did tell his Majesty that he was but a

poor man, and was already out £400 or £500 for it; which was as much as he is worth, and that he cannot provide it any longer without money—*having not received a penny since the king’s coming in*. So the king spoke to my Lord Chamberlain, and many such mementos the king do now-a-days meet withall—enough to make an ingenuous man mad.”

Enough indeed—though all this was not exactly the fault of Charles II. As to buying and selling places and pardons, and such like matters, every page will give the most scandalous examples. Indeed, we cannot but think that these volumes will, in the opinion of every impartial reader, supply the most conclusive evidence on a question which, we understand, has been lately mooted. A great historian has recently drawn a picture of England as it stood at the close of this reign—the accuracy of which has been impeached in some quarters—chiefly on the ground of its giving too unfavorable a view of the morality, happiness, and civilization of our society at that time. Now there are very few of the propositions maintained by the historian which do not receive the most complete and thorough confirmation from the contents of the extraordinary chronicle before us: and we would willingly peril the final issue upon the conclusions to which these unconscious records must inevitably lead. Let any person, desirous of ascertaining the truth by his own observation, attentively study the contents of these five volumes. He will not find the task in any respect a disagreeable one; and if he exerts only an average amount of judgment and sagacity, he will need little aid in deciding the question at issue between Mr. Macaulay and his censors.

ON HEARING THE GREAT ORGAN AT HAARLEM.

Vast fount of sound—whence is thy power?
Æolus breathes in thee,
In thunder bursts, or swelling low
In softest melody!

What time thou wak’st thy voice, we think
The whirlwind blast is come,
Joined by a thousand trumpets loud,
Each with its rolling drum!

As flame wakes flame when cities burn,
Far-spreading, wide, and strong,
So when thou speak’st the air becomes
One living sheet of song!

Thy notes are notes of joy! and now
They tell of deepest woe;

Alternate given, as frail man finds,
In this sad world below!

Were echo dead, and song no more,
Nor mirth nor mournful strain,
Fresh from her caves thou would’st awake
The trembling tones again!

Exhaustless is thy power! thy might
No diminution knows;
As much of song remains, though now
Thou slumb’rest in repose!

’Tis silence all! as is the grave!
Where fond ones claim a tear,
They are not dead—but only sleep,
And music sleepeth here!

From the English Review.

THE EMERSON MANIA.

Essays. By R. W. EMERSON. *Nature, an Essay, Orations, &c., &c.*

[The reader hardly needs to be told that the English Review is the organ of the High Church and Tory party.—ED.]

THE reputation enjoyed by that "transatlantic thinker," whose name we have set forth in the heading to these remarks, suggests matter for grave reflection. When we find an essayist of this description, who seems to be "a setter forth of new gods," belauded alike by Tory and Radical organs, by "Blackwood" and "the Westminster," by the friends of order and disorder—when we find his works reproduced in every possible form, and at the most tempting prices, proving the wide circulation they must enjoy amongst the English public generally—we feel that we too should not leave them disregarded, that we should bestow something more than the mere incidental notice on them which we have hitherto found occasion to indite. We are credibly informed that these essays find many readers and admirers amongst the youth of our universities. Here is a more special "moving cause" for our examination into this theme,—the "rationale" of what we may well call the Emerson mania. We shall discuss a few of the leading tenets of the Emersonian philosophy, as calmly and dispassionately as we may; and, if we give offence to the idolaters of this "transatlantic star," we can only say that truth is too serious a matter to be trifled with, and that we hold ourselves bound, in this instance, to speak out plainly. To plunge, then, "in medias res,"

"'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true!"

But men in this age, ay, and women too, grow weary of truth and reason: sober sense offends, and unity annoys them; they long for a concert of harmonious discords to wake them from their drowsy lethargy. To the mental palate, thus diseased, novelty is the chief provocative. A new cook comes, and mingles poison with his sauces. What then?

The flavor is pungent, and a moral evil may often be an intellectual pleasure.

Some reflection of this nature is needed to reassure us when we see men and women, whom we have believed sensible and amiable, hailing the glare of such a treacherous marsh-light as the American paradox-master before us, as though it were the advent of a new and brilliant star. Mingled considerations oppress us in treating such a theme: on the one hand, our knowledge of the great mischief wrought in so many cases by this mighty phrasemonger would urge severest ridicule as the first of duties; on the other, there is really such an amount of showy cleverness, of external brilliancy, and, now and then, of even happy audacity, about this quasi-philosopher, that we feel we should not do him justice, nor have any chance of reducing him to his rightful level in the estimation of his rapt admirers, did we not testify our sense of those merits which, in some degree, excuse their adoration, and which cannot fail to strike the most prejudiced observer.

True it is, that when a man throws forth thoughts at random, as Emerson does, without the smallest regard to self-consistency or reality, he cannot fail, here and there, to light on a quarter, or a half truth, or perhaps even on a whole one. Let a man possessed of a competent knowledge of counterpoint sit many hours at a piano, forcing the chords into endless combinations, now and then a happy musical idea can scarcely fail to flit across the air; small praise to the strummer! The man of higher taste and noble imagination would far rather abide under the imputation of barrenness, than afflict his own soul and senses by the production of the false, the common, and the vile. There is a certain order of wealth that is near akin to poverty.

What shall we think of *his* philosophy, who can seriously tell us, "With *consistency*

a great soul has simply nothing to do?" Order is divine: disorder is a blot, an error, an absurdity. How, then, shall we esteem *his* wisdom, who boasts, "I unsettle all things. No facts are to me sacred; none are profane; I simply experiment, an endless seeker, with no past at my back?" Unconnectedly does this writer jerk forth his sayings; here is a perception, there a second, there a third; make the most of them! only ask not for sequence or completeness! And yet a myriad waves *apart* will make but one wide and desolate swamp; blend half of these in one, and a broad lake spreads forth, to mirror the azure skies, and refresh the eye with beauty.

Nevertheless, despite this vagueness and seeming boundlessness of thought, we soon learn that the philosophy of Mr. Emerson (if we may so call it) is restricted within a system's narrow limits, as well as that of his neighbors; there is no logic in his form of utterance, certainly, but by-and-by we begin to perceive that he is trading on a small stock of positive ideas, though he casts them into so many incongruous shapes, and is at so little pains to reconcile one with the other. We find that this essayist has a science, a morality, a *religion* of his own, and that, with all his pretensions to indefinite catholicity, he tests all things (as from the infirmity of man's nature he must needs do) by this special standard.

The one cardinal error of Emerson is to take the unit for the mass, the individual for the universal, the ego for Deity. With all his contempt for those more sensible thinkers than himself, who have assented to a revealed scheme as truth absolute, and hold all other truths in subordination to that master-principle, he yet constantly, nay, continuously, assumes that human nature and the world are what *he* sees them to be, and *can be* nothing beyond this. He confounds relative with absolute existence. He seems to fancy the stars *are not*, until *we* behold them. Because to us, and for us, individually, things only are as we receive them, he conceives that fact and truth are dependent upon *our* perceptions. He regards man as a constantly inspired "revealer of the absolute;" we use, in a degree, his own cant, to render ourselves acceptable to any of his deluded admirers, who may possibly be found amongst the readers of this article. He fancies that what he calls "the over-soul," or universal reason, is *potentially* common to all, but actually possessed only by those who are *inspired*; and these he re-

gards as the infallible teachers of humanity.

Nevertheless, let it not be supposed that the errors of Emerson are those of Carlyle; that the former is only an imitator and disciple of the latter. Emerson, though less brilliant, and perhaps less genial, certainly endowed with less descriptive or dramatic power, is the better thinker of the twain: though here, if ever, is the place to say "*bad is the best!*" Carlyle, however, inculcates the worship of genius; Emerson denounces all adoration save that of self: Carlyle is by nature a mental slave; and Emerson the embodiment of self-glorification. The one commands us to kneel in the dust before *force*, whether displayed for good or evil, as being in its essence divine; the other forbids us to set the most glorious actions, the most mighty works, above, or even on an equality with, our own private notions of them. Which of these creeds is more mischievous, it were difficult to say: the cant of either is disagreeable; but we should say that that of the idol-worshiper was the more odious, that of the self-idolater the more absurd. When the man, whom we know to place no faith in the bare existence of his God, echoes with rapturous and servile adulation the scriptural phrases of the Puritanic world, because emblematic to him of a real *trust* of some kind, which he is unable to share, we cannot but feel disgust; but we laugh outright at the comic self-sufficiency of that teacher who cries with a sober face and earnest voice, "If *I* see a trait, my children will see it after me, and, in course of time, all mankind—for *my* perception of it is as much a fact as the sun."

But should we not, perhaps, go more steadily to work, and say a few words—a very few, on each of the first twelve Essays in the volume before us, leaving "Nature," and "Addresses," and "Orations," for some future occasion, or rather altogether on one side? For, in truth, owing to the small number (already hinted at) of Mr. Emerson's real notions (we will not say, ideas), the careful consideration of a single page, taken at random from his writings, would almost exhaust the theme. But let us proceed in order due.

First, then, our author discourses on "History," in which discourse his aim is to set forth his one great principle, that each man must assume *his* superiority to present, past, and future, subject these to his own nature, and receive or reject them without the slightest regard for authority, or apparently any external testimony whatever. And here let

us remark, how very acceptable such teaching must have been, must still be, to weak, silly, half-formed youths, and all other inferior natures, which have too much vanity to know true honest pride, and would gladly think their own small "self" the epitome, nay, the circle, of the universe. Mr. Emerson says it is so. Hear him! (let us pass over the blasphemy of his motto!) "There is one mind common to all individual men." How satisfactory! Nay, more: "He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate." Is *this* not sufficiently explicit? Know, then, "What Plato has thought, *he* may think; what a saint has felt, *he* may feel; what at any time has befallen any man, *he* can understand. Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done; for this is the only and sovereign agent." Very intelligible, and very reasonable, no doubt; and, above all, conducive to modesty. But this is only "the starting;" our American warms with his theme: "A man," that is, each man, "is the whole encyclopædia of facts." What a pleasing conviction! Youth behind the counter, rejoice: for thou art All, and the All is in thee. Thou hast been wont to consider thyself a learner: know that the teachers of all ages shall come and bow down themselves before thee! "The moon" is in "the turnip" at last. How intoxicating must be this draught of self-delusive nectar to the imagination of many an honest boy!

Mr. Emerson simply puts out of question the great facts, that human perceptions of the Infinite must be finite at best, and that two of the greatest, and highest, and deepest sources of our conviction are authority and reverence. Nine-tenths of our material knowledge even we must take on trust: we cannot prove all things for ourselves. How, then, should we be entitled to conclude that our individual perceptions of moral and religious truth must be higher, and clearer, and more worthy than those of genius and of holiness? True it is, that to us, finally, our own sense of things must be the nearest and most important, though it follows not, as Mr. Emerson assumes, that things *are*, because we think we see them. But, then, how is this sense *formed* which is to be our ultimate guide? The stanchest stickler for private judgment cannot reasonably affirm, that this should not be modified by those external aids which are here so unceremoniously rejected, or, rather, seemingly forgotten. Truth, Mr. Emerson, is not dependent upon perception. The great is great, the beautiful is beautiful,

whether you or we see it or not. We may exclude the glorious sunshine, by absolutely closing our eyes to its beams; but we cannot force the daylight to fade because we blind ourselves.

"Why should we make account of time, or of magnitude, or of form?—the soul knows them not!" Really! but the soul *does* know them; and if yours is ignorant, good "essayist," confined to the contemplation of your own ego, be assured that you are nothing but an isolated straw, driven to and fro by the breeze, without any fixed place in the wide world of spirits! History is, indeed, only of interest in as far as it speaks to the soul; but, if it does not speak to it, it follows not that history is barren, but more probably, that the soul is shallow, and "dead in life."

It were endless to comment on all the self-contradictions of this writer; but it is amusing to find one who refers all things back to the individual ego, assuming that the human mind could not devise the form of a cherub, nor of a scroll to abut a tower, until it had seen some cloud or snowdrift, suggestive of these forms. The combinations of the imagination are endless; they may, they will, find their counterparts in nature; but they need not be stolen from it, though little minds will always conceive them so to be.

The atheism of the writer peeps out pretty broadly, where he commends the "Prometheus Bound," as emblematic of man's natural opposition to pure *Theism*, "his self-defence against *this untruth*," "*a discontent with the believed fact, that a God exists*." Very pretty, Mr. Emerson; very pretty, indeed; and well-meaning young men study you with reverence, and young ladies dote upon you—poor innocents! Finally, "History shall walk incarnate in every wise and just man;" in every self-trusting philosopher, in every Emerson, in fine, or Emersonian! And, when we have once ascertained this fact, why not shut up our books, and begin to live history ourselves? After all, we are we, and all is in us. There is no resisting such arguments. We cannot wonder that simple souls should be fascinated and overpowered. But we would say to all that have thus been led astray, (and would that our voice could reach them!) return to the paths of reason, and bathe your spirits in light; learn to revere! *learn to learn!* Believe us, you shall not be "*the less*" for it.

Let us move onward. The Essay on "Self-Reliance" meets us next, and this is bolder still. "To believe your own thoughts, to

believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men,—that is *Genius*." And happily this genius, we find, may be the lot of all, at least of every Emersonian: the fact is strongly urged upon them throughout these Essays. "Speak *your* latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense!" But it will not do for us to be for ever quoting these eternal strummings upon one false note. Our readers must already see, that there is a unity of some kind in Mr. Emerson's multiplicities and contradictions.

But a very little more need be cited here: the precious fruits of this doctrine concerning individual infallibility must be seen to be estimated. Further on, then, we read: "No law can be sacred to me but that of my own nature: good or bad are but names, very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my constitution, the only wrong what is against it." A convenient doctrine, verily! We are ready to give Mr. Emerson credit for the best possible *intentions*; but perhaps his admirers will be disposed to admit, that such teaching is not *quite safe*.

We find it difficult to say, how infinitely petty this self-idolatry appears to us, as manifested in its fear of all influences from without. Let us be ourselves! Let us live for whim, if *we* are only *we*! Let us not be swayed by fact or truth! Let us isolate our souls at any risk; and, then, we must be original, and, being infallible, must grow divine. And are there thousands of good people who have swallowed all this? Why do not they remember, that while they love God and man aright, nothing can deprive them of their individuality? Influenced they must indeed be, whether they like it or no, by a thousand foreign causes. They cannot grow up "all alone," and *have a world to themselves*! It is very hard, certainly; but God *will* guide us and control us, and even our fellow-creatures *will* sway us and form us, and in no slight degree govern us, however stern may be our resolve of independence. "Be a non-conformist!" cries Mr. Emerson: "so can you alone be great." Alas! we may protest on one or two special points; but, if we mean to live with our fellow-men, we *must conform* in all important particulars, or we shall find ourselves outlaws indeed.

After a strong fling on the part of our philosophic friend at "conformity and consistency," which he dooms as "ridiculous," and of which he devoutly hopes to have

heard the last, we have much more repetition, and then some inflated pantheism or atheism,—we prefer the plainer phrase. Much is prated respecting "Instinct" and "Intuition," on which it would be a pity to waste time and good paper. All things are to be wrought, not for the sake of good, absolute good, but to please the "ego." We will not waste more words on this folly. Then prayers are denounced; all prayers, at least, save *action*: they are "a disease of will." Man himself is God, or at least the purest embodiment of the "over-soul." Prayer, therefore, is "meanness," nay, absurdity. "*It supposes dualism and not unity in nature and consciousness.*" That is, it supposes man and God to be two, whereas they are only one. "Sancta simplicitas!" in people, who would stare at you grievously affronted, and would even have a right to be so, if you called them no Christians, and yet who admire this blasphemous rubbish. Ah! poor Emerson! can *you* believe this sad twaddle? or do you not happily vindicate here that character for inconsistency of which you are so proud? Have you really never had occasion to pray for a child, or a wife, or for yourself? If not, how very great, or (in stricter confidence) how very small your soul must be! Are you really fearful, in your vanity, to acknowledge the Almighty providence above you, of which you are the unwilling servant, nay, the slave? For

"Blindly the wicked work the will of Heaven!"

Not that we would believe you wicked; far from it! we think a human being could scarcely write with such weak audacity who realized his own theories. You must be better than you imagine for.

The life of man is a life of grace: grace created, redeemed, sustains him. Didst thou make thyself, or thy world? Are not the evidences of infinite design around thee? Tell us not of an antiquated argument, when we utter the revelation of the human heart. Individuality is essential to every particle, to every form in creation: a thing that is not individual is nothing. We may cheat ourselves with words, if we think fit; but a God, who could not love, who did not guide, who would not keep us if we sought him, who did not, in fine, hear prayer, were no God at all, were nothing better than a non-entity. Either nature is divine and self-created, or there is One Supreme who permeates the visible universe, but to whom

that universe is but as a viewless speck in a boundless ocean of glory. And to this All-Infinite nothing can be great, nothing small; He hears, He loves the humblest child of clay. But since, in truth, the human intellect might sink in the contemplation of this amazing mystery, God has become visible in man, incarnate in the *Lord Christ Jesus*. This Revelation stands on a pinnacle, which all storms and tempests must assault in vain, lofty as the highest aspirations of the soul, yet broad and plain as truth. Unless we chose to believe our Lord and his Apostles (may we dare to write the word?) *impostors*, and the whole sacred volume one comprehensive falsehood, (and how, feeling its holiness, its sublimity, knowing the glorious self-sacrifice of its originators, can we attain to this Voltairean audacity?) what must remain for us? Nothing but to love, tremble, and adore!

We will not waste words on Mr. Emerson's most monstrous hypothesis, that "the Everlasting Son" proclaimed only the Godhead of all humanity when He announced his own. *He* must be a narrow-minded fanatic, indeed, to his own vain and silly creed, who can persist in such an error as this. But Mr. Emerson's self-sufficiency never deserts him. "Men's creeds," he says, "are a disease of the intellect." He has said it! We had better let the subject rest, or this profound teacher will annihilate our simple faith.

And now the "teacher" digresses, and descends a little to anathematize "traveling." It is, he informs us, "a fool's paradise."—"I seek the Vatican;" "I affect to be intoxicated," &c., "but I am *not* intoxicated." We can well believe it. But are we really compelled to accept your standard, friend, because "a fact perceived by you becomes of necessity one for all ages?" If so, we wish you would cultivate more pleasant perceptions, and, on mature reflection, consent to think better even of traveling.

We have some more rather clever though paradoxical talk respecting Society's never advancing, but we cannot pause to examine it: it is one of those few approaches to a half truth which this writer sometimes stumbles on, perhaps against his will.

Next, he treats of "Compensation:" his reprobation of a certain clergyman and his congregation is highly comic. The doctrine complained of is, the belief of mankind that another world is needed to set right the inequalities of this. Of course, there *is* compensation even here: in a certain sense, and

in a degree, the good may be said to be the happy, and the evil the unhappy on our earth; *but* there is such a thing as callous triumphant sensuality, or as virtuous woe. Good hearts do break sometimes; bad hearts do rejoice, after their kind, up to the very hour of their departure. Who has not seen instances in his own individual experience? We will not follow Mr. Emerson's "arguments" on this head. We advance to another theme. When he tells us, then, the true doctrine of *Omnipresence* is, that God re-appears *with all his parts* in every moss and cobweb, we can only repeat our former query, Can the man, who gives utterance to such wholesale rubbish, place any confidence in it himself? We trow not.

In this Essay there are, however, some striking ideas, some few happy images, some self-evident, indeed, and very harmless truths, which are, nevertheless, utterances of the honest human understanding. The whole is one of those "talkifications" which make us hope that the *man* is better than his "philosophy."

Next, "Spiritual Laws" come on the tapis, and are discussed in the former strain: we find less and less of novel matter or treatment to record. Self—self—self—is the eternal cry, though it finds utterance in many illustrations, some happy and some unhappy. We do not altogether dislike a bold passage toward the conclusion, and, by way of fair play, we will quote it:—"Let the great soul, incarnated in some woman's form, poor and sad and single, in some Doll or Jane, go out to service, and sweep chambers and scour floors, and its effulgent daybeams cannot be muffled or hid; but to sweep and scour will instantly appear supreme and beautiful actions, the top and radiance of human life, and all people will get mops and brooms, until, lo, suddenly the great soul has enshrined itself in some other form, and done some other deed, and that is now the flower and head of all living nature." There is truth in this, despite the grotesque exaggeration: how it agrees with the remainder of Mr. Emerson's system rests not with us to explain. It might have been Carlyle's.

Now comes a paper on "Love," which we rather like: but after an eloquent passage about lovers, which had some poetry in it, and much else that may, perhaps, by courtesy be counted "*very clever*," and to which we are anxious, as opponents, to give all due credit, the old troublesome notions show themselves, and suggestions are made that we shall only love for the sake of what we

get for *self*; that "our affections are but tents of a night," &c. But we will not pause for further cavils here, however just. We quote one pleasing passage, which recalls, as we fancy, something either in Washington Irving, or in Bulwer's "Eugene Aram," that book so striking and so artistic, despite its partial immorality. "The rude village-boy teases the girls about the school-house door; but to-day he comes running into the entry, and meets one fair child arranging her satchel: he holds her books, to help her, and instantly it seems to him as if she removed herself from him instantly, and was a sacred precinct. Among the throng of girls he runs rudely enough, but one alone distances him: and these two little neighbors, that were so close just now, have learnt to respect each other's personality." Oh! Mr. Emerson, if you would more frequently condescend to observe, and give up aspiring to *teach*! Be assured, nobody listens to your philosophical twaddle: nobody, at least, who has a *mind*, worthy of the name, an independent intellect such as you admire. But let us not be too crabbed over this paper.

The essay on "Friendship" is far more objectionable; inflated in language, and misty in sentiment. We cannot exactly make out what Mr. Emerson wants, whether his friends should be friends indeed, through weal and woe, or merely sympathizers, for he states the case both ways, backward and forward, twice or thrice, and we are not quite sure where he ultimately settles. There is all the difference in the world betwixt an alliance founded not only on mutual esteem, but also on mutual assurance of active and sincere regard, and a mere literary or æsthetic sympathy, which seems to be what this author aims at as his ideal of true friendship. These sympathies of taste or of imagination may be very pleasant things in their way, and are so; they are like some beautiful forest-glade which we chance to encounter on our pilgrimage, where we rest for the noon-tide hour, but whence we start again with only a momentary regret; they make no deep impression on the *heart*. Compared with the substance of true Friendship, they are only shadows, however fresh and green, and "kindly." When sympathy unites men on higher themes than those commanding a mere literary interest (such a theme, for instance, as religion), where both feel themselves working for a great good, the benefit of their fellow-men, or the glory of God, this communion of thought and feeling approaches the nature of true friendship, and, under

favorable circumstances, may easily ripen into that noble bond. But we must not allow ourselves to be longer detained by Mr. Emerson's transcendental speculations.—Some part of what he says on "Prudence" seems sufficiently prudent, as far as we can make out a definite intention, and, indeed, there are various happy passages in this little essay which might repay perusal. Prudence, we may venture to remark, is little known to Mr. Emerson, though he discourses so learnedly on the theme. Were he gifted with that prudence, of which modesty seems an essential element, he would scarcely have perpetrated the majority of the essays before us, and we should, therefore, not have had to hold him up as a sad warning against the very error he condemns (Imprudence)—

"To point *his* moral, and adorn *his* tale."

"Heroism" is, of course, another variation of the old strain "be *thyself*, and therefore all that is wonderful and perfect!" It is chiefly remarkable for its characteristic praises of "Beaumont and Fletcher," whose flashy, noisy vanities and pompous boastings, placed in the mouths of their constantly contemptible and wonderfully inconsistent heroes and heroines, have evidently far more attraction for Mr. Emerson's fancy than the calm, quiet, greatness of Shakspeare's men and women, who rarely deal in these grandiose protestations,—characters such as the calm Pagan "Brutus," seduced to ill, indeed, but noble in his fall; or the cheerful Christian hero, "Henry the Fifth," so truly *great* in all things, and therefore not ashamed of kneeling to his God, and ascribing all glory to him only.

We have some pleasant glimpses of the nature of "mob-sway" in this paper, calculated to inspire us with no little gratitude that universal suffrage is not yet established among ourselves: that the monster many are not supreme, that the sober middle classes and "gallant" upper classes retain their due influence. Now follows an essay on "the Oversoul." As may be suspected from the title, this is very *transcendental*; and having already dealt with its "philosophy," which is but another variation of the old weary strain, we shall leave it alone in its glory. It contains, we may observe, a vast amount of blasphemy, and is altogether extremely offensive.

The paper on "Circles" is more amusing, though this contains much of mischievous audacity also. What a pity is it that men will write on subjects of which they do not understand the very elements! Here, for instance, we are told that we "can never see

Christianity from the catechism," as if a man who does not recognize the existence of a God had any right to teach Christians the nature of Christianity: and this announcement is followed up by a very impertinent, not to say, impious gloss on what Mr. Emerson calls "a brave text of Paul's." We shall not trouble our readers with it. What *the last facts of philosophy* are in this thinker's estimation, we may learn from the following extract, which only "caps" a long passage, couched in the self-same strain:—"The poor and the low have their way of expressing the last facts of philosophy as well as you. 'Blessed be nothing,' and 'the worse things are, the better they are,' are proverbs which express the transcendentalism of common life." It is a kind of circular indifferentism, inferring that good things and bad all come to one end at last, which is here aimed at by our philosopher. But the part of this essay, in which the writer's inordinate, and we could almost say delightful, conceit (did it not prove so mischievous in its effects) displays itself to most advantage, is perhaps the following:—"Beware when the great God lets loose *a thinker* on this planet! *Then all things are at risk!* It is as when a conflagration has broken out in a great city, and no man knows what is safe, *or where it will end!* There is not a piece of science, but its flank may be turned to-morrow; there is not any literary reputation, not the so-called eternal names of fame, that may not be revised and condemned. *The very hopes of man, the thoughts of his heart, the religion of nations, the manners and morals of mankind, are all at the mercy of a new generalization!* Generalization is always an influx of the divinity into the mind. Hence the thrill that attends it." This delicious morceau we have extracted in full; indeed, we had not the heart to curtail it. We are not aware that we have ever met with a passage in which the *vis comica* is carried to a higher point of daring. The first outbreak, after the letting loose of "the thinker," is delightful! "*All things are at risk.*" Good reader, do you not tremble? The subsequent climax is tremendous:—"hopes of man," "religion of nations," "morals of mankind,"—all at the mercy of this awful "thinker," who is to extirpate them all, if he so pleases, by means of a mysterious battle-axe, "*a generalization!*" Here the image is irresistibly suggested of a Will o' the Wisp, dancing up and down upon his little swamp, impressed with the firm conviction, as far as firmness can pertain to so volatile a creature, that nothing but his merciful forbearance

prevents his setting moon, and stars, and universe in flames, by means of his potent tail and fiery beard. But when honest people are found to run after this inflated marsh-light, and incur no little danger of sinking in the swampy ground on which it flourishes, being likely, at all events, to plunge up to the chin in mud and water, and sure not to escape without many a miry strain,—this grotesque extravagance becomes something more than a laughing matter, and calls for severe reprehension and rebuke. By-the-by, this very Mr. Emerson was employed in America to harangue *a large body of theological students, dispersing to their pastoral cares.* What a satisfactory idea does this give us of American orthodoxy in essentials! We do not mean to suggest that all religious bodies in America were represented at the university in question,—we humbly trust that the Episcopal Church was not. But we digress.

The paper on "Intellect" contains little that is novel, excepting a very preposterous outburst at its conclusion in favor of the old pagan philosophers, Hermes, Empedocles, Olympiodorus, Synesius, &c. How much, we venture to inquire, does Mr. Emerson really know of these men? How much has he really read of their compositions? We suspect that this is an instance in which the trite "*Omne Ignotum pro Magnifico*" may find an apt and needful application. But Mr. Emerson dwells in a world of shadows, and therefore these pagan unrealities might well call forth his ardent sympathy. Men of this author's order like everything which they do not understand; mainly, we suppose, because self-admiration is their unflinching characteristic, and they rarely, if ever, understand themselves.

The twelfth and last Essay treats of "Art," and is designed to teach us, that the date of poetry, painting, sculpture, and music has expired: nevertheless, we are to take comfort, and cultivate art still, "in eating and drinking, and further, "in the shop and mill, the assurance-office and the joint-stock company,"—an appropriate American conclusion, against which it is scarcely worth our while to protest. There is something infinitely amusing in the tone of patronage to art which our "thinker" assumes. Hear him once more! He has just condescended to bestow some praises on pictures of Raffaele's, and now continues:—"Yet, when *we* have said all *our fine things* about the arts, we must end *with a frank confession*, that the arts, as we know them, are but initial." Afterward we learn, "they are abortive births of an imperfect or vitiated

instinct ;" but here the philosopher soars too high for our weak senses to follow him. In sober truth, we have but another instance here of that inordinate vanity which is Mr. Emerson's most besetting literary sin. Not possessing genius himself, being unable to create a great picture, or a real poem, or an oratorio, and only gifted with the unfortunate faculty (however common) of writing high-sounding twaddle about each and all of them, he is extremely anxious to convince the world and himself that this twaddle is quite as great or greater than the works of art in question, and that an Emerson is equal to a Shakspeare, a Raffaele, or a Beethoven. The puddle from the tanning-yard, not content with troubling the lake's purity, goes bubbling, and hissing, and steaming on, as though it were lord of all, and the lake were only there that it might be able to sail about in it and defile the azure waters. But let us waste no more words on this exhibition of absurdity.

We shall now draw these observations to a close, noted down for the benefit of some, whose eyes, under God's blessing, they may in some degree avail to open. Certainly, the very dangerous nature of this man's speculations are not sufficiently realized, and parents

and those in authority are not duly on the watch against them.

We have run through twelve of Mr. Emerson's Essays, and discovered more of paradox than of truth, and perhaps more of evil than of paradox. Had we looked further, we should have found little or nothing better, though there are two or three happy descriptions of natural scenes in the Essay on Nature : for Mr. Emerson's mind travels round a vicious circle, and is almost incessantly occupied in inculcating self-idolatry. Once more, and in conclusion, we assure him and his admirers, that the universe is *not* included in that very pretty section of it which is reflected on the mirror of his or their individualities. To self-conceit, creation seems to have originated in *its* finite perceptions, and to have reached the goal of being when *its* approval is obtained ; and, nevertheless, the world would have gone on very well without it, and will, no doubt, when it shall have been gathered to its fathers. To the mite in the sunshine, a ray of light is the universe : nevertheless there *is* a world beyond.—And *his* range of thought must be contracted indeed, his perceptions infinitesimally narrow, who cannot love and reverence his fellows as oftentimes equal or superior to himself, who cannot recognize and adore his God.

DESTINIES LINKED TO LOUIS PHILIPPE.

CASSIMIR PERRIER died mad of anger and despair.

Lafitte, the opulent banker, sponsor (*le parrain*) for the revolution of 1830, died, ruined in fortune, and overwhelmed by grief and remorse.

Marshal Mortier fell a victim to Fieschi's infernal machine.

M. Hermann, Minister of Finance, terrified by the approach of bankruptcy, was struck down by a fit of apoplexy.

M. Pojol, the hero of Rambouillet, died in consequence of a fall down the staircase of the Tuileries.

M. Gisquet saw his political life closed in all the disgrace of a most scandalous legal process.

M. Villemain was seized by a fit of mental aberration, which led to absolute insanity, in the midst of his ministerial functions.

M. Martin (du Nord), Minister of Justice and Public Worship, died insane.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans, without any external wound, or even an apparent physical cause of death, lost his life by merely jumping out of a carriage.

MM. Cubières and Teste, both ancient ministers and peers of France, both equally dishonored and degraded ; the latter endeavored to commit suicide, and has been condemned to a long imprisonment.

The Duc de Praslin, peer of France and chamberlain of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Orleans, put an end to his life by poison, after having perpetrated the most odious of crimes.

Count de Bresson, the able diplomatist, who negotiated the Spanish marriages, and was afterward appointed ambassador to Naples and peer of France, committed suicide at the moment when his success astonished Europe.

Madame Adelaide * * * *

A dynasty and a government that had, in less than twenty years, been attended by such a series of tragedies as these, might well be looked upon as doomed. Doomed it was, indeed ; but the day of retribution came quicker than men expected—too soon, perhaps, for the welfare of all the European interests, whose crisis was sure to follow the next revolution in France.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

A FEW weeks after the lucky termination of the Sandford affair, I was engaged in the investigation of a remarkable case of burglary, accompanied by homicide, which had just occurred at the residence of Mr. Bagshawe, a gentleman of competent fortune, situated within a few miles of Kendal in Westmoreland. The particulars forwarded to the London police authorities by the local magistracy were chiefly these:—

Mr. Bagshawe, who had been some time absent at Leamington, Warwickshire, with his entire establishment, wrote to Sarah King—a young woman left in charge of the house and property—to announce his own speedy return, and at the same time directing her to have a particular bedroom aired, and other household matters arranged for the reception of his nephew, Mr. Robert Bristowe, who, having just arrived from abroad, would, he expected, leave London immediately for Five Oaks' House. The positive arrival of this nephew had been declared to several tradesmen of Kendal by King early in the day preceding the night of the murder and robbery; and by her directions butcher-meat, poultry, fish, and so on, had been sent by them to Five Oaks for his table. The lad who carried the fish home stated that he had seen a strange young gentleman in one of the sitting-rooms on the ground-floor through the half-open door of the apartment. On the following morning it was discovered that Five Oaks' House had been, not indeed broken *into*, but broken *out of*. This was evident from the state of the door fastenings, and the servant-woman barbarously murdered. The neighbors found her lying quite dead and cold at the foot of the principal staircase, clothed only in her night-gown and stockings, and with a flat chamber candlestick tightly grasped in her right hand. It was conjectured that she had been roused from sleep by some noise below, and having descended to ascertain the cause, had been mercilessly slain by the disturbed burglars.

Mr. Bagshawe arrived on the following day, and it was then found that not only a large amount of plate, but between three and four thousand pounds in gold and notes—the produce of government stock sold out about two months previously—had been carried off. The only person, except his niece, who lived with him, that knew there was this sum in the house, was his nephew Robert Bristowe, to whom he had written, directing his letter to the Hummums Hotel, London, stating that the sum for the long-contemplated purchase of Ryland's had been some time lying idle at Five Oaks, as he had wished to consult him upon his bargain before finally concluding it. This Mr. Robert Bristowe was now nowhere to be seen or heard of; and what seemed to confirm beyond a doubt the—to Mr. Bagshawe and his niece—torturing, horrifying suspicion that this nephew was the burglar and assassin, a portion of the identical letter written to him by his uncle was found in one of the offices! As he was nowhere to be met with or heard of in the neighborhood of Kendal, it was surmised that he must have returned to London with his booty; and a full description of his person, and the dress he wore, as given by the fishmonger's boy, was sent to London by the authorities. They also forwarded for our use and assistance one Josiah Barnes, a sly, sharp, vagabond-sort of fellow, who had been apprehended on suspicion, chiefly, or rather wholly, because of his former intimacy with the unfortunate Sarah King, who had discarded him, it seemed, on account of his incorrigibly idle, and in other respects disreputable habits. The *alibi* he set up was, however, so clear and decisive, that he was but a few hours in custody; and he now exhibited great zeal for the discovery of the murderer of the woman to whom he had, to the extent of his perverted instincts, been sincerely attached. He fiddled at the festivals of the humbler Kendalese; sang, tumbled, ventriloquized at their tavern orgies;

and had he not been so very highly gifted, might, there was little doubt, have earned a decent living as a carpenter, to which profession his father, by dint of much exertion, had about half bred him. His principal use to us was, that he was acquainted with the features of Mr. Robert Bristowe; and accordingly, as soon as I had received my commission and instructions, I started off with him to the Hummums Hotel, Covent Garden. In answer to my inquiries, it was stated that Mr. Robert Bristowe had left the hotel a week previously without settling his bill—which was, however, of very small amount, as he usually paid every evening—and had not since been heard of; neither had he taken his luggage with him. This was odd, though the period stated would have given him ample time to reach Westmoreland on the day it was stated he had arrived there.

“What dress did he wear when he left?”

“That which he usually wore: a foraging-cap with a gold band, a blue military surtout coat, light trowsers, and Wellington boots.”

The precise dress described by the fishmonger's errand-boy! We next proceeded to the Bank of England, to ascertain if any of the stolen notes had been presented for payment. I handed in a list of the numbers furnished by Mr. Bagshawe, and was politely informed that they had all been cashed early the day before by a gentleman in a sort of undress uniform, and wearing a foraging-cap. Lieutenant James was the name endorsed upon them; and the address, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, was of course a fictitious one. The cashier doubted if he should be able to swear to the person of the gentleman who changed the notes, but he had particularly noticed his dress. I returned to Scotland Yard to report *no* progress; and it was then determined to issue bills descriptive of Bristowe's person, and offering a considerable reward for his apprehension, or such information as might lead to it; but the order had scarcely been issued, when who should we see walking deliberately down the yard toward the police-office but Mr. Robert Bristowe himself, dressed precisely as before described! I had just time to caution the inspector not to betray any suspicion, but to hear his story, and let him quietly depart, and to slip with Josiah Barnes out of sight, when he entered, and made a formal but most confused complaint of having been robbed something more than a week previously—where or by whom he knew not—and afterward deceived, bamboozled, and led astray in his pursuit of the robbers, by a per-

son whom he now suspected to be a confederate with them. Even of this latter personage he could afford no tangible information; and the inspector, having quietly listened to his statement—intended, doubtless, as a mystification—told him the police should make inquiries, and wished him good-morning. As soon as he had turned out of Scotland Yard by the street leading to the Strand, I was upon his track. He walked slowly on, but without pausing, till he reached the Saracen's Head, Snow-Hill, where, to my great astonishment, he booked himself for Westmoreland by the night-coach. He then walked into the inn, and seated himself in the coffee-room, called for a pint of sherry wine and some biscuits. He was now safe for a short period at any rate; and I was about to take a turn in the street, just to meditate upon the most advisable course of action, when I espied three buckishly-attired, bold-faced looking fellows—one of whom I thought I recognized, spite of his fine dress—enter the booking-office. Naturally anxious in my vocation, I approached as closely to the door as I could without being observed, and heard one of them—my acquaintance sure enough; I could not be deceived in that voice—ask the clerk if there were any vacant places in the night-coach to Westmoreland. To Westmoreland! Why, what in the name of Mercury could a detachment of the swell-mob be wanting in that country of furze and frieze-coats? The next sentence uttered by my friend, as he placed the money for booking three insides to Kendal on the counter, was equally, or perhaps more puzzling: “Is the gentleman who entered the office just now—him with a foraging-cap I mean—to be our fellow-passenger?”

“Yes, he has booked himself; and has, I think, since gone into the house.”

“Thank you: good-morning.”

I had barely time to slip aside into one of the passages, when the three gentlemen came out of the office, passed me, and swaggered out of the yard. Vague, undefined suspicions at once beset me relative to the connection of these worthies with the “foraging-cap” and the doings at Kendal. There was evidently something in all this more than natural, if police philosophy could but find it out. I resolved at all events to try; and in order to have a chance of doing so, I determined to be of the party, nothing doubting that I should be able, in some way or other, to make one in whatever game they intended playing. I in my turn entered the booking-office, and finding there were still

two places vacant, secured them both for James Jenkins and Josiah Barnes, countrymen and friends of mine returning to the "north countrie."

I returned to the coffee-room, where Mr. Bristowe was still seated, apparently in deep and anxious meditation, and wrote a note, with which I dispatched the inn porter. I had now ample leisure for observing the suspected burglar and assassin. He was a pale, intellectual-looking, and withal handsome young man, of about six-and-twenty years of age, of slight but well-knit frame, and with the decided air—travel-stained and jaded as he appeared—of a gentleman. His look was troubled and careworn, but I sought in vain for any indication of the starting, nervous tremor, always in my experience exhibited by even old practitioners in crime when suddenly accosted. Several persons had entered the room hastily, without causing him even to look up. I determined to try an experiment on his nerves, which I was quite satisfied no man who had recently committed a murder, and but the day before changed part of the produce of that crime into gold at the Bank of England, could endure without wincing. My object was, not to procure evidence producible in a court of law by such means, but to satisfy my own mind. I felt a growing conviction that, spite of appearances, the young man was guiltless of the deed imputed to him, and might be the victim, I could not help thinking, either of some strange combination of circumstances, or, more likely, of a diabolical plot for his destruction, essential, possibly, to the safety of the real perpetrators of the crime; very probably—so ran my suspicions—friends and acquaintances of the three gentlemen who were to be our fellow-travelers. My duty, I knew, was quite as much the vindication of innocence as the detection of guilt; and if I could satisfy myself that he was not the guilty party, no effort of mine should be wanting, I determined, to extricate him from the perilous position in which he stood. I went out of the room, and remained absent for some time; then suddenly entered with a sort of bounce, walked swiftly, and with a determined air, straight up to the box where he was seated, grasped him tightly by the arm, and exclaimed roughly, "So I have found you at last!" There was no start, no indication of fear whatever—not the slightest; the expression of his countenance, as he peevishly replied, "What the devil do you mean?" was simply one of surprise and annoyance.

"I beg your pardon," I replied; "the waiter told me a friend of mine, one *Bagshawe*, who has given me the slip, was here, and I mistook you for him."

He courteously accepted my apology, quietly remarking at the same time that though his own name was Bristowe, he had, oddly enough, an uncle in the country of the same name as the person I had mistaken him for. Surely, thought I, this man is guiltless of the crime imputed to him; and yet—At this moment the porter entered to announce the arrival of the gentleman I had sent for. I went out; and after giving the new-comer instructions not to lose sight of Mr. Bristowe, hastened home to make arrangements for the journey.

Transformed, by the aid of a flaxen wig, broad-brimmed hat, green spectacles, and a multiplicity of waistcoats and shawls, into a heavy and elderly, well-to-do personage, I took my way with Josiah Barnes—whom I had previously thoroughly drilled as to speech and behavior toward our companions—to the Saracen's Head a few minutes previous to the time for starting. We found Mr. Bristowe already seated; but the "three friends," I observed, were curiously looking on, desirous no doubt of ascertaining *who* were to be their fellow-travelers before venturing to coop themselves up in a space so narrow, and, under certain circumstances, so difficult of egress. My appearance and that of Barnes—who, sooth to say, looked much more of a simpleton than he really was—quite reassured them, and in they jumped with confident alacrity. A few minutes afterward, the "all right" of the attending ostlers gave the signal for departure, and away we started.

A more silent, less social party I never assisted at. Whatever amount of "feast of reason" each or either of us might have silently enjoyed, not a drop of "flow of soul" welled up from one of the six insides. Every passenger seemed to have his own peculiar reasons for declining to display himself in either mental or physical prominence. Only one or two incidents—apparently unimportant, but which I carefully noted down in the tablet of my memory—occurred during the long, wearisome journey, till we stopped to dine at about thirty miles from Kendal; when I ascertained, from an overheard conversation of one of the three with the coachman, that they intended to get down at a roadside tavern more than six miles on this side of that place.

"Do you know this house they intend to

stop at?" I inquired of my assistant as soon as I got him out of sight and hearing at the back of the premises.

"Quite well: it is within about two miles of Five Oaks' House."

"Indeed! Then you must stop there too. It is necessary I should go on to Kendal with Mr. Bristowe; but you can remain and watch their proceedings."

"With all my heart."

"But what excuse can you make for remaining there, when they know you are booked for Kendal? Fellows of that stamp are keenly suspicious; and in order to be useful, you must be entirely unsuspected."

"Oh, leave that to me. I'll throw dust enough in their eyes to blind a hundred such as these, I warrant ye."

"Well, we shall see. And now to dinner."

Soon after, the coach had once more started. Mr. Josiah Barnes began drinking from a stone bottle which he drew from his pocket; and so potent must have been the spirit it contained, that he became rapidly intoxicated. Not only speech, but eyes, body, arms, legs, the entire animal, by the time we reached the inn where we had agreed he should stop, was thoroughly, hopelessly drunk; and so savagely quarrelsome, too, did he become, that I expected every instant to hear my real vocation pointed out for the edification of the company. Strange to say, utterly stupid and savage as he seemed, all dangerous topics were carefully avoided. When the coach stopped, he got out—how, I know not—and reeled and tumbled into the tap-room, from which he declared he would not budge an inch till next day. Vainly did the coachman remonstrate with him upon his foolish obstinacy; he might as well have argued with a bear; and he at length determined to leave him to his drunken humor. I was out of patience with the fellow; and snatching an opportunity when the room was clear, began to upbraid him for his vexatious folly. He looked sharply round, and then, his body as evenly balanced, his eye as clear, his speech as free as my own, crowed out in a low, exulting voice, "Didn't I tell you I'd manage it nicely?" The door opened, and, in a twinkling, extremity of drunkenness, of both brain and limb, was again assumed with a perfection of acting I have never seen equaled. He had studied from nature, that was perfectly clear. I was quite satisfied, and with renewed confidence obeyed the coachman's call to take my seat. Mr.

Bristowe and I were now the only inside passengers; and as farther disguise was useless, I began stripping myself of my superabundant clothing, wig, spectacles, &c., and in a few minutes, with the help of a bundle I had with me, presented to the astonished gaze of my fellow-traveler the identical person that had so rudely accosted him in the coffee-room of the Saracen's Head inn.

"Why, what, in the name of all that's comical, is the meaning of this?" demanded Mr. Bristowe, laughing immoderately at my changed appearance.

I briefly and coolly informed him; and he was for some minutes overwhelmed with consternation and astonishment. He had not, he said, even heard of the catastrophe at his uncle's. Still, amazed and bewildered as he was, no sign which I could interpret into an indication of guilt escaped him.

"I do not wish to obtrude upon your confidence, Mr. Bristowe," I remarked, after a long pause; "but you must perceive that unless the circumstances I have related to you are in some way explained, you stand in a perilous predicament."

"You are right," he replied, after some hesitation. "*It is* a tangled web; still, I doubt not that some mode of vindicating my perfect innocence will present itself."

He then relapsed into silence; and neither of us spoke again till the coach stopped, in accordance with a previous intimation I had given the coachman, opposite the gate of the Kendal prison. Mr. Bristowe started, and changed color, but instantly mastering his emotion, he calmly said, "You of course but perform your duty; mine is, not to distrust a just and all-seeing Providence."

We entered the jail, and the necessary search of his clothes and luggage was effected as forbearingly as possible. To my great dismay we found amongst the money in his purse a Spanish gold piece of a peculiar coinage, and in the lining of his portmanteau, very dextrously hidden, a cross set with brilliants, both of which I knew, by the list forwarded to the London police, formed part of the plunder carried off from Five Oaks' House. The prisoner's vehement protestations that he could not conceive how such articles came into his possession, excited a derisive smile on the face of the veteran turnkey; whilst I was thoroughly dumbfounded by the seemingly complete demolition of the theory of innocence I had woven out of his candid, open manner, and unshakable hardihood of nerve.

"I dare say the articles came to you in

your sleep!" sneered the turnkey as we turned to leave the cell.

"Oh," I mechanically exclaimed, "in his sleep! I had not thought of that!" The man stared; but I had passed out of the prison before he could express his surprise or contempt in words.

The next morning the justice-room was densely crowded, to hear the examination of the prisoner. There was also a very numerous attendance of magistrates; the case, from the position in life of the prisoner, and the strange and mysterious circumstances of the affair altogether, having excited an extraordinary and extremely painful interest amongst all classes in the town and neighborhood. The demeanor of the accused gentleman was anxious certainly, but withal calm and collected; and there was, I thought, a light of fortitude and conscious probity in his clear, bold eyes, which guilt never yet successfully simulated.

After the hearing of some minor evidence, the fishmonger's boy was called, and asked if he could point out the person he had seen at Five Oaks on the day preceding the burglary? The lad looked fixedly at the prisoner for something more than a minute without speaking, and then said, "The gentleman was standing before the fire when I saw him, with his cap on; I should like to see this person with his cap on before I say anything." Mr. Bristowe dashed on his foraging-cap, and the boy immediately exclaimed, "That is the man!" Mr. Cowan, a solicitor, retained by Mr. Bagshawe for his nephew, objected that this was, after all, only swearing to a cap, or at best to the *ensemble* of a dress, and ought not to be received. The chairman, however, decided that it must be taken *quantum valeat*, and in corroboration of other evidence. It was next deposed by several persons that the deceased Sarah King had told them that her master's nephew had positively arrived at Five Oaks. An objection to the reception of this evidence, as partaking of the nature of "hearsay," was also made, and similarly overruled. Mr. Bristowe begged to observe "that Sarah King was not one of his uncle's old servants, and was entirely unknown to him: it was quite possible, therefore, that he was personally unknown to her." The bench observed that all these observations might be fitly urged before a jury, but, in the present stage of the proceedings, were uselessly addressed to them, whose sole duty it was to ascertain if a sufficiently strong case of suspicion had been made out against

the prisoner to justify his committal for trial. A constable next proved finding a portion of a letter, which he produced, in one of the offices of Five Oaks; and then Mr. Bagshawe was directed to be called in. The prisoner, upon hearing this order given, exhibited great emotion, and earnestly entreated that his uncle and himself might be spared the necessity of meeting each other for the first time after a separation of several years under such circumstances.

"We can receive no evidence against you, Mr. Bristowe, in your absence," replied the chairman in a compassionate tone of voice; "but your uncle's deposition will occupy but a few minutes. It is, however, indispensable."

"At least, then, Mr. Cowan," said the agitated young man, "prevent my sister from accompanying her uncle; I could not bear *that*."

He was assured she would not be present; in fact, she had become seriously ill through anxiety and terror; and the crowded assemblage awaited in painful silence the approach of the reluctant prosecutor. He presently appeared—a venerable, white-haired man; seventy years old at least he seemed, his form bowed by age and grief, his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his whole manner indicative of sorrow and dejection. "Uncle!" cried the prisoner, springing toward him. The aged man looked up, seemed to read in the clear countenance of his nephew a full refutation of the suspicions entertained against him, tottered forward with outspread arms, and, in the words of the Sacred text, "fell upon his neck, and wept," exclaiming in choking accents, "Forgive me—forgive me, Robert, that I ever for a moment doubted you. Mary never did—never, Robert; not for an instant."

A profound silence prevailed during this outburst of feeling, and a considerable pause ensued before the usher of the court, at a gesture from the chairman, touched Mr. Bagshawe's arm, and begged his attention to the bench. "Certainly, certainly," said he, hastily wiping his eyes, and turning toward the court. "My sister's child, gentlemen," he added appealingly, "who has lived with me from childhood: you will excuse me, I am sure."

"There needs no excuse, Mr. Bagshawe," said the chairman, kindly; "but it is necessary this unhappy business should be proceeded with. Hand the witness the portion of the letter found at Five Oaks. Now, is that your handwriting; and is it a portion of

the letter you sent to your nephew, informing him of the large sum of money kept for a particular purpose at Five Oaks?"

"It is."

"Now," said the clerk to the magistrates, addressing me, "please to produce the articles in your possession."

I laid the Spanish coin and the cross upon the table.

"Please to look at those two articles, Mr. Bagshawe," said the chairman. "Now, sir, on your oath, are they a portion of the property of which you have been robbed?"

The aged gentleman stooped forward and examined them earnestly; then turned and looked with quivering eyes, if I may be allowed the expression, in his nephew's face; but returned no answer to the question.

"It is necessary you should reply, Yes or No, Mr. Bagshawe," said the clerk.

"Answer, uncle," said the prisoner soothingly: "fear not for me. God and my innocence to aid, I shall yet break through the web of villany in which I at present seem hopelessly involved."

"Bless you, Robert—bless you! I am sure you will. Yes, gentlemen, the cross and coin on the table are part of the property carried off."

A smothered groan, indicative of the sorrowing sympathy felt for the venerable gentleman, arose from the crowded court on hearing this declaration. I then deposed to finding them as previously stated. As soon as I concluded, the magistrates consulted together for a few minutes; and then the chairman, addressing the prisoner, said, "I have to inform you that the bench are agreed that sufficient evidence has been adduced against you to warrant them in fully committing you for trial. We are of course bound to hear anything you have to say; but such being our intention, your professional adviser will perhaps recommend you to reserve whatever defence you have to make for another tribunal: here it could not avail you."

Mr. Cowan expressed his concurrence in the intimation of the magistrate; but the prisoner vehemently protested against sanctioning by his silence the accusation preferred against him.

"I have nothing to reserve," he exclaimed with passionate energy; "nothing to conceal. I will not owe my acquittal of this foul charge to any trick of lawyercraft. If I may not come out of this investigation with an untainted name, I desire not to escape at all. The defence, or rather the suggestive facts I

have to offer for the consideration of the bench are these:—On the evening of the day I received my uncle's letter I went to Drury Lane theatre, remaining out very late. On my return to the hotel, I found I had been robbed of my pocket-book, which contained not only that letter, and a considerable sum in bank-notes, but papers of great professional importance to me. It was too late to adopt any measures for its recovery that night; and the next morning, as I was dressing myself to go out, in order to apprise the police authorities of my loss, I was informed that a gentleman desired to see me instantly on important business. He was shown up, and announced himself to be a detective police-officer: the robbery I had sustained had been revealed by an accomplice, and it was necessary I should immediately accompany him. We left the hotel together; and after consuming the entire day in perambulating all sorts of by-streets, and calling at several suspicious-looking places, my officious friend all at once discovered that the thieves had left town for the west of England, hoping, doubtless, to reach a large town, and get gold for the notes before the news of their having been stopped should have reached it. He insisted upon immediate pursuit. I wished to return to the hotel for a change of clothes, as I was but lightly clad, and night-traveling required warmer apparel. This he would not hear of, as the night coach was on the point of starting. He, however, contrived to supply me from his own resources with a greatcoat—a sort of policeman's cape—and a rough traveling-cap, which tied under the chin. In due time we arrived at Bristol, where I was kept for several days loitering about; till, finally, my guide decamped, and I returned to London. An hour after arriving there, I gave information at Scotland Yard of what had happened, and afterward booked myself by the night coach for Kendal. This is all I have to say."

This strange story did not produce the slightest effect upon the bench, and very little upon the auditory, and yet I felt satisfied it was strictly true. It was not half ingenious enough for a made-up story. Mr. Bagshawe, I should have stated, had been led out of the justice-hall immediately after he had finished his deposition.

"Then, Mr. Bristowe," said the magistrate's clerk, "assuming this curious narrative to be correct, you will be easily able to prove an *alibi*?"

"I have thought over that, Mr. Clerk,"

returned the prisoner mildly, "and must confess that, remembering how I was dressed and wrapped up—that I saw but few persons, and those casually and briefly, I have strong misgivings of my power to do so."

"That is perhaps the less to be lamented," replied the county clerk in a sneering tone, "inasmuch as the possession of those articles," pointing to the cross and coin on the table, "would necessitate another equally probable, though quite different story."

"That is a circumstance," replied the prisoner in the same calm tone as before, "which I cannot in the slightest manner account for."

No more was said, and the order for his committal to the county jail at Appleby on the charge of "willful murder" was given to the clerk. At this moment a hastily-scrawled note from Barnes was placed in my hands. I had no sooner glanced over it, than I applied to the magistrates for an adjournment till the morrow, on the ground that I could then produce an important witness, whose evidence at the trial it was necessary to assure. The application was, as a matter of course, complied with; the prisoner was remanded till the next day, and the court adjourned.

As I accompanied Mr. Bristowe to the vehicle in waiting to reconvey him to jail, I could not forbear whispering, "Be of good heart, sir, we shall unravel this mystery yet, depend upon it." He looked keenly at me; and then, without other reply than a warm pressure of the hand, jumped into the carriage.

"Well, Barnes," I exclaimed as soon as we were in a room by ourselves, and the door closed, "what is it you have discovered?"

"That the murderers of Sarah King are yonder at the Talbot where you left me."

"Yes: so I gather from your note. But what evidence have you to support your assertion?"

"This! Trusting to my apparent drunken imbecility, they occasionally dropped words in my presence which convinced me not only that they were the guilty parties, but that they had come down here to carry off the plate, somewhere concealed in the neighborhood. This they mean to do to-night."

"Anything more?"

"Yes. You know I am a ventriloquist in a small way, as well as a bit of a mimic: well, I took occasion when that youngest of the rascals—the one that sat beside Mr. Bristowe, and got out on the top of the

coach the second evening, because, freezing cold as it was, he said the inside was too hot and close——"

"Oh, I remember. Dolt that I was, not to recall it before. But go on."

"Well, he and I were alone together in the parlor about three hours ago—I dead tipsy as ever—when he suddenly heard the voice of Sarah King at his elbow exclaiming, 'Who is that in the plate-closet?' If you had seen the start of horror which he gave, the terror which shook his failing limbs as he glanced round the apartment, you would no longer have entertained a doubt on the matter."

"This is scarcely judicial proof, Barnes; but I dare say we shall be able to make something of it. You return immediately; about nightfall I will rejoin you in my former disguise."

It was early in the evening when I entered the Talbot, and seated myself in the parlor. Our three friends were present, and so was Barnes.

"Is not that fellow sober yet?" I demanded of one of them.

"No; he has been lying about drinking and snoring ever since. He went to bed, I hear, this afternoon; but he appears to be little the better for it."

I had an opportunity soon afterward of speaking to Barnes privately, and found that one of the fellows had brought a chaise-cart and horse from Kendal, and that all three were to depart in about an hour, under pretence of reaching a town about fourteen miles distant, where they intended to sleep. My plan was immediately taken: I returned to the parlor, and watching my opportunity, whispered into the ear of the young gentleman whose nerves had been so shaken by Barnes's ventriloquism, and who, by the way, was *my* old acquaintance—"Dick Staples, I want a word with you in the next room." I spoke in my natural voice, and lifted, for his especial study and edification, the wig from my forehead. He was thunderstruck; and his teeth chattered with terror. His two companions were absorbed over a low game of cards, and did not observe us. "Come," I continued in the same whisper, "there is not a moment to lose; *if you would save yourself*, follow me!" He did so, and I led him into an adjoining apartment, closed the door, and drawing a pistol from my coat-pocket, said—"You perceive, Staples, that the game is up: you personated Mr. Bristowe at his uncle's house at Five Oaks, dressed in a precisely similar suit of

clothes to that which he wears. You murdered the servant"——

"No—no—no, not I," gasped the wretch; "not I: I did not strike her"——

"At all events, you were present, and that, as far as the gallows is concerned, is the same thing. You also picked that gentleman's pocket during our journey from London, and placed one of the stolen Spanish pieces in his purse; you then went on the roof of the coach, and by some ingenious means or other contrived to secrete a cross set with brilliants in his portmanteau."

"What shall I do—what shall I do?" screamed the fellow, half dead with fear, and slipping down on a chair; "what shall I do to save my life—my life?"

"First get up and listen. If you are not the actual murderer"——

"I am not—upon my soul I am not!"

"If you are not, you will probably be admitted king's evidence; though, mind, I make no promises. Now, what is the plan of operations for carrying off the booty?"

"They are going in the chaise-cart almost immediately to take it up: it is hidden in the cospé yonder. I am to remain here, in order to give an alarm, should any suspicion be excited, by showing two candles at our bedroom window; and if all keeps right, I am to join them at the cross-roads, about a quarter of a mile from hence."

"All right. Now return to the parlor: I will follow you; and remember that on the slightest hint of treachery I will shoot you as I would a dog."

About a quarter of an hour afterward his two confederates set off in the chaise-cart: I, Barnes, and Staples, cautiously followed, the latter handcuffed, and superintended by the ostler at the inn, whom I for the nonce pressed into the king's service. The night was pitch dark fortunately, and the noise of the cart-wheels effectually drowned the sound of our footsteps. At length the cart stopped; the men got out,

and were soon busily engaged in transferring the buried plate to the cart. We cautiously approached, and were soon within a yard or two of them, still unperceived.

"Get into the cart," said one of them to the other, "and I will hand the things up to you." His companion obeyed.

"Hollo!" cried the fellow, "I thought I told you"——

"That you are nabbed at last!" I exclaimed, tripping him suddenly up. "Barnes, hold the horse's head. Now, sir, attempt to budge an inch out of that cart, and I'll send a bullet through your brains." The surprise was complete; and so terror-stricken were they, that neither resistance nor escape was attempted. They were soon handcuffed and otherwise secured; the remainder of the plate was placed in the cart; and we made the best of our way to Kendal jail, where I had the honor of lodging them at about nine o'clock in the evening. The news, late as it was, spread like wild-fire, and innumerable were the congratulations which awaited me when I reached the inn where I lodged. But that which recompensed me a thousand-fold for what I had done, was the fervent embrace in which the white-haired uncle, risen from his bed to assure himself of the truth of the news, locked me, as he called down blessings from Heaven upon my head! There are blessed moments even in the life of a police-officer.

Mr. Bristowe was of course liberated on the following morning; Staples was admitted king's evidence; and one of his accomplices—the actual murderer—was hanged, the other transported. A considerable portion of the property was also recovered. The gentleman who—to give time and opportunity for the perpetration of the burglary, suggested by the perusal of Mr. Bagshawe's letter—induced Mr. Bristowe to accompany him to Bristol, was soon afterward transported for another offence.

SMILES AND TEARS.

This life is like an April shower,
Through which at times the sun is breaking,
And Hope, the rainbow, gilds the the hour,
That Care would else be overtaking:
Thus smiles and tears,
Through passing years,
Alternate joy or grief are waking!

One moment—skies are all serene,
Then soars the gladdened heart elated;
Another, shades may intervene,
And man believes his lot ill-fated:

Thus smiles and tears,
Through passing years,
Come on and off life's varied scene!

As seasons roll, so natures change,
Now buoyant, firm, or feeble-hearted;
Within the pale of Wisdom's range,
Or from the path of Virtue started:
Thus smiles and tears,
Through passing years,
Arise, and are as soon departed!

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

LONDON MORNING NEWSPAPERS.

WITH the exception, perhaps, of the mysterious regions of the theatrical *coulisse*, there are no establishments the secret working of which is less known to the general mass of the public than that of those great collectors and condensers of political intelligence—those extraordinary machines which are the contemporary historians of the world—the London Morning Newspapers. With almost every other grand branch of national industry we are more or less acquainted. Most people have a notion of the operations of the blast furnace or the power-loom: most people have picked up some smattering of the mode in which cottons are spun at Manchester, and razors ground at Sheffield. Little treatises devoted to descriptions of branches of national industry are frequently issued from the press: the coarse raw material is traced through its every successive stage until it arrives at the consummation of a costly and finished fabric. We may read or see how the lump of ore becomes a legion of shining and delicate needles—how certain constituent mineral masses are fused and wrought until the glittering chandelier or the wonder-working lens is placed before us. We know how rags may become paper, and the forest a ship. Still, there is a peculiar species of industry of which the public knows little—one requiring for its successful prosecution a more peculiar union of elements than is demanded by any other pursuit—a branch of industry demanding the combined and constant application of highly-skilled and intelligent manual labor—of vast capital—of a high degree of enterprise and worldly shrewdness—and, more than all, of great, and keen, and cultivated, and flexible intellectual power, constantly applicable to the discussion of almost every question—moral, social, political, and literary—which can spring up into importance amid the daily and hourly fluctuations not only of the public opinion of Britain, but of that of the civilized world. Such a union of qualities and possessions must be brought together by any one who thinks of triumph-

antly establishing, or successfully carrying on, a London morning journal.

As, then, we believe that the notions popularly entertained of the means whereby the news of the world is every morning served up to us with our hot coffee and rolls are somewhat vague, we propose to devote this paper to a sketch of the intellectual and material engine to which society and civilization owe so much; and after some pondering as to the simplest and most comprehensive course to be adopted, we have come to the resolution—first, of enumerating and describing the several parts of the machine in detail, and then after putting them into gear, and setting the whole in motion, of directing attention to the general working, and of explaining the motive forces and the plan of operation of the entire mechanism.

All the London daily-newspaper establishments are situated either upon or close to the great artery of communication between the City and the West End. Some of those grimy-looking news-manufactories are patent to the street, others skulk in dingy and obscure alleys, as though attempting to carry out, even in their local habitations, that grand principle of the anonymous which, rightly or wrongly, is held to constitute not only the power, but the very essence and soul of English journalism.

The vast body of the employés of a London journal may be divided into six grand categories or departments, it being, however, understood that in some cases these departments blend, to a little extent, with each other, and that those individuals who, as it were, stand upon the confines, occasionally undertake somewhat mixed duties. There is, first, the important and all-supporting typographic department, numbering perhaps somewhere about sixty individuals. Then there is the commercial department, occupied in the business-conduct of the paper, in attending to the due supply of the requisite material for all the other branches, in receiving and arranging the advertisements, in managing the publication, and keeping the

general accounts of the whole establishment. This department, including those more or less connected with advertising agencies, &c., may furnish employment for about a dozen of persons. We then come to the reporting establishment. Of this the principal branch is the parliamentary corps, a body averaging from twelve to sixteen members: next them may be classed the law reporters, who attend regularly in the several courts, and who may come to some half-dozen more: in the same category we may perhaps include the regular and authorized correspondents of the paper in the principal provincial towns and outports: and our account would be manifestly incomplete did we leave out of sight the vast cloud of irregular and unengaged reporters, who supply a great portion of the every-day London news, including the proceedings of the minor courts—particularly the police-offices—the inquests, the “melancholy accidents,” the “alarming conflagrations,” the “extraordinary coincidences,” and the like. This body of men, although few or none of its members have any real tangible footing upon the periodical press, yet play no inconsiderable part in supplying it with its miscellaneous home intelligence. They form, as our readers have no doubt divined, the often-talked-of class, called by themselves “general reporters” or “occasional contributors,” but known to the world as “penny-a-liners.” Next in the order in which we are proceeding we may reckon the important and expensive department of foreign correspondence—a department the extent and importance of which have very much increased since the commencement of the present continental disturbances. A glance at any London journal will show that, besides having a fixed correspondent in almost every European capital of importance, there is hardly a seat of war unattended by a representative of the metropolitan press. Wherever, indeed, gunpowder is fired in anger, a letter to a great English newspaper is pretty certain to pop out of the smoke. Proceeding with our list, we approach the editorial department, including not only the actual executive editors, but the corps of original writers—the mysterious authors of the “leaders,” and the gentlemen whose pens, shunning politics, are devoted to the chronicling and analysis of the fine arts, the drama, and literature. Here we tread upon somewhat slippery ground. As we have said, the principle of the anonymous is kept up with very remarkable strictness in the leading journals; and even those who are

tolerably well behind the scenes in other respects, may still know little of the grand arcanum involved in the authorship of the leading articles. No doubt the paternity of some of these is tolerably well known in press circles. Sometimes the internal evidence of style or particular opinion betrays a writer: in other instances tolerable guesses and approximations are formed; but in, we should say, the great majority of cases the authorship of a leader is absolutely unknown to nineteen-twentieths of the employes of the newspaper in which it appears.

We have now catalogued the five principal divisions into which the intellectual and manual labor of a morning newspaper is thrown, and we may add a sixth general department, including the class which may be described as more strictly the servants of the establishment—the day and night porters, the messengers, the couriers employed upon foreign service, and generally the host of supernumeraries who hang on the outskirts of a great newspaper establishment.

Having thus cursorily run over the different parts of the machine, we proceed more narrowly to describe their individual conformation. The typographical department comprehends, as we have said, about sixty compositors. Among their ranks are to be found the very best, the most intelligent, and the most expeditious printers in London or the world. They are paid by the piece; and a few of them earn not less than from £3 to £4 per week. From £2 10s. to £3 is, however, we believe, the general amount of their wages. The task of a morning paper compositor commences about seven or eight o'clock in the evening, and is continued until the paper is “put to bed,” as the technical phrase goes, between four and five o'clock in the morning; but occasionally his labors are even still further protracted. When an important foreign express is expected—the Overland Mail, for example—he either remains hanging about the establishment, ready at an instant's warning to commence operations upon the looked-for news, or flings himself down, all dressed, either in his lodgings or a neighboring tavern, prepared instantly to hurry back to the office should a breathless messenger warn him that the “Overland is in.” A useful peculiarity of the morning paper compositor is the extraordinary skill with which he deciphers the vile congregations of pothooks and hangers with which he is frequently called upon to deal. Imagine, for example, half-a-dozen columns of report of an impor-

tant country meeting, scribbled in red-hot haste, and in pencil, by two or three reporters during their transit from Liverpool or Exeter by an express train; fancy this crumpled-up mass of half-effaced, half-unintelligible scribbling deciphered, set up in type, and corrected, within a few minutes over an hour! Yet such an exploit is by no means without a parallel in the offices of the London morning newspapers. For the rapidity with which news is set before the readers of a journal they are much indebted to the compositors.

Passing over the commercial department of a newspaper, which presents few characteristic features, we arrive at the important class of the reporters. And of these the parliamentary corps first claim our attention. This embraces men of very different calibre, and very different views and habits. With some it is the all in all, with others merely the convenient stepping-stone. A few, and only a few, of its members have little pretensions beyond those of skillful short-hand writers; but a great majority of its occupants aim higher than this—possessing as they do the intelligence of educated gentlemen, sharpened and developed by a course of training which brings them into constant communication with public men and public events; while not a few are personages of more or less literary or political celebrity, who may well aspire one day to make the speeches they now report.

The routine duty of the gallery is easily explained. Each newspaper has a regular desk, at which its representative is always seated from the opening to the rising of the House. The reporters generally succeed each other in alphabetical succession; and the period during which each remains on duty is called his "turn." These turns are of different lengths at different periods of the evening. Up to about 11 o'clock they are either half-hours or three-quarters. After that time they are generally either quarter-hours or twenty minutes. Every newspaper has a distinct set of rules upon the subject in question, rules which, however, are always liable to be modified, according to certain fixed principles, by the duration of the debate in the House of Lords. As soon as a "man"—reporters are always called "men" in gallery patois—is relieved by his next successor, he proceeds to the office to extend his notes—"to write out his whack"—gallery *argot* again. A full three-quarters' turn amounts, with the majority of speakers, to somewhat more than two columns of the close

type used in printing parliamentary reports, the writing of which is seldom accomplished under four hours of severe labor. It not unfrequently happens, especially if both Houses be sitting—and the corps therefore distributed in equal proportions in the Lords and Commons—that time will not permit the full extension of the short-hand notes. A second turn looming ahead obliges the reporter to "cut down" many a flower of eloquence; and on very hard-working nights there are such things as three turns, involving, as the reader will perceive, in many instances a spell of seven, eight, or nine hours of exceedingly hard and exhausting toil. These occasions, however, are comparatively rare; and taking the average amount of the session, we should say that it is somewhat less than a column per night per man. Of course the majority of speeches made in parliament bear very considerable curtailment. The ordinary rank and file of M. P.'s are merely summarized—their endless prolixity, their ten-times repeated iteration, their masses of commonplace declamation, are condensed and translated into English grammar—often a most requisite process—so that the twenty lines of what appears to the reader to be a neat little compact speech, convey, in reality, the pith and substance, well and clearly put, of half an hour or an hour's rambling, tedious oration.

When, however, a reporter, unhappily for himself, falls upon one of the crack men of the house, a minister or an Opposition leader, the case is very different. The report is then almost verbatim. We say almost, because there is hardly one man in the House who does not occasionally owe something to the reporters in the way of the excision of a twice or thrice-repeated phrase, or the rounding-off of a sentence left incomplete in the heat of speaking. As may be expected, there exists a code of oratorical criticism in the gallery of an entirely technical and professional nature, and which judges of public speakers entirely in reference to the facilities which their styles afford for being reported. Perhaps a hint or two on contemporary orators regarded in this light may not be without its interest and use. Sir Robert Peel, then, is a favorite in the gallery. He is distinct and deliberate; and when he has to deal with statistics (the mortal horror of the reporters), exceedingly clear and intelligible. Moreover, Sir Robert understands the gallery. We have heard him on very important occasions absolutely dictate rather than speak. His rival, Lord John, is generally deliberate enough, but he is not always distinct, and

unless he warms and rises with his subject, is very apt to be slovenly in the construction of his sentences. Sir G. Grey is an exceedingly difficult speaker to report: he is too rapid. Sir Charles Wood, again, is often verbally confused, and apt to make *lapsus linguæ*, which in financial speeches are terribly embarrassing. Viscount Palmerston is a capital man for a reporter—deliberate, epigrammatically distinct, and uttering his sentences with a weighty and a telling point. Sir J. Graham is also an easily-reported speaker. Not so Mr. Gladstone, who pours himself out in an unbroken, fluent, and unemphatic stream of words; uttering subtle argument faster than other speakers rattle out mere verbiage. Mr. Macaulay was another dreaded orator; and for this reason, that his utterance was so rapid, as to render it exceedingly difficult to follow him; while his diction was at once so gorgeous and so epigrammatic, that the omission of a word marred a sentence. Much of the same remark applies to Mr. Sheil, who, moreover, has to contend with a thickened, indistinct, and screaming utterance. Mr. D'Israeli keeps a good reporter upon the full stretch, but he is not generally complained of in the gallery. As for the Upper House, Lord Stanley is perhaps the most unpopular man, using the word of course in its technical sense. He is terribly rapid and terribly good. Lord Brougham is generally more deliberate. His parenthetical sentences, however, often puzzle his recorders. Lord Aberdeen, distinct, deliberate, and pure in his style, is easily reported. The same of Lord Lyndhurst. The Marquis of Lansdowne's speeches are vastly improved by the omission of a good half of the words which they contain; and to Lord Monteagle a similar remark applies with still greater force. Earl Grey is a capital reporter's speaker—distinct, clear-headed, and correct; and so, by the way, is the young Duke of Argyle, who has made a debut in public life which promises to give the reporters many an aching wrist.

On the whole, the reporters' gallery, although its occupants are occasionally very severely worked, is a pleasant and a merry place, and a great manufactory of jokes, good, bad, and indifferent. As a general rule, reporters are terribly lukewarm politicians. Probably they hear too much of all parties to like any of them; and so speeches delivered on all sides of the House are generally the objects of plenty of droll running commentary, frequently of a nature which

would please the political opponents of the orator rather than himself.

Of the law reporters little has to be said. They are frequently young barristers, who make up in this way for any deficiency of briefs with which they may be afflicted.

We now come to the irregular reporting troops, the penny-a-liners. There are perhaps fifty or sixty people in London who get their living solely by casual contributions of articles of news to the press. The body is an odd compound of all manner of waifs and strays from society, and more remarkable, we fear, for enterprise and impudence in the pursuit of its calling, than for either honesty or ability. The only notion which many worthy folks in London have of the *personnel* of the press is gleaned from the penny-a-liners, who suddenly start up, no one knows how or whence, upon every occasion which gathers a group of people together, boldly proclaiming themselves to be the representatives of the press, and seldom doing it much credit either by their appearance or their manners. Many a good man and able has indeed made his first advances to journalism through humble penny-a-lining, but no man of ability remains long in the ranks. The great body of penny-a-liners are either dissipated and discarded reporters, who have drunk themselves out of station and respectability, or a wonderful *omnium gatherum* of uneducated and illiterate men, who have been flung out of the ordinary range of mechanical or semi-mechanical employments, and have, somehow or other—one by one accident, one by another—fallen back upon the precarious and Bedouin-like existence of penny-a-liners. Of course the "occasional reporter" is only paid for those portions of his contributions which actually appear in print; and, on an average, not one-tenth of the mass of "flimsy" manuscripts received every night by the sub-editors of the morning papers is accepted and printed. The "flimsy" in question is the technical name for penny-a-line copy, derived from the thin tissue paper which the "manifold" writing apparatus always used necessitates the employment of. A penny-a-liner always sends duplicates of his intelligence to all the morning papers, so that he has occasionally the good luck to be paid several times over for the same paragraphs, and that at the rate of a penny-halfpenny, not, as his name would imply, a penny per line. A penny-a-liner may therefore, it is evident, upon such occasions as a "good fire" or a "good murder"—both common phrases with the craft—

make a much more profitable week's work than the regular-salaried reporter can hope for. We have known instances in which from £30 to £40 have been cleared by a penny-a-liner in a single week. But in general the brotherhood are terribly improvident. They spend their money as fast, or faster, than they make it, and seldom or never have anything laid by for the quiet, and, to them, unlucky intervals when no political agitation causes good crops of meetings, and when there happens to be a happy dearth of accidents and offences. Then come the times for fabricated intelligence. Inquests are reported which are never held, and neighborhoods are flung "into a state of the utmost alarm and excitement" by catastrophes which no one but the penny-a-liner himself ever dreamt of. We remember Mr. Wakley publicly stating that upward of a dozen inquests were reported in one day as having taken place under his presidency, not one of which he ever held! The occasion which elicited this statement was a remarkable one. The suicide of a young girl, who had been seduced and abandoned with her child, was reported, and adorned with so many touching and really romantic circumstances, that public curiosity and sympathy were strongly excited. We well remember, on the night when the intelligence was handed in—in "flimsy" of course—to a daily paper, hearing the sub-editor—a gentleman, by the way, well known to the readers of this Journal—exclaim, in allusion to one of the letters given, "See, there is perfectly touching and human pathos: not the greatest master of fiction who ever lived could have struck off anything half so exquisite in its simple truth to nature as the ill-written letter of this poor, uneducated girl." In two or three days the whole story was discovered to be a fabrication! And yet in all probability our friend the then sub-editor was right. These fabricated stories are seldom or never the invention of their concoctors: they are simply copied from some forgotten file of newspapers, or some obscure colonial journal, and adapted to London life and customs. Of course every effort is made by the conductors of journals to prevent their being duped in this manner, but they cannot always help themselves. They have no hold over the penny-a-liners but by systematically rejecting their communications; and if a fellow who has been detected in a fraud finds his copy "tabooed," he either makes an arrangement with a friend for the use of his name, or starts a new appellation altogether, under which he

either makes a new character, or remains in an undistinguished position until the old offence has blown over or been forgotten.

The best characteristic quality of the penny-a-liners is their matchless perseverance and energy in the pursuit of materials for paragraphs. Does a conflagration break out?—they are in the midst of the firemen; does a remarkable crime take place?—they regularly install themselves in the locality; often they outnumber the group of individuals which forms the "numerous and respectable meeting" they report. Railway accidents afford them rich harvests. They find out cases of suicide in a way little short of miraculous; and hardly a day passes which does not yield them a "remarkable coincidence," or an "extraordinary catastrophe." Altogether, the penny-a-liners are about the most irregularly-paid, the most hard-working, and the most scampishly-living set of individuals in her Majesty's dominions.

We have loitered at some length over the reporting department, which is, in sooth, one of the most interesting connected with a daily paper, and we must dispatch the foreign correspondents with a hastier notice. Our readers can well understand that theirs is a department which has of late been quite turned upside down. In the old peaceful days, Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, and Augsburg, were the principal ports of continental correspondence. Now-a-days, of course, a newspaper must have its agents swarming over Europe from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, from the Bay of Biscay to the Sea of Azof. The duties of a Parisian correspondent, the grand centre to which the others were always subsidiary, were of a kind requiring watchfulness rather than hard work. Paris, as the centre and radiating point of continental politics, was constantly becoming the sudden seat of unexpected news, which it was the duty of the correspondent instantly to forward, often by special courier or pigeon-express to London. The routine of duty was by no means oppressive. The concoction of a short summary of the news of the day; the extraction of copious translations of the morning papers, furnished in the friendly pages of "Galignani;" and perhaps a visit to the *Bureau des Affaires Etrangères*, or that of the *Ministre de l'Intérieur*, where official and private information could always be got by those who knew the right way of going to work. This generally formed the day's routine of duty. The real pressure of the work, however, lay in the extreme watchfulness required, and the constant liability of

the correspondent to be called upon to decide whether such and such an item of intelligence, as it transpired, was or was not worth the expense of a special courier or a flight of pigeons to London. Now-a-days, of course, the couriers are being superseded by the railways, and the use of pigeons, over one part of the journey at all events, by the electric telegraph. Nor will the most casual student of the daily newspapers fail to perceive how much more copious is the letter of the Paris correspondent than it used to be. Of the many in France who curse the late revolution, none have more cause to do so than "our own correspondent." The "war" reporters form quite a new class, which has of course risen with the exigences of the times. More than one of the gentlemen, however, who are now enlightening the English public upon the chances and changes of the Italian and Hungarian wars, have seen hot work in the Carlist campaigns in Spain, and have had a few tolerably narrow escapes from being shot or hung as spies. Indeed, not later than last summer, a friend of ours, who was in the thick of the first Schleswig-Holstein dispute, found himself placed, by the arrest of a courier whom he had dispatched, in an extremely awkward situation, from which he only escaped by a most liberal expenditure of horse flesh, and by ultimately seizing the open boat of a fisherman, in which he crossed the Little Belt, and at last contrived to conceal himself in Copenhagen. It is quite evident, then, that the situation of a correspondent at the seat of war is by no means suited to those gentlemen of England who love safety and ease. Adequately to perform the duties of the post, a man must be a thorough linguist, even to the extent of understanding the patois of the district in which he is placed. He must possess, moreover, a good and plausible address, be a man of enterprise and resource, one who can cook his own dinner, and make a comfortable bivouac on the lee side of a tree. Above all, he must have the pen of a ready writer, and have enough of nerve, without needlessly or recklessly exposing himself to danger, to make up his dispatches coolly and collectedly, even should a stray shot occasionally make its appearance in his vicinity. Good folks who do not like sleeping out of their own beds, who wink at the crack of a pistol, and who catch colds in thorough drafts, had better not undertake to write a contemporary history of a war.

We have now come to the editorial department of the London daily journal. By

the editorial, however, is by no means to be understood the leader-writing department: we speak of the actual working *visible* editors. In respect to the leader-writing corps, the strictest secrecy is, as we have said, preserved. If its members ever come to the office, they do not come officially; and though their business may be guessed at, it is never avowed. The actual acknowledged editorial body generally consists of a sub-editor and his assistant, a foreign editor; sometimes, but not always, a business editor, as we may call him, whose functions are half literary, half commercial; and an editor-in-chief, who represents the proprietors, and keeps a watchful eye over all the departments, and whose executive power is despotic. The money-article writer has an establishment of his own in the city, and generally sends the result of his labors every evening.

Let us begin with the two sub-editors. They are at their posts by eight or nine o'clock P. M., and the labors of one of them at least do not cease until four o'clock next morning. To their care is confided the mass of penny-a-line matter, from which they select what is considered as of interest or importance—often abridging or grammatizing it, as the case may require. They have frequently to attend to the literary and political correspondence of the paper, picking out from the mass of "Constant Readers" and "Regular Subscribers" those lucubrations which seem worthy of the notice of the editor-in-chief. To them is also confided the task of looking over the multitudes of provincial papers which every day arrive, and extracting from them all the paragraphs which may appear to deserve the honor. The principal sub-editor is also in continued and close correspondence with the printer's room, from which he receives regular bulletins of the amount of matter "set up," and of the space which remains to be filled. In many of the London papers, the rule is, that every line which is printed must go through the hands of the sub-editor. He is thus enabled to preserve a general idea of the hourly progress of the newspaper toward completion. Another part of the sub's duty is a general supervision of the reporter's room. In case of any failure in this part of the duty, occasioned perhaps by sudden illness, he puts himself in correspondence with another paper, so as to obtain the means of supplying the gap. He grants interviews to the less important class of business visitors; makes the minor arrangements for having public meetings, dinners, and so forth, reported;

has an eye, in fact, to every department save that of the "leaders;" and passes a life of constant hurry and responsibility, the major part of his duties consisting of a hundred little odd jobs, trifling in themselves, but upon his indefatigable and energetic attention to which the character of a newspaper greatly depends.

The duties of the foreign editor will be obvious from his title. He performs for foreign intelligence what the sub-editor does for home news. He receives and arranges foreign expresses, summarizes the intelligence contained in them, and has frequently a great deal of hard translating work upon his shoulders. Of course the foreign editor must be an accomplished linguist.

We have reserved the editor-in-chief until the last. His is a situation of great power, and consequently of great responsibility. To him all matters of doubt arising in the inferior departments are referred. The sub-editor is his aid-de-camp, who brings him information of what every body is doing, and how every body is doing it. Printed slips of everything reckoned important in the paper are from time to time laid before him. He makes all the arrangements of magnitude, respecting the engagement of correspondents, reporters, &c., and gives audiences to those whose business is of great importance, or who, from their situation in public or private life, cannot well be handed over to a subordinate. The peculiar department of the editor-in-chief is, however, that of the leading articles. He may either write himself or not. In general, an editor has plenty to do without the composition of brilliant or profound political essays. But he probably suggests subjects to his writers, hints at the tone to be adopted, carefully revises the leaders when written, and generally takes care to communicate to the whole executive the peculiar views as to business or politics entertained by the unseen proprietary body whom he represents. The editor-in-chief usually transacts business in the office in the course of the afternoon. He makes his appearance again about ten o'clock or eleven o'clock p. m., and frequently remains until the paper is actually published, about five o'clock in the morning.

We have now set before our readers a tolerably full account of the constituent parts of the machinery of a London newspaper. It only remains that we briefly dash off a sketch of the machine as it appears in its usual rapid motion. Nearly all day long the establishment is almost deserted; only the clerks in the counting-house ply their tasks, and re-

ceive and register the advertisements. At four o'clock or so, a couple of the editors arrive; the letters which may have been received are opened and run over; arrangements for "leaders" for next day are probably made and communicated to the writers thereof; and such communications from regular or casual correspondents as may be selected from the mass are sent up to the printer's room, in readiness for the compositors when they arrive. By seven o'clock p. m. the work is beginning in earnest. Three or four parliamentary reporters have already set to at their desks, and the porters are laying huge masses of "flimsy" and packets from the country upon the sub-editors' tables. Meanwhile the compositors above have also commenced operations. By ten o'clock the work is in full swing. Perhaps a dozen columns of parliamentary debate have been written; the sub-editors are actively engaged in preparing for the printer the occasional and penny-a-line intelligence, and two or three writers in different parts of London are deep in "leaders." Hardly a train now arrives in town which does not convey packets of country news and country newspapers wet from the press, to the great centre of intelligence. "Express parcels" from abroad drop in, and are submitted to the foreign editor. All the office is one blaze of light and activity. By midnight the great mass of intelligence has arrived. The porters carry away from the sub-editorial rooms basketfuls of rejected contributions; the master-printer reports as to the length of "matter" in his hands; the editor-in-chief communicates with the sub, and finds that everything is working smoothly. The reporters are still at it might and main. Perhaps the House of Commons does not rise until two o'clock, so every quarter of an hour sets a fresh hand to work. As three o'clock approaches, the master-printer gets nervous, and begins to think of the early trains; the gentlemen of the gallery are directed to cut down at all hazards, and close up their reports: the last selection is made of the "matter" which must be flung over either until next day, or entirely. Shortly after three the outside half of the sheet is at press, for the machine-men have been getting up the steam on the engine for the last couple of hours: the last touches are hurriedly given to the "leaders" and the "latest intelligence;" and by half after five o'clock, fast express carts are flying with the reeking sheets to the terminus of every railway to be scattered over Britain as fast as panting steam can carry them!

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